HITLER HAS CHANGED THE BIBLE—
Read Parallel Passages For Yourself

JULY 18, 1936

Liberty

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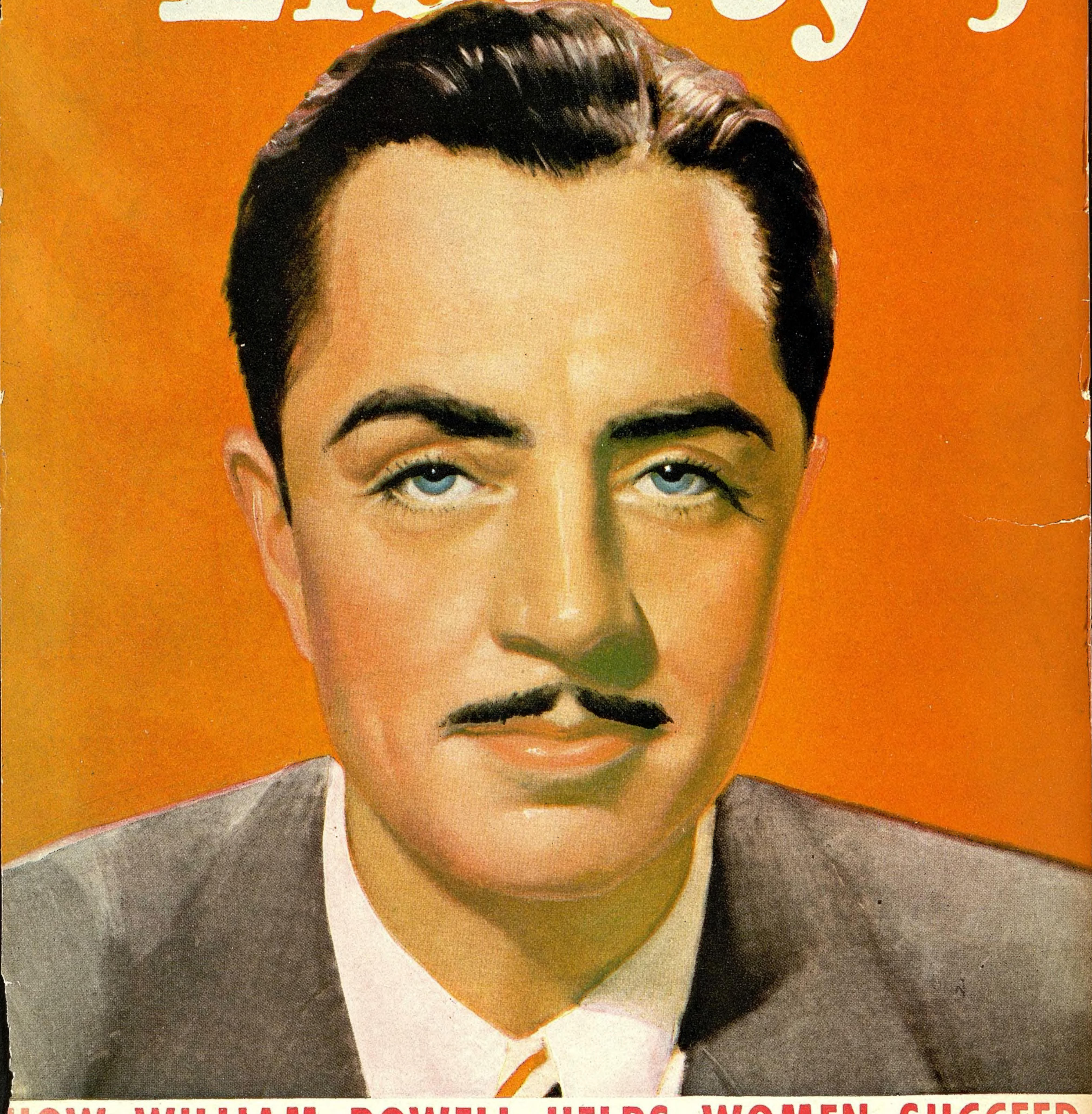
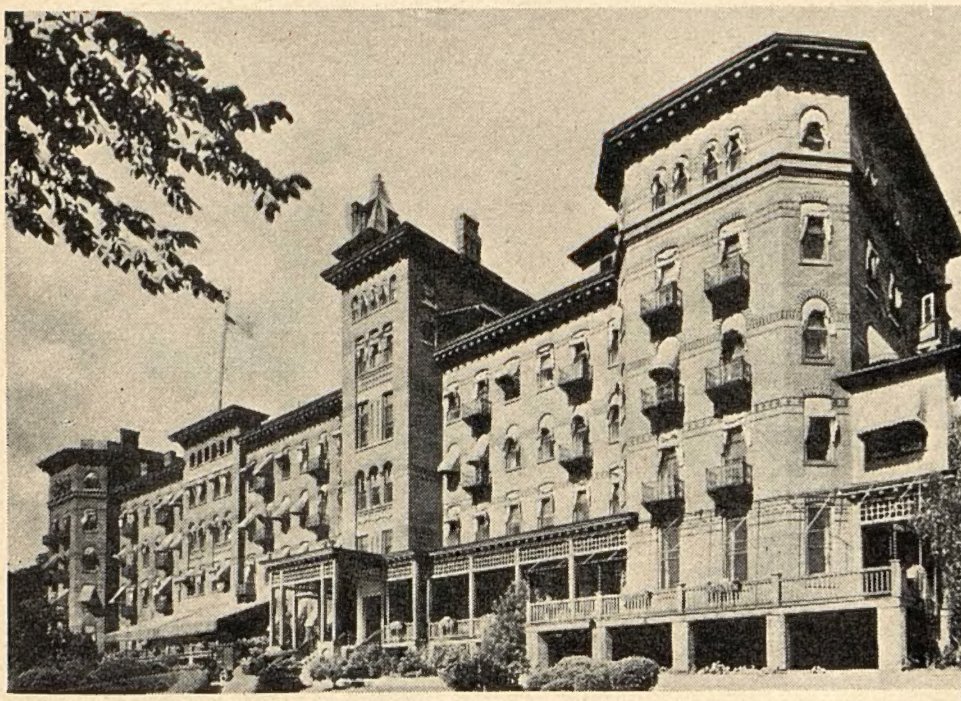


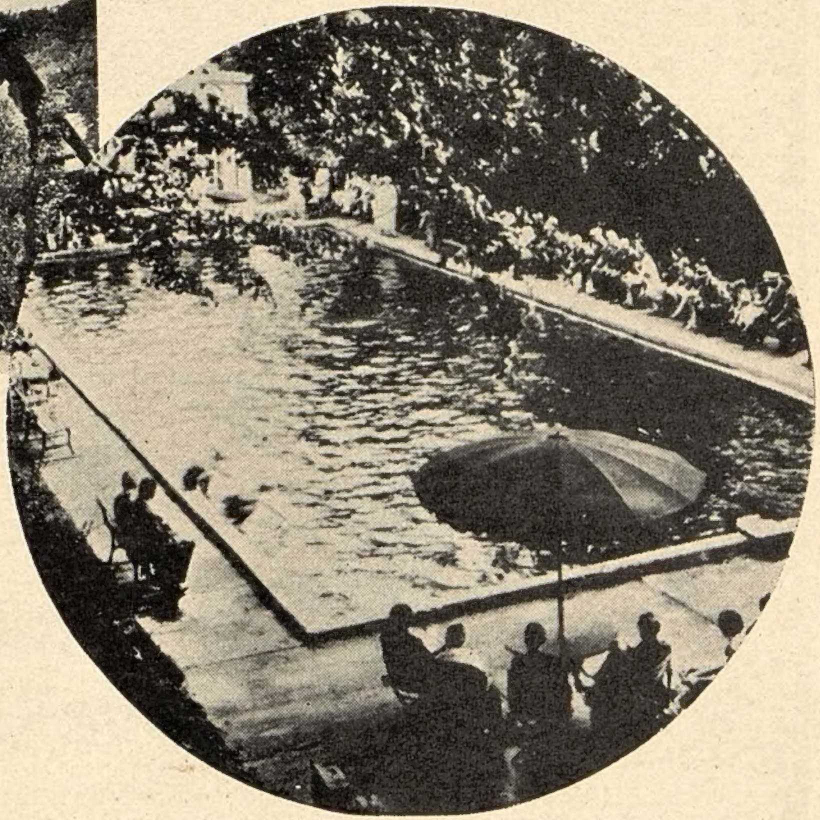
HOW WILLIAM POWELL HELPS WOMEN SUCCEED

Stories and Articles by Martha Ostenso—Lowell Thomas—Kenneth Collings—Octavus Roy Cohen—Beatrice Grimshaw—Major Bowes

PHYSICAL CULTURE RESORT



Where
Building Health
is a
Happy Game



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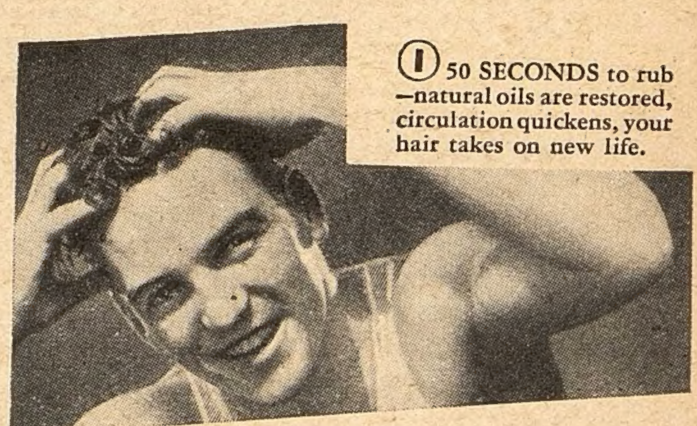

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JULY 18, 1936 **Liberty** VOL. 13, NO. 29

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
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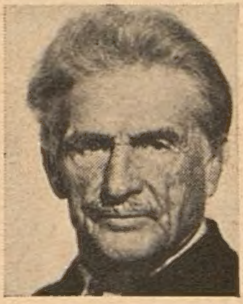
Every Tax Ultimately Becomes a Sales Tax



BERNARR MACFADDEN

A SALES TAX is very unpopular. It is right out in the open. We cannot miss seeing it. It takes money right out of our pocketbooks and is certainly a nuisance tax as far as our attitude toward it is concerned.

But the taxes on incomes, on property, on manufactured products—in fact, levies of every kind—ultimately become sales taxes. This cannot be avoided. When you add to the tax of a landlord, for example, you increase his expenses; and the only way he can make up for the loss is to increase your rent.

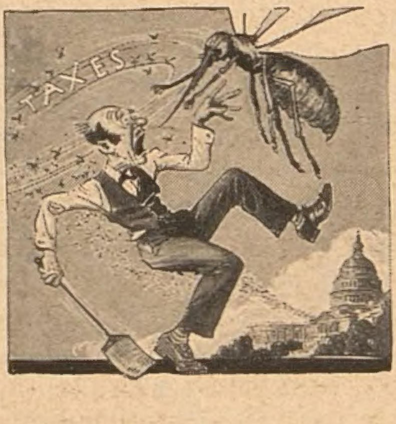
Regardless of the nature of the business, whether it is renting houses or selling hardware, managing a bank, a restaurant, or a barbershop, taxes are added expense that must be considered in the prices that are charged for the rent, service, or merchandise, whatever it may be.

Legislators everywhere are giving consideration to every possible means of collecting more money to pay the gigantic expense associated with managing our extravagant government.

The cost of government has increased enormously in the last twenty years. In the year 1916, for example, the expense of our federal government was about two million dollars a day. Now it is from eight to ten times that.

In an article recently called to my attention, the statement was made that the yearly taxes paid by our pioneer ancestors previous to the Revolutionary War were twenty-five cents per capita. Historians tell us that what they termed high taxes at that time were among the causes of the Revolution. Twenty-five cents at that time might have had a buying power ten or twenty times greater than the same amount of money today. But it is an interesting comparison.

In 1915 our taxes were about thirty-three dollars per capita. In 1929 they had increased to $80.29 per capita, and during the depression (1929-35), when we were supposed to make every possible effort to economize, the average increase in the governmental spending throughout the country was about 25 per cent. The average per capita governmental expenditure in 1935 was about $125.



It is no exaggeration to say that the huge drain now being made by governmental expenses, if long continued, will ultimately throttle the very life of business.

High prices always mean a decrease in buying power. The number of customers are materially lessened when prices advance. There is no exception to this rule.

And high taxes mean higher prices. This cannot be avoided.

The sales tax has been inaugurated in various communities as a means of raising the money necessary for relief. But this procedure simply adds complication upon complication to the taxing procedure.

Some time ago I recommended that we have one tax, and one tax only. That plan was presented in one of the planks I suggested for the Republican platform.

The sales tax is unpopular because it is so apparent to buyers—they cannot miss it. But it would be far better for us to face the tax problem and know just what we are paying for. Then we would be made more tax-conscious. We could accurately determine the extent of this expense.

Fifteen or twenty years ago it required only about ten cents out of every dollar spent to pay our taxes. Now it requires twenty-five or thirty cents—from a fourth to a third of the wages of every worker must be paid for taxes.

But they are mostly hidden taxes. It is not like the tax on gasoline, for instance, in which we definitely know the exact amount.

Suppose you buy a pair of shoes for five dollars. From a dollar and a quarter to a dollar and a half of the cost of this pair of shoes will ultimately represent taxes. The same situation exists in anything else you buy, from a pair of shoe strings to an overcoat.

Figuring on this basis, every workman who spends his entire salary has to work from three to four months every year to pay the government's expenses—and most of this he pays in the form of hidden taxes.

I am not necessarily recommending a sales tax to include all other taxes. But a plan of that kind would certainly simplify our taxing procedure and might in the end actually lessen the amount that we are paying in taxes, direct and indirect; because one tax, that would combine all others, would enormously reduce the expense incurred in the collection of taxes. Furthermore, taxes could be regulated from year to year, just as real-estate taxes are regulated in towns and cities so as to meet the budget every year.

Certainly something should be done to bring taxes out in the open.

Maybe the sales tax is not the best procedure; but any method that can greatly lessen the expense of collecting taxes, and at the same time make every one realize just how much he is paying in taxes, would be a decided improvement over our present plan.

Bernarr Macfadden

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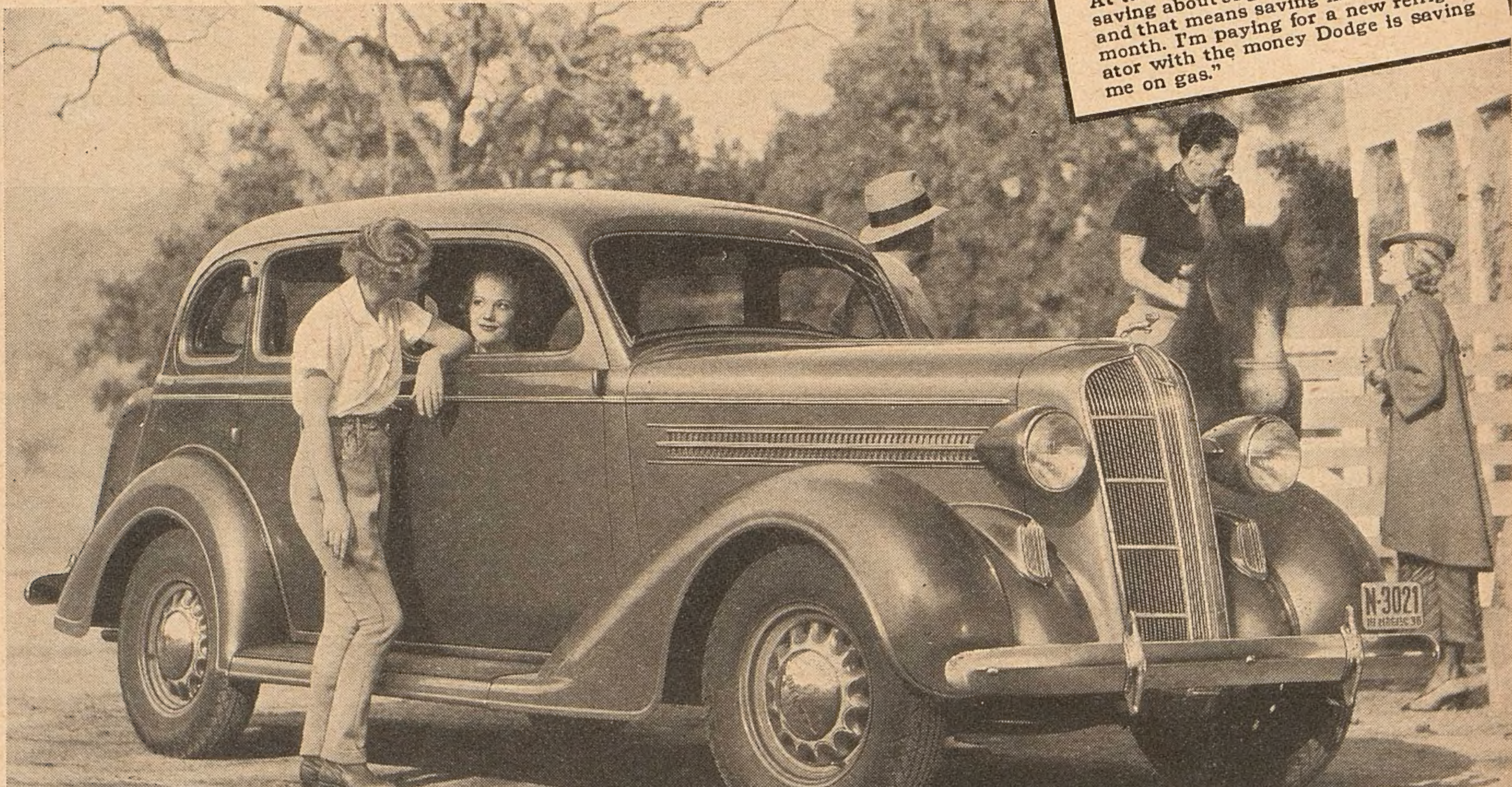

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HITLER Has

Here, Word by Word, Is Evidenc
Holy Writ Fit Nazi Ideas . . . Rea

by MAXWEL

READING TIME

Hitler's Bishop Mueller, who "purged" the Bible.

HAVING failed to unite the Protestant Church in Germany, Hitler's Bishop, Ludwig Mueller, now attempts to revise the words of Jesus. Unable to purge the opposition, he purges the Bible. His aim, he frankly admits, is not to translate but to "Germanize" the Scriptures. The first objective of his purge is the Sermon on the Mount. The revised Sermon on the Mount is offered to "his compatriots in the Third Reich by their Bishop" under the title, German Words of God.

The *Reichsbischof*, or "*Reibi,*" justifies the venture by claiming that the Germans have become "alienated" from the teachings of Christ partly by the "dogmatism" of the Church, partly because Martin Luther's language is "obsolete." Every people must "reinterpret religious values and truths in terms of its idiosyncrasies."

He proceeds to defend Jesus against His enemies in the National Socialist camp. Nazi extremists wish to eliminate the Bible entirely and to re-establish the ancient Germanic gods. The Reibi patiently attempts to show these radical compatriots the error of their ways.

"One often hears," he asseverates, "the expression 'Christ was a Jew.'" The Reibi evades the genealogy of the Lord; His teachings, he contends, are not Jewish. "Christianity did not grow out of Judaism; on the contrary, Christianity evolved from the battle against Judaism, so that Christian and Jew are to each other as fire is to water."

"It must be admitted," the Reibi concedes, "that church tradition, the order of the service, many church hymns preserve so-called Judaisms—that is to say, Jewish words and expressions. But the National Socialist awakening which we have experienced has opened our eyes to the impossibility of retaining words and expressions so alien to our nature. With the reformation of our national life, all that is un-German will disappear of its own accord, even from the ecclesiastic vocabulary."

The idea of translating Jesus's words into colloquial language is by no means new. If Realmbishop Mueller had contented himself with a translation into modern German, there would be little reason for quarreling with him. But he has not. He deliberately alters the obvious intention of the Sermon on the Mount; he adds and omits passages to suit the philosophy of his party. The figure that emerges is no longer Jesus of Nazareth but Jesus of Naziland. He is no longer the Prince of Peace, but Realmleader Jesus, bearing a suspicious resemblance to Realmleader Hitler and Realmbishop Mueller.

Let us discover how Hitler's bishop rewrites the Sermon on the Mount:

St. Matthew, Chapter V

King James Version	*Nazi Version*
3. Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.	Blessed is he who trusts in God with childlike simplicity; he has communion with God.
4. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.	*Blessed is he who bears his sorrow manfully;* he will find the strength never to lose courage nor to abandon himself to despair.
5. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.	Blessed is he who practices good comradeship; he will make his way in the world.

The Realmbishop's Jesus preaches not meekness but race pride! After the next few verses, which do not differ materially from the original, we come to:

9. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.	Blessed are *they who keep peace with their compatriots;* they fulfill the will of God.

The Jesus who goose-steps through the pages of Realmbishop Mueller addresses himself not to all men but primarily, if not solely, to Mueller's racial compatriots. It is obvious that the Reibi does not approve of peacemakers who desire to maintain peace among all children of God irrespective of race and nationality.

Verse 21 is the crucial test. How will he meet it?

Jesus reiterates in His sermon the commandment: "Thou shalt not kill." The Jesus of Realmbishop Mueller objects neither to the death penalty nor to killing in battle. He does not object to killing at all, except under certain conditions.

21. Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment.	*You shall not commit assassination;* such a murderer is guilty and must be condemned to death.

Jesus exhorts us to refrain even from being angry with a "brother" without cause. The Reibi applies the injunction only to the "folk comrade," the racial compatriot, the party member.

Softening the Biblical "Thou shalt not commit adultery" (verse 27), the Realmbishop asserts: "A *pious tradition among your people condemns adultery.*"

Jesus continues (verse 28): "But I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart."

The bishop limits his condemnation to those "who lust after a woman *who belongs to another man.*" Obviously

Changed the BIBLE

His Astonishing Move to Make
hese Parallel Passages for Yourself

. FLAGG

MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Hitler, whom his bishop's "Nazi Jesus" resembles!

he considers it perfectly proper to lust after a woman whose affections are still unmortgaged.

Between verses 31 and 32 the Realmbishop injects a National Socialist sermon on marriage and divorce:

31 and 32. It hath been said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement; But I say unto you, That whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery.	Have a care and labor that your family life is genuine and truthful; in that way you serve your people; if your family life is false and untruthful, you injure your people. *A marriage which has become untrue is not a genuine marriage.* Adultery gives you the right to divorce; but do not resort lightheartedly to divorce. It affects not only you but the community. And even if a marriage has been annulled according to the external letter of the law, if inwardly something is wrong in the sight of God, you are still an adulterer.

The bishop disagrees with the injunction (verse 34) "Swear not at all." He modifies it: "You must keep God's honor, your people's, and your own so high and sacred that *you will not swear an oath over a trivial matter*."

Shall a Nazi turn the other cheek?

"Yes," says Jesus. "No," says the Realmbishop.

38. Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: 39. But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.	In popular parlance it is still said: "What you do unto me that I will do unto you," or an "eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." That is in accordance with natural human instincts. But I say unto you: It is better to live with your compatriots in such a manner that you get along together amicably. The communion of your people is a high and sacred weal for which you must make sacrifices. Therefore go as far as you can in reconciling your adversary before you and he are completely at odds. *If your comrade strikes you in the face in his excitement it is not always proper to return the blow at once. It is more manly to maintain superior composure.* Probably your comrade will then be ashamed.

Deutsche
Gottesworte
Reichsbischof
Ludw. Müller

A copy of the bishop's "German Words of God."

In Chapter VI, verse 2, the bishop eliminates the reference to the synagogue. He then proceeds to present an abbreviated version of the Lord's Prayer:

9 to 13. Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.	Our Father in eternity, Thy truth be sacred to us. Rule thou in our hearts. Thy will be done. Give us our daily bread. Forgive us our debt As we, too, wish to forgive our debtors. Strengthen us in temptation, and make us free from the bane of evil! For thine is the Realm, And the Power, and the Glory in Eternity. Amen.

It is difficult to escape the conclusion that the Realm (Reich) in the mind of the Reibi is not the kingdom of heaven but the Third Reich of Hitler!

The Reibi agrees with the Author of the Sermon on the Mount that "no man can serve two masters." It is obvious that *he* serves only one—*der Fuehrer*.

He tells his compatriots (like the Bible) that "whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." "Embattled comrades," the Reibi assures them, "will accompany the German Christian through the strait and narrow gate." There is a warning against "false prophets, which come in sheep's clothing," but nothing is said of translators in bishops' clothing who deliberately distort the spirit of Jesus.

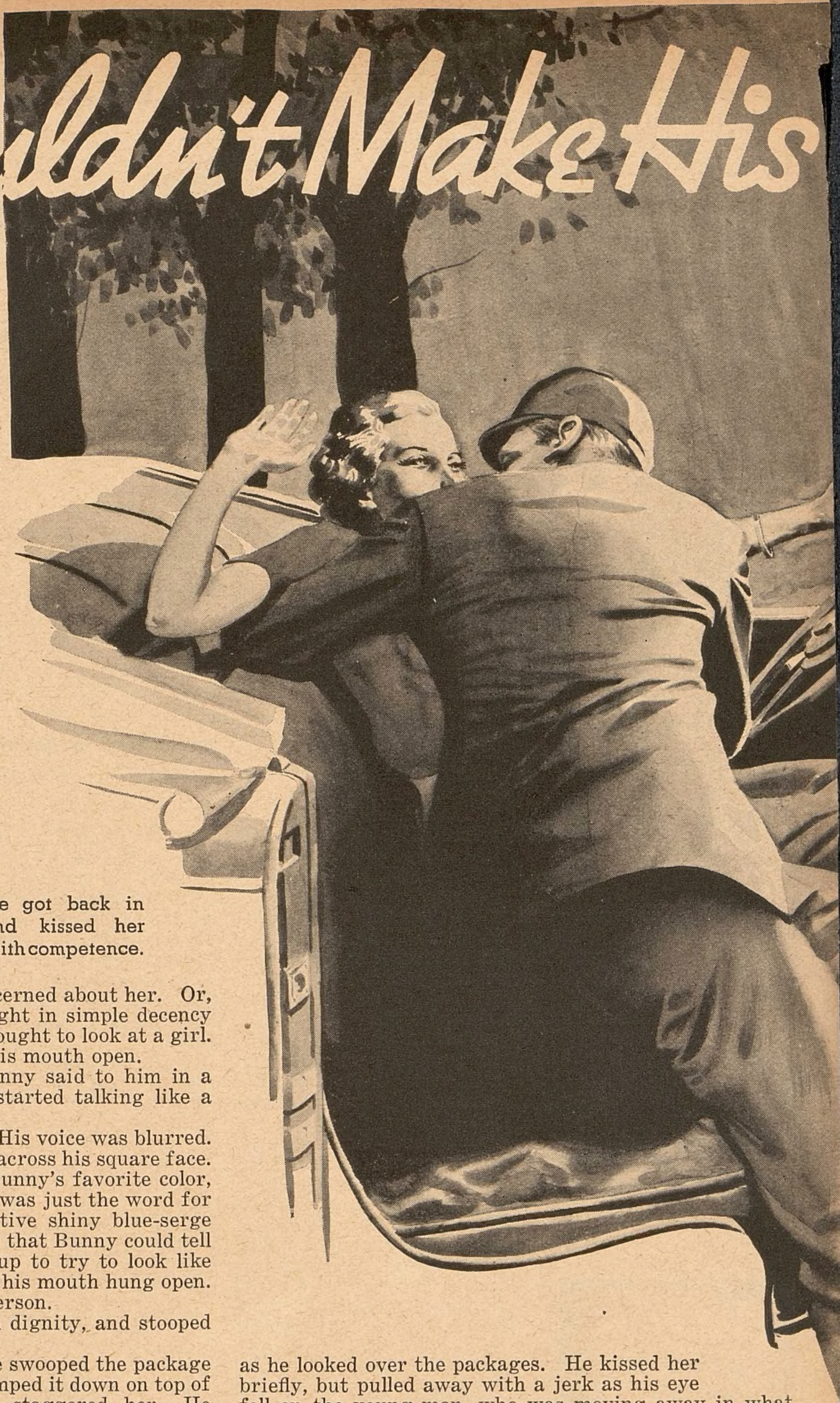
The copy from which our extracts are taken is the fourth edition of Deutsche Gottesworte. It is not copyrighted in the United States and is probably intended only for the Reibi's compatriots.

To give the Reibi his due, some of his interpretations, while prosaic, are rational enough. He loses nothing of the Sermon on the Mount—except its divinity, its universality, and its beauty.

THE END

He Couldn't Make His

READING TIME
25 MINUTES 27 SECONDS



He got back in and kissed her with competence.

REALLY, thought Bunny, as she began to gather up things, the young man who had struck her and scattered her all over the place was a very common person. She could forgive him for hitting her with the door. It was the free-swinging kind often put into the side entrances to depots and such places presumably by sly misanthropes who would like to see the human race murder itself; and she had been coming at it from the inside, carrying a lot of packages to save tipping another redcap, and walking with the myopic fury of all women carrying a lot of packages, while he had come at it from the outside with the hurricane fury of any young man whose world has obviously crashed.

It wasn't his fault, exactly, that he was twice her weight and had knocked her down. But he could at least have helped her up. He might anyhow have said, "I'm terribly sorry," and tried to seem concerned about her. Or, if he had to stand and look, he might in simple decency have looked at her as a young man ought to look at a girl. He didn't need to just look—with his mouth open.

"Would you mind awfully," Bunny said to him in a sweet voice that trembled, "if I started talking like a fishwife?"

"What?" the young man said. His voice was blurred. There was a broad band of freckles across his square face. His eyes were brown, which was Bunny's favorite color, but they looked glassy; piscatorial was just the word for it. He had on a very unimaginative shiny blue-serge suit, and in his hand was a suitcase that Bunny could tell was made of pasteboard crinkled up to try to look like alligator hide. He wore a cap, and his mouth hung open. Obviously he was a very common person.

"Never mind," Bunny said with dignity, and stooped for the last of the packages.

The young man stirred then. He swooped the package away from under her hand and thumped it down on top of the others with a violence that staggered her. He snatched off his cap, letting a lot of tan hair fall down over his eyes, and mumbled: "Excuse me, miss. I didn't see you coming."

"You certainly are a fast thinker, aren't you?" Bunny said over the packages. "What I mean, I think it's perfectly superb that you didn't wait until you were on your train and then write me a letter about it." Pleased with that thrust, she moved toward the door in better humor, reaching it just in time to be bumped again by another man storming through it.

This man was a faster thinker. He said, "Pardon me," absently, then stopped and said: "Bunny, honey!" as he looked over the packages. He kissed her briefly, but pulled away with a jerk as his eye fell on the young man, who was moving away in what seemed like guilty haste.

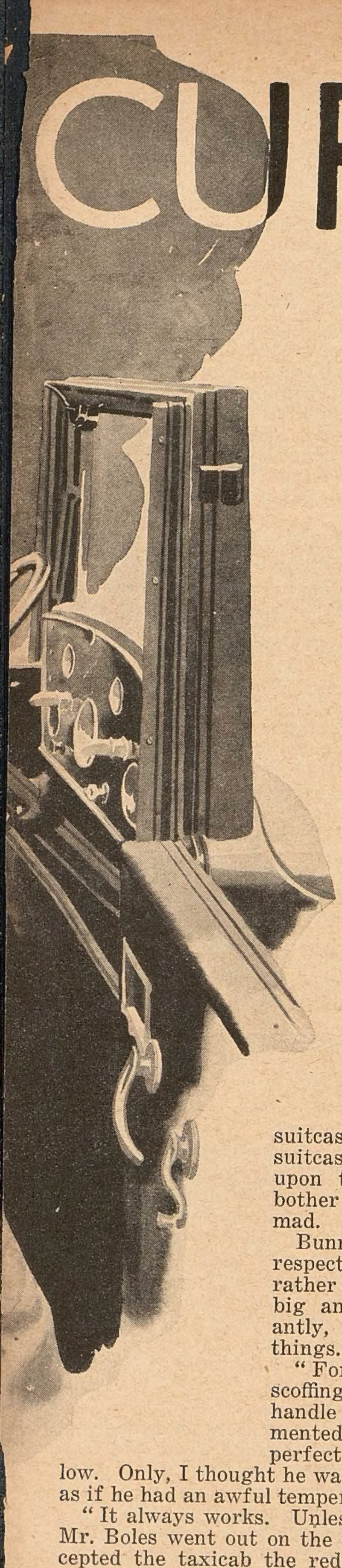
"Hey, you!" yelled Bunny's father, striding after him.

The young man stopped with reluctance. He turned a sullen face around but that was all.

"It's no use," he said. "I'm no good. I just ain't got it. I'm going back home and pitch hay."

"Go on. Go ahead." Bunny's father gestured violently toward the train shed. "We don't need you on our club. We don't want you. We don't want anybody that's yellow."

"Yellow?" the young man said in a dangerous voice. He turned fully around. His shiny blue-serge coat



CURVES Behave

A Comedy of Hearts and Diamonds . . . The Joyous Tale of a Pitcher-Puzzle, a Left-Handed Kiss, and a Girl's Good Guess

by FRANK BUNCE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES BRYSON

crawled upward on him.

"Yellow," repeated Bunny's father firmly. Bunny had come up and was nudging him. He said grudgingly: "Bunny, this is Dusty Hacke. One of our pitchers. Or used to be. But today he went yellow because he couldn't make his curves behave and walked off on us. Just can't take it."

"My real name is Beatrice, so my nickname ought to be Bee. Bee Boles. But everybody calls me Bunny because of my nose. It's not a very important nose," Bunny said to the young man.

"Yellow!" he said, overlooking her to glare at her father. His coat crawled higher. Abruptly he whirled and went back out of the door, banging the end of his suitcase so hard against it that the suitcase burst open, spilling things upon the depot floor. He didn't bother to pick them up. He was mad.

Bunny looked at her father with respect. She kissed him again. She rather liked to kiss him. He was big and hard and smelled pleasantly, just then, of bay rum and things.

"For somebody that's always scoffing at psychology and all, you handle men pretty well," she commented. "What I mean, that was a perfect inspiration calling him yellow. Only, I thought he was going to hit you. He looks as if he had an awful temper."

"It always works. Unless the man really is yellow." Mr. Boles went out on the trail of her luggage and accepted the taxicab the redcap had ordered only after finding out about how much it was going to cost. Minor-league ball-club managers have to watch their nickels.

"I'm not so sure I ought to have brought that youngster back," he worried in the taxi. "Probably I'll have to end by letting him go anyhow, and it will cost me fourteen or fifteen dollars for his transportation. He lives somewhere up in Iowa. This way, running off of his own accord, he'd have paid his own fare."

"But what's the matter with him?" Bunny asked.

"I wish I knew," her father said. "I picked him up on a hunch from a semipro outfit in Dubuque this spring. His record wasn't so hot, but there was something about him that looked good, and I thought I might be able to take him apart and make him tick better. I've got to develop at least one good prospect for the Giants this year, or else. They're footing our deficits, you know, and they expect value for their money. We're in the same shape as a lot of bush-league outfits. We're not ball clubs any more; we're major-league farms."

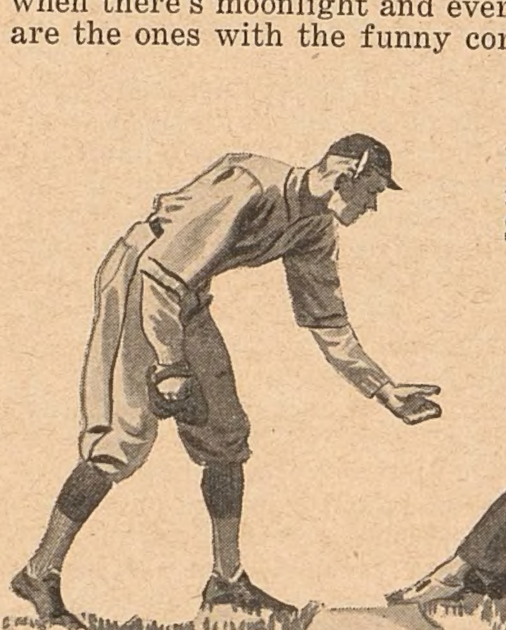
"He's not bad-looking with that cap off," Bunny mused. "I always did kind of like them square and leathery that way. I just wish that he would use a little more imagination in clothes. That blue suit looks positively awful on him."

"He's got some of the things it takes. A fast one, a change of pace, and plenty of stuff on the ball. Only, he can't control it. Call for an out, and you're liable to get an incurve or a drop. And plenty of times he serves 'em up hot when he gets the signal for a slow one. You can see what that would do to the men behind him. Modern baseball is an exact science, and everybody in the field has got to know what's going to be thrown so they can be there to meet it if it's hit. But Dusty himself never knows what he's going to throw. He seems to have crossed wires in his brain."

"He's a trapezoid," said Bunny positively.

"A what?" her father said.

"A trapezoid. At State we co-eds divide men into two groups, trapezoids and spherezoids. The spherezoids are the nice little round ones that more or less roll down a groove. What I mean, you can just about figure how they're going to react to being in a canoe with a girl when there's moonlight and everything. The trapezoids are the ones with the funny corners on them. They're



Bunny couldn't take them as hot as that one. She went over backward.

just as likely as not to start talking skiing or statistics to you, no matter what kind of a night it is, or what your build-up was. It's perfectly maddening. Usually they're left-handed."

"He's not," said Mr. Boles dolefully. "If he was, I could figure him better. You expect southpaws to work in reverse. He isn't temperamental, either. He keeps hours, works hard, really tries. But there's a kink in him somewhere. I haven't been able to get one good inning out of him all season."

The taxi stopped before their house and Bunny took in the packages and part of the luggage while her father was slowly sorting out money to pay the driver. The packages had presents for everybody in them. She unwrapped her father's presents—a new pipe which was a whole lot better than any he would have bought for himself, and some new slippers—and laid them out in the front room, then went back into the kitchen and cooked him a better dinner than any he had had since she was home the last time. Then, when she had him just as she wanted him, savoring the dinner in retrospect and enjoying the pipe and slippers, she said tentatively: "Now about this Dusty person—"

"Yeah?" he said sleepily.

"I wish you'd let me do some research on him. I might be able to find the kink. I'm good on trapezoids. I've done marvelously with one or two the other girls had all given up as hopeless."

"Now, don't start that!" he protested in alarm. "I feel a certain obligation to my players, even trapezoids, and I can't see them thrown to the lions. Besides, you wouldn't get to first base with him. He's not interested in girls. He just don't see them. He didn't see you at the station today."

"I won't be a girl, at first," Bunny said, admiring the scrambled image of herself in the silver platter cover in front of her. She had smiling eyes, even if her nose wasn't so important; and it was nice to look little and breakable and still be as husky as a grizzly bear. "You can't be a girl too soon with trapezoids, or you scare them off. When are you going to pitch him again?"

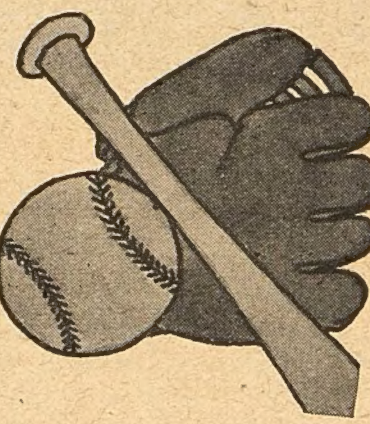
"Whenever we need him again. And that's likely to be soon. Our pitching staff has gone to pieces."

THEY needed him the next day. In an agonizing five minutes of the sixth inning, four home pitchers were routed, leaving Mr. Boles only Dusty and another rookie to draw upon. Dusty got the nod.

From a seat in the grandstand just behind the plate, Bunny watched him come out to the mound. In uniform he rated watching. With his big shoulders and stalking grace, he looked like a hundred thousand dollars walking out to the box. But once in it, he shrank. He became suddenly hesitant, awkward. The first of his practice pitches was wide; so wide that not even the catcher's lateral plunge could capture it. The second, thrown too carefully, bounced off the plate, and the third was a feeble effort with nothing on it.

"Hmm," Bunny said reflectively, snuggling down with her chin resting on the backs of her hands to watch with more attentiveness. She had noticed his odd habit of jiggling both shoulders before a pitch, and tearing at the fingers of his glove as if it bothered him. She wondered if it might not have something to do with the kink in him.

A batter came to the plate; the catcher flashed a signal. Bunny noticed the catcher seemed a bit uneasy, and, remembering what her father had said about Dusty, she couldn't wonder at it. She had done the catching for a pretty good girls' team that spring, and she knew it was no fun to catch a pitcher that didn't know himself what he was going to throw. She noticed, too, that the restless movements of infield and outfield men took on a definite direction, toward the left, and she guessed an outcurve had been ordered. Modern baseball is a science, and one of its axioms is that any normal right-handed batter nine times in ten hits an outcurve sharply to the left side of the diamond.



Dusty's shoulders jiggled. He yanked fretfully at his glove, as if it worried him. He wound up stiffly and threw. The ball came straight as a rifle bullet, then swerved abruptly inward. The bat was there to meet it and it bounded out past Dusty, past second base, past the shortstop, who belatedly reversed his direction to make a dive for it.

The home crowd groaned. The catcher obviously cursed, and so did the shortstop. Bunny's father rose up from the dugout in wrath, then subsided with a helpless gesture. Bunny said "Hmm" again, and sat attentive through an awful three or four minutes watching Dusty conscientiously throw ins for outs and vice versa, occasionally varying the routine by serving up smoke balls for floaters. When he was chased, she left her seat and worked her way along the bleachers to a little door that opened out not far from the clubhouse. She was sitting in front of it when he came out, his shoulders drooping, dressed in the shiny blue serge.

"Hello," she said. She said it softly, coaxingly, making her eyes behave. She was dressed in slacks and a maroon sweater that she imagined didn't make her look too much like a girl.

He stopped. He stared. He took off his cap fumblingly and muttered something. It seemed that she had been mistaken about the slacks and jersey.

"YOU doing anything the rest of the afternoon?" she asked. She stayed sitting down, with her hands laced across her knees, so as not to excite him. She had heard an animal trainer say in a lecture once that the best way to quiet the fear the sight of a human being arouses in animals is to sit down; and she had found out by experiment that the same principle applied to trapezoids.

It worked. He calmed, visibly. He even became intelligible. "Nothing much," he said.

She risked standing up. "Well, then, come on and help me pitch horseshoes. You come from Iowa and you ought to know something about it. Everybody from Iowa does."

"Sure," he said. He followed her docilely out to the parking lot and into her father's car. He didn't even go to pieces when he saw that she was taking him home with her. Trapezoids could be absolute lambs if they were handled right.

He pitched a competent conventional game of horseshoes in the court behind her house. Too competent and conventional, and she was disappointed.

She tried something else.

"You must be famished," she said. "Come on." She went into the house. He didn't immediately follow, of course, but she let him take his time. She merely put soup and coffee on the gas range and let them get nicely odorous. That brought him up on to the porch. She threw a steak into a hot frying pan, without grease, and he came in. He ate enormously, and afterward he sat with the look of a man reflecting that home cooking, after all, beats eating in restaurants or boardinghouses. He even looked at Bunny as if he might be thinking it would be nice to have her do all his home cooking for him.

That was gratifying but it wasn't quite what Bunny was angling for. She had another idea.

"Let's go for a drive," she suggested.

"Sure," he said, rising. One nice thing about trapezoids was that you didn't need to bother about making elaborate excuses to them. They acted unreasonably and were never surprised when other people did too.

She took him out several miles to a place where they could see the sunset to advantage, and talked to him. He didn't do much talking, which rather pleased her. It was nice, for a change, to get with some one who didn't want to do all the talking. Bunny liked to talk; and she liked the way he listened to her, as if her every word was a pearl of wit and wisdom. She was so pleased with him that she forgot he was a subject for research and began to be genuinely interested in him as a person. She got up close to him, so that they touched in places, and sat looking at the moon. Moonlight had an influence on

Bunny; and he turned out to be a perfectly thrilling one to touch. She grew somewhat breathless.

"It's your turn now," she prompted him, in that certain tone proper to moonlight and amiable propinquity. "Say something to me."

She waited, a little breathless, touching him in places, looking up at the moon. And then he said:

"What? Say what?"

Bunny gasped. She felt as if somebody had thrown cold water over her. She straightened violently and found the key to the car. She started it and drove, capably and in silence, down to the city, stopping in front of his boardinghouse. She reached over him and threw open the car door.

"Good night," she said. Her voice was very sweet.

He got partly out, then stopped. His brown forehead crinkled under his baseball cap; he looked distressed, like a little ginger-colored dog that she had had once.

She was grimly determined, however, she wouldn't let that soften her.

"Thanks," he said. "Thanks for the ride."

"You're welcome," said Bunny. Sweetly. Too sweetly.

"You wouldn't needed to have taken me all the way here. I didn't notice where you were going. I could have walked over from the highway."

"That's all right," Bunny said. "That's quite all right. I didn't want people to say you had to walk home from a ride with me. That would have been the last straw."

She raced the motor warningly. But that didn't budge him.

"Listen," he said. "You're mad about something. I can tell."

"Good night," said Bunny, and raced the motor again.

He refused to be moved. He stayed where he was, partly in the car, partly out, with the crinkles on his forehead shifting and merging into one deep vertical crinkle between his eyes. His eyes looked stubborn, and she noticed that he had a very stubborn jaw.

"You're mad," he repeated. "I guess I must have done something, said something you didn't like, and I'm not getting out until you tell me what it was."

"I'll tell you something," Bunny said. "It's kind of something every young man ought to know. On a night like this there are only a very few outrageous things you could say or do to make any girl mad. But there are just simply thousands of things you wouldn't say or wouldn't do that would make her absolutely furious."

SHE tried to start away. But he shut the motor off and got back into the car. He put an arm around her, his left arm. He put his right arm around her too. He kissed her. She tried sincerely to argue about it first, but he ground down her resistance with the slow effortless efficiency of a steam roller, and kissed her with surprising competence upon the mouth.

He got out. He said: "Good night." His voice shook some, but he faced her out defiantly, standing straight and stiff beside the car; plenty close enough to it so that she could have reached out and slapped or scratched him.

She didn't, though. She said: "Good night," and fumbled for a gear lever absently, though the car wasn't running. Her voice didn't shake but she was shaking. She had learned something, immense and a little frightening, from that kiss. She had learned she was probably going to have to marry a trapezoid after all, and be very busy all the rest of her life ironing the kinks out of him. And, though it didn't seem so very important now, she had learned why he wasn't measuring up as a pitcher; why his brain worked in reverse.

But she wanted to make sure. She put out a hand. Her left hand. "Shake," she said.

Anybody but a trapezoid would have been at least mildly surprised. But he wasn't. He took the hand.

"You big fourflusher," she murmured, and started the car.

"What?" he said.

"Good night," she answered. And this time she meant it.

She found her father sitting in the front room with a strange man, who must have been some one very important, for he was smoking one of Mr. Boles's Christmas cigars.

Bunny didn't interrupt them; she felt just a little guilty about taking the car. She went up to bed, but she had so many things to think about that she was late in getting to sleep, and so scandalously late in rising that her father and his caller were preparing to leave for the ball park when she came down.

"THIS is Terry Harris, Bunny. Giants' scout. He's come to demand that I justify my existence by giving him a player," Mr. Boles identified, after Bunny had nudged him into thinking of his manners. He looked somewhat worried.

"Not a player. A pitcher," Harris corrected. He was huge, gruff, incisive. He looked like the kind who would demand that the manager of a minor-league farm justify his existence by giving him a pitcher just when he needed one. Or else.

"I've got just the man you need," offered Bunny's father with unconvincing enthusiasm. "Young, strong, willing; got a slow ball that—"

Harris turned a cold eye upon him. "What's his name?"

"Huh? Oh, Corkes. Banty Corkes. He—"

"Corkes." Harris turned his cold eye inward, searching the files of his memory. "Yeah. Won six, lost eight this season for you." He turned the cold eye outward, focusing it accusingly upon Mr. Boles. "Not even five hundred in the minors. What do you suppose big-league hitters would do to him?"

"Well," said Mr. Boles indefinitely. He shifted feet, like a fighter. "There's another man I want you to look at. A rookie. Just brought him in from Arizona three weeks ago. Screw-ball artist. A natural."

"What's his name?" said Harris. He heard the name, and then he said: "Mattson. Yeah. He's allowed eleven hits, average, in each of the five games he's finished for you, and been chased twice. You'll have to give me something better than that to look at."

He went out on the porch. Mr. Boles started to follow but Bunny caught his sleeve.

"Come back in the kitchen a minute. I want to talk groceries with you," she said. In the kitchen, she ran commiserating fingers over the lines around his eyes. "Poor dad. You look as if you'd been run through a wringer."

"I have," her father said. "I haven't got a pitcher ready for him, and he knows it. He knows everything. He's a human filing cabinet."

"There's one thing he doesn't know," she said, "and that is that you've got a man on your pitching staff who has a dismal record and yet is likely to go out there today and show something entirely new in the way of pitching."

"Huh?" her father said.

"Never mind who. Just promise me one thing: Start anybody you choose, but if he doesn't show anything, let me pick the next one. I'll have him all warmed up. Promise."

Mr. Boles grunted, after consideration. From any one else that grunt would have sounded unpromising, but Bunny knew his grunt was as good as his bond. She waited until he had gone, then went to the telephone and dialed a number. When a woman with the truculent cracked voice of a veteran landlady answered, she asked for Dusty.

"This is Bunny," she said, when he answered. "Have you a uniform there?"

He had.

"Well, put it on and meet me outside the ball park. Around back of the south fence, where there won't be a lot of people."

She repeated that to him three or four times and made

him read it back to her to make sure it registered. But even so, she found him waiting outside the east wall, not the south. He was a trapezoid.

He started talking as soon as she came in sight.

"Listen," he said. "I didn't get a chance to tell you something last night. You drove off before it came to me. I didn't sleep much for thinking of it."

"I know," she said. "I feel pretty bad myself. It does come like a lightning stroke, doesn't it? But don't let's waste time talking about it now. We've got other things to do. You're on the wrong side of the fence and people are looking out of houses at us. Come on."

"I've got no right to tell you anything, I guess," he worried, following her. "I'm a bust as a pitcher. Look what I did again yesterday."

"You're being irrelevant," she said. "What I mean, the way I feel, I'd be just as bad as if you turned out to be a PWA worker on strike. But first I'd make sure that was all you were good for."

She found a place she liked and stopped and tossed him a glove: one of two she had picked out with some care from a pile of old gloves in the basement of her house. She withdrew to a flat rock about eighteen inches across and placed it precisely twenty-two long steps from the spot where Dusty stood. She pulled on the other glove she had brought, an undersized catcher's mitt, and crouched behind the rock.

"Burn 'em in," she invited.

But he was staring in bewilderment at the glove she had tossed him.

"Listen—" he began protestingly.

"Put that glove on. And burn one in!"

He put on the glove but he took a long time about it. Not because of any apparent distaste for it, but because he was making a ceremony of getting it straightened out and repadded to his taste, as any player worth his salt does with any old glove that especially appeals to him. He went into a wind-up routine joyously, without any stiffness or jiggling, and his wind-up, to any one with any eye at all for such things, was plastic poetry.

"Burn 'em in—you hundred-thousand-dollar beauty!" Bunny chanted in delight.

He burned one in. Bunny could take hot ones; she had caught all spring for a girl with the kind of shoulder spread usually seen only on truck drivers and such people and an arm like the pistons that drive big boats. But she couldn't take them as hot as that one. It was the kind of hot one that hasn't been seen much since the decline of Walter Johnson; it was so hot that it smoked, and it looked about the size of a twirling marble. Bunny went over backward.

He started toward her repentantly, about thirty seconds after repentance would have been appropriate. "Gosh! I'm sorry—"

"Don't be. I'm not. It's fun to be knocked down by you." Bunny got up, with the ball, and threw it back to him. She planted herself gamely behind the rock again. "Give me another one. An outcurve this time."

HE gave her the outcurve. It wasn't an in or a drop or a straight ball; it was an outcurve, with a break to it that would have broken the back of any earnest slugger. It did nearly break Bunny's ribs, but she didn't mind. She was having the heady thrill of being in at the birth of genius and knowing she had had something to do with bringing it into the world.

She made him taper off after that, warming him up with the delicate precision of a mechanic warming an airplane motor, until her ear, attentive to the noises inside the stadium, told her that whoever it was that her father had started on the mound wasn't doing so well. Then she straightened with a relieved gasp, and beckoned Dusty in.

"Hurry," she said. "You're going to have to pitch. You're going to pitch the club out of its losing streak and yourself right into the major leagues. You're going to average about two strike-outs per inning and allow about two or three unimportant hits. And you're going to absolutely petrify a lot of the people that like to get off that good one about you ought to be back pitching hay."

He did pitch the club out of its losing streak; and he struck out fourteen men in seven and a half innings. And he did pitch himself into the major leagues. Harris knew genius when he saw it.

Also, Dusty petrified a lot of people who had thought he ought to be pitching hay, including sports writers, who were driven to thesauruses to find words to describe his performance and to the record books to find a parallel for it.

Most petrified of all was Bunny's father. It is petrifying to see a right-hander who hasn't given you one good inning all season suddenly metamorphose himself into a left-hander who is just what the doctor ordered.

FRANK BUNCE
was born in Wisconsin on July 31, 1905. When only four he ran away from home, repeating his effort to see the world almost every year thereafter until he was about thirteen. Since then he has had many adventures and a number of occupations which have helped him greatly in the preparation of his stories.

"WHY in tarnation didn't you tell me you were a southpaw all the time?" Mr. Boles demanded of Dusty very late that night. It hadn't helped his temper any to have to bottle up the question for hours. He couldn't give himself away, of course, by asking it in front of Harris during the game; and immediately afterward the pitcher had eluded every one Mr. Boles sent out to search for him so that he could be tied up with the contract Harris produced. Mr. Boles was too upset even to worry much because Bunny had disappeared too.

"He didn't know he was a southpaw," Bunny answered for him. "What I mean, he thought he'd gotten over it. He started life as a lefty. His home town was one of those places where everybody is about fifty years behind the times, with no knowledge of psychology, and they all ganged up on him, his parents and teachers and everybody, to make him act like other people, so that he got to doing things right-handed when any one was watching him, and left-handed when they weren't. You can see for yourself what that would do to his personality. He got to be just an awful trapezoid, with a simply terrible quantity of kinks in his brain."

"I noticed that," said Mr. Boles.

"He did all his pitching left-handed, though, until he went to try for his first job with a semipro team. Then somebody told him the manager of the team wouldn't have any left-handers on his squad, because they were too mean to handle. So he changed hands. It wasn't so hard for him, because he had become kind of ambidextrous from doing things with his right hand when people were looking and doing them with his left hand when they weren't. He could eat and pitch horseshoes and all the simple things just as well one way as the other. Only, with complicated processes like throwing a baseball, he was always getting his signals mixed up. Any practical psychologist would understand that. I knew it the minute he kissed me."

"What?" said Mr. Boles.

"He kissed me in a left-handed way. You'd know what I mean if he had ever kissed you, or if you could have seen him at our wedding this evening. He put the ring on his own hand and kissed the justice instead of me," Bunny said.

Mr. Boles's reeling brain clutched at two words, "Wedding? Your wedding?"

Dusty spoke for the first time, resolutely shouldering up in front of Bunny. "It's my fault—all my fault, Mr. Boles," he said with embarrassed truculence. "Bunny didn't want to get married without your consent. She didn't want to get married at all. She gave several reasons why it wouldn't do. I had to drag her into the license bureau and hold on to her all the way to the judge's office."

"Yes. He had to drag me. And hold on to me hard," Bunny said. But, standing on tiptoe, she winked broadly and with meaning across his broad shoulder. She knew her trapezoids, and she knew they always work by contrary impulses.

THE END

My Son a Great Man? Nonsense! Says Landon's Father

A Matter-of-Fact Parent Presents, via Liberty, a Picture of an Average Citizen

by JOHN M. LANDON

as told to O. K. ARMSTRONG

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

A Landon family group at the Executive Mansion in Topeka. Standing are the Governor and Presidential nominee, Mrs. Landon, and Peggy, who captivated the Cleveland convention. Seated are Mrs. Cobb, Mrs. Landon's mother, with John Cobb Landon, aged two, and "Grandfather" Landon (as his daughter-in-law calls this article's author) with Nancy Jo, three.

MY son a great man? I have to smile at questions which imply heroic qualities on the part of Alf M. Landon.

Since he first attained some national prominence, squads of important people have come out here to Topeka to measure up his stature. Some come and tell me about him. I'll tell you one thing: If anybody has anything to say about Alf's greatness it won't be Alf himself!

He's never had any illusions of grandeur, and he never will. Through his forty years of steady advancement in his schooling, his business, and his public life, he's followed one rule consistently: Make good in the task, and don't talk about it.

His mother and I tried to teach him these simple rules:

Work hard, with a definite idea in mind. Deal honestly with all men, making no promises that cannot be kept, fulfilling all obligations, doing everything in the open and on the square. Appreciate the value of money and its real worth in terms of human happiness.

Rather simple rules, and I'm afraid a modern world considers them crudely old-fashioned. But I've lived past seventy-nine years now, and I can't see that human nature—or human needs—have changed much.

I suppose that his ardent friends will want to picture him as a poor boy, born in a log cabin, who surmounted poverty by genius. His political enemies—I suppose there'll be some—will want to make him out a slow-moving clod who came where he is by sheer luck.

They'll both be wrong. A boy doesn't have to be born in a log hut to learn to be industrious. We were never rich—but we were never poverty-stricken. I was in the oil business in Ohio when Alf was born, and I was attracted to the opportunities of oil production in the Middle West. That's why we came to Kansas.

Alf was then just through high school. He entered the University of Kansas, and received his degree. Was he a brilliant student? Not that I ever heard of. A few years as a bank clerk, and then he was willing to give up an assured but small salary for the infinitely harder work of an independent oil operator, with promise of comfortable rewards if he made good.

Ask any of the men who have worked with him and for him if he didn't pull off his coat and do the rough work of the drillers and riggers. I've heard it said repeatedly among the fellows who worked for him:

"Alf expects a full day's work from all his employees, and a hard day's work, but no one can accuse him of unfair practices or injustices."

He never had a minute's labor trouble in his life.

And as for dealing honestly with all men, ask them if he ever did anything else.

His business success was built upon knowing what a dollar was worth and how it could be made productive. But he was never accused of being stingy. In politics he campaigned for Teddy Roosevelt because he believed in progressive ideals in government. He became state Republican chairman of Kansas because he bucked the Old Guard crowd and made them like it. He was elected governor in 1932 because he wrote into his party's platform certain promises to reduce the burden of taxation and to put state and local governments on a sensible businesslike basis, and enough people believed he would do just what he said. He was re-elected in 1934 by a much bigger vote.

Here are sayings of his since he became governor:

"My conception of the duties of your chief executive is to use that high office so that the functions of government be carried on properly and with as little expense as possible. . . . The fundamental functions of a state are to administer justice, to educate youth, to care for the poor and unfortunate, to preserve the public health, and to build roads. The first responsibility of government is to maintain security in all its phases. . . . Whenever an attempt has been made to regiment the lives of a people in a business way it has been accompanied by the suppression of free speech and a free press."

He talks only when he's got something to say, and makes only such promises as he can and should fulfill. He handles the people's money like he would his own.

The practice of simple virtues and common sense makes Alf Landon what he is. If he is ever considered "great," he will be the last to think so!

THE END

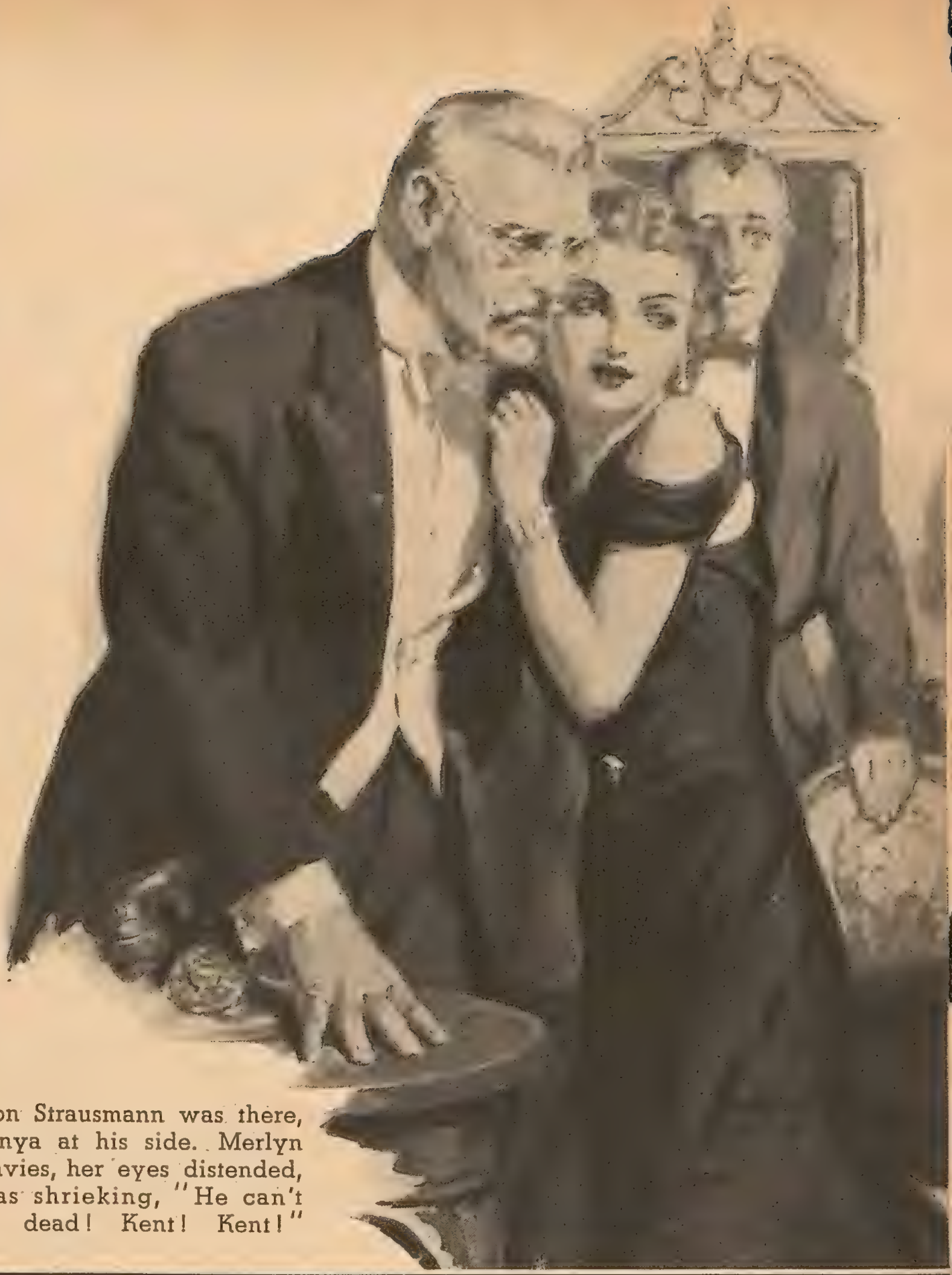
TORTURED LOVE ENTERS A SINISTER SHADOW IN THE THRILLING STORY OF A STRANGE MURDER AND THE RED TRAIL OF A MYSTERY FROM INDIA

by

ELAINE STERNE CARRINGTON

ILLUSTRATION BY W. D. STEVENS

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 56 SECONDS



Von Strausmann was there, Sonya at his side. Merlyn Davies, her eyes distended, was shrieking, "He can't be dead! Kent! Kent!"

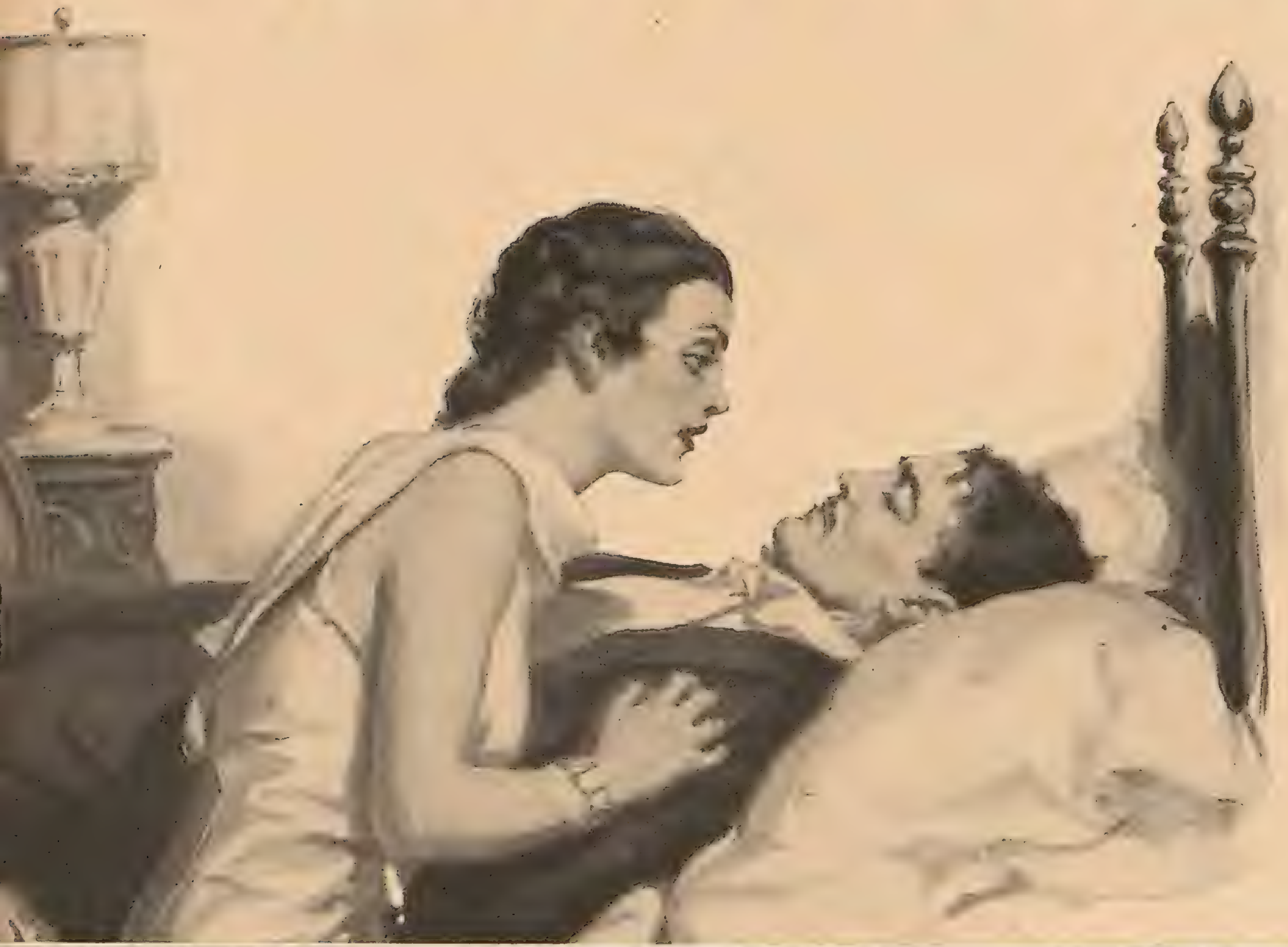
FOLLOWING the royal welcome given him in New York City, Captain Kent Grinnell, world-famous explorer just returned from an expedition to India, goes to his mother's estate on Long Island to attend a home-coming party in honor of him and his party, composed of Dave Harlow, his co-pilot; Merlyn Davies, his secretary; and Professor von Strausmann and his princess bride Sonya. Among the guests is lovely Leila Dayne, sweetheart of his brother Curt. Babe Grinnell, Kent's younger sister, sensing the inevitable result of the attraction between the two, tells her hero brother of Curt's desperate love for the girl and asks him to "give the kid a break." Also in the party is Paula, a former love of Kent's, now the wife of extremely jealous Fred Worthington. Added to this is the obvious affection for Kent shared by both Sonya and Merlyn. Of the latter Kent had confided to Babe: "She once told me that if I ever looked at another woman she'd kill me and then herself."

Dinner at the club that night is interrupted when Babe displays an oddly colored silk handkerchief she said she found on Kent's pillow. "It is a *rumal*," von Strausmann tells them upon examining it, and explains in detail the origin of the cult of the Crimson Goddess, whose members were bound by oath to strangle their victim with a sacred silk handkerchief, the *rumal*. Kent, denying he had ever seen it before, stuffed it into his pocket. As he did so the princess screamed and fainted.

Ignoring Leila when the party adjourns to the ballroom, Kent spends most of his time with Paula. Fred flies into a jealous fury and strikes Kent, warning him to keep away from his wife. Meanwhile Leila, unable to understand Kent's change of heart, goes back to the Grinnell house with von Strausmann. A few hours later Dave brings Kent home, drunk. Parker, the butler, undresses him, refusing to leave when Merlyn Davies tries to take charge. Then Leila sees Sonya creep down the hall and enter his room. Hours later, when Babe, Dave, and Mrs. Grinnell return, Babe slips and falls on some blood drops in the upper hall. They trace it to Kent's room. Dave rushes to Kent's side. "He's been stabbed! He's dead!"

The *rumal* was wound round his throat.

WHO KILLED Kent Grinnell?



PART TWO—THE PHANTOM GUEST

IN the clamor that shortly filled Kent's room, Babe quietly got the family doctor on the telephone. He promised to come at once.

She hung up, trembling, her fingers cold as ice, and turned. They were there, all of them. Von Strausmann was standing next to her, with Sonya, the color of chalk, at his side. Merlyn Davies, her eyes distended, shrieking, " He can't be dead! Kent! Kent! Speak to me! " on her knees beside him, clawing at him. There was Leila, her eyes dark pools in her white face. And Parker, and Mrs. Jarvis, and the other servants.

" But who *could* hurt Kent? " Babe cried, turning her face blindly to them all.

Dave caught her hand. " Steady. Come out of here, Babe."

Von Strausmann asked, " Has anybody called the police yet? "

Dave said, " No; I'm going to right now."

Merlyn screaming, " I know who killed him! She did! Sonya von Strausmann! Look at her! She did it! "

They turned and stared at Sonya, drooping against her husband's arm.

Merlyn screamed: " She came to his room after you went out, and murdered him! "

" Will some one tend to that madwoman?" Von Strausmann's face purpled. " I gave Sonya a sedative before I left this evening. She has been asleep for hours."

Babe said, " I'd better go to mother."

Dave nodded. " Where's Curt? "

" Curt? "

Babe whirled, her hand to her throat. " Curt—why, he—why, he—he isn't here, is he? "

Then she turned and ran toward her mother's room at the end of the wide hallway. . . .

Von Strausmann joined Dave in the library. " Bad business, Dave; terrible business."

Dave nodded. He jerked the telephone receiver up and down for a moment; gave it up, and went to the door.

“Parker!” His voice boomed like a cannon against the heavy muffled silence.

He turned to von Strausmann. “Here we are, all of us, locked in. As far as we know, no one has come in or gone out of that front door. And yet, there's been a murder. It had to be done by a human agency. Some one planted that *rumal* in Kent's room. We all knew that at dinner. Some one who had been to India and who knew what that threat meant.”

Von Strausmann bowed his head. He said, after a moment, “You mean—you think a woman—”

“God, I can't think! We can't any of us think!”

Parker came in slowly. He was pale and trembling.

Dave said, “The telephone wires seem to be down. We've got to get the police. Send somebody to town in one of the cars, will you?”

“Yes, sir. Right away, sir.”

The front doorbell burred.

“It must be the doctor, sir.”

“What's his name?”

“Dr. Dominy Faire, sir.”

Von Strausmann broke in: “Not my old friend Dominy Faire! I haven't seen him since we were in Africa together, five—no, six years ago, up in the Ugandi—”

He rushed out of the room and returned with Dr. Faire, tall, blond, with keen blue eyes in his sunburned face.

“I'd like you two to stay here,” the doctor said. “From what you say, there's nothing any of you can do, and I'd rather get my impressions independently and alone, if you don't mind. Parker'll show me the way. I know the house like a book. I've been coming here for twenty years.”

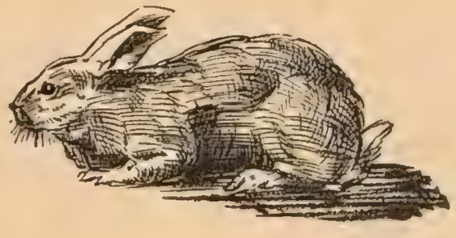
Dave said, “Thank God we got you, doctor. The minute after we called you the phone went out of order. Here's the key. He's—it's Kent's room. I locked it as soon as every one was out of it.”

When the doctor left, von Strausmann sat down heavily. It was he who broke an awkward, significant silence:

“Dave, I'm going to say what is in both our minds. At one time Sonya was in love with Kent. But it was over long ago. She is young and she is beautiful. All I ask of her is her companionship. She gives me that. She has made me happy.”

'Tisn't So

by R. E. Doan



RABBITS should not be lifted by the ears. Lifting them in this fashion is injurious to the rabbit. The proper way to lift one is to grasp the loose skin over the shoulders in one hand, and to place the other hand under the animal as a support.

THE EARTH is not a perfect sphere. It is a spheroid, being flattened at the poles. The equatorial radius is approximately 3,963 miles, and the polar radius 3,950 miles. Thus the poles are approximately thirteen miles closer to the center than is the equator.

THAWING ICE does not burst water pipes. The pipes are really burst when the water expands as it freezes into ice. You don't notice that the pipes have burst until the ice starts melting and the resulting water runs through the cracks already made.

WHALES are not fish. They are mammals. They breathe air by lungs, are without scales, are warm-blooded, reproduce like other mammals, nourish their young with milk, have blood vessels, heart, brain, and skeleton mammalian in structure. They have developed the ability to dive and stay under water by increasing the capacity of their lungs so they can take in a large amount of air at one time.

MORE TOBACCO is not imported than is grown in the United States. During the ten-year period ending with 1934 the average annual production of tobacco in the United States was 1,345,271,000 pounds, while average annual imports from foreign countries and possessions was 94,916,700 pounds.

Dave laid his hand on the other's shoulder. “Why, of course; I know that, Carl. Since that little affair in the tropics she hasn't had a thought in the world but you.”

He turned, to find Sonya standing by the window. How long had she been there? He called out, “Come over and sit down.”

She said, in a voice so low that it was difficult to catch the words: “I couldn't stay up there any longer. I thought I'd go mad! Let me stay here with you, please.”

She sat on a hassock before the fire, shuddering now and then convulsively, her back turned toward them.

Dr. Faire came into the room suddenly.

“What in hell is that handkerchief that had been tied around his neck? It's been cut off with a knife. There is no undoing the knot in it.” He caught sight of Sonya. “Perhaps we had better go over this alone.”

“This is my wife,” said von Strausmann. “I think she prefers to stay and hear your conclusions.”

“I cut the handkerchief from his neck as soon as we discovered him,” said Dave. “He might have been still alive. But he wasn't. Everything else is just as we found it. What did you find, doctor?”

“He was stabbed under the floating rib by an instrument which had a thin small blade, like a stiletto or a strong penknife. I think the wound in itself wasn't deep enough to reach a vital spot. At least, I don't think it killed him. But the murderer proceeded to strangle the dying man with a regular Gordian knot.”

“Yes,” said Dave. “It's an East Indian trick, that twist. There's no undoing it except by the hand of the murderer.”

“You mean that thing came from India?”

“No doubt about it.”

“Had he enemies? Anybody who could have wished him such a fiendish death?”

“*She* might have.” Sonya spoke. “Merlyn Davies thought she owned him, body and soul. I have seen her steam open his letters, read them, seal them again. She threatened to kill him if he ever looked at another woman.”

Dave scoffed. “Why, he wouldn't put up with a thing like that five minutes. Not he! She was his secretary,” he explained to Dr. Faire.

Babe came into the room at this point and said, “It's true, though. Kent told me just that before dinner tonight.”

DR. FAIRE crossed over to her and took her hand; got her to tell him exactly what Kent had said. He made no comment, but persuaded the two women to go to their rooms.

As they went out, the clock on the mantel struck four. Three hours ago Kent had been alive. Who were in the house when he returned from the club? the doctor wanted to know.

Dave named them over: himself; von Strausmann and his wife; Merlyn Davies; Leila Dayne; Parker, the butler; Mrs. Jarvis, the housekeeper; and the rest of the servants. Babe and her mother had returned later, and Curt had not yet come in.

“I know Mrs. Jarvis,” said Dr. Faire. “She's been here for years. Suppose we talk to her.”

Dave left the room to get her, and Dominy Faire turned to von Strausmann.

“I'd have been around before long to see you, Carl. When I read that you were one of Kent's expedition, I made up my mind to drop in the first chance I got, just to tell you how grateful I was for your quick work that day I got the poisoned arrow through my hand.”

“It was good I had an antidote. But I do not deserve thanks. I did what any man would have done.”

“Well, that ended my flair for exploration—” The doctor broke off and rose as the door opened.

“How do you do, Mrs. Jarvis? This is particularly sad for you. You used to be his nurse, didn't you?”

She nodded, dropping her head and sobbing unashamed between the two mountains of her bosom. When Dave had settled her before the long carved table at which the men sat, she was able to answer Dr. Faire's questions.

The household consisted of herself, Parker, a footman, Mrs. Grinnell's maid, Miss Grinnell's maid, two housemaids, two gardeners, the cook, and the chauffeur. She knew really nothing about last evening. She was in her bedroom in the servants' wing long before Mr. Kent came home from the club.

"Did he seem to you the same Kent who went away two years ago? Glad to get home?"

She nodded yes. She had not seen him again that evening before he left for the Country Club, nor did she see any of the guests again until Dr. von Strausmann drove his wife home from the club after her having fainted at dinner. She had been sent for to look after the poor lady.

"What had caused her to faint?" asked Dr. Faire sharply.

Dave broke in to explain what had happened at dinner.

"Good God! You mean this *rumal* is actually the instrument of destruction used by the Thugs?" exclaimed the doctor.

"I mean just that."

"But that infamous cult was stamped out by the British government years ago."

"So I'd always supposed."

The doctor turned to von Strausmann.

"Did you stay with your wife long, Carl?"

"No; I went back to the dinner party after Mrs. Jarvis had relieved me."

"And—the *rumal?*"

"Kent put it in his pocket," said Dave.

A little more questioning of Mrs. Jarvis disclosed that after she got Mrs. von Strausmann to bed she had a hard time keeping her there. The lady kept saying she had to see Mr. Kent—she had to tell him something. In fact, she had wanted Mrs. Jarvis to call the club and ask Mr. Kent to drive over to the house after dinner.

Mrs. Jarvis had thought it a case of nerves and tried to quiet her. Professor von Strausmann had mixed a powerful bromide and told her to see that his wife drank it. She did so.

"Did your wife say anything to you, Carl, about wanting to see Kent?"

"No. All she said was for me to go back to the party. I did, but I left before the others. I found her sleeping quietly, so I went downstairs to the library and read a while."

"And saw us bring in Kent," said Dave. "He'd had a little too much to drink, what with being toasted all over the place."

Dr. Faire nodded. "And you, Mrs. Jarvis—did any one else in the household disturb you?"

"About twelve o'clock, when I was ready to get into bed, somebody knocked on my sitting-room door. I opened the door, and it was Miss Davies. She asked to borrow a penknife."

"Did you give it to her?"

"Yes, sir. She said she wanted to sharpen some pencils. Something about writing a speech for Mr. Kent."

"Did she return it to you?"

"No. No, sir. She didn't."

"And after that you went to bed, Mrs. Jarvis?"

"Yes, sir. I put out my light."

"And during the night did you hear any sound you couldn't account for?"

SHE hesitated a fraction of a second, looking from one to the other; then she said hastily, "No, sir. Nothing. Not a thing."

"Had this stabbing," inquired Dr. Faire, when she had gone, "any significance in Indian cults? The way the *rumal* had?"

Not that he knew of, said von Strausmann.

Dave broke in: What had Kent probably done on being stabbed?

"Judging from the bloodstains by the stairs," the doctor said, "he may have chased the murderer out into the hall. When he was struck, the bleeding began slowly. Finally he must have felt faint and staggered back to his room."

"But he didn't call for help. How do you account for that?"

"In just one way," said Dr. Faire. "Whoever struck

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IT WON'T RUB OFF!

at him was no stranger to him. *It was some one he would not give away.*"

The soft burring of the doorbell startled all three of them.

Dave sprang up and went to open the door. A gust of wind and rain beat in his face. At first he could not distinguish the dark, wind-swept figure standing there. Then, "Mrs. Worthington!" he said.

Paula came in to the fire and stood there a minute, her blue-satin evening slippers drenched and muddy, as was the hem of her gown.

"I tried to get this house on the phone," she said, "but no one answered." She paused a moment. "Is Fred here?"

"No," said Dave.

"I was afraid. I—I couldn't go to bed. I drove over here. I thought—"

Dr. Faire interrupted: "Kent Grinnell has been murdered."

She stared at him in mute horror. "Oh, God!" she whispered. Then, "Fred's done it!"

Dave started to explain: "Tonight her husband and Kent had a falling out, a row there in the club. Worthington had been drinking. He told Kent—"

Paula broke in breathlessly, "I was afraid he'd do it! He's always hated Kent. Tonight he had just one idea—to—to get him. To come here and—get him."

Dr. Faire said, "Well, he's not here, Mrs. Worthington. No one, as far as we know, has come in this house except you and me."

She shook her head. She repeated, "He did it! I know it! I drove him home from the club. Just as I got out of the car I heard the motor start, and he was off down the driveway before I could stop him. He did it! Oh, God, what are we going to do?"

Dr. Faire said, "The chances are he had nothing to do with it, Mrs. Worthington. Just because he's missing is no indication that he's involved in this. As a matter of fact, there's another person unaccounted for. There's Curt."

Babe came downstairs and into the room.

She did not glance at Paula, but walked to the window and stared out.

Dave went to her side and put his arm around her; but she moved away from him, as if she desired to be alone with her own, her private grief. She thought, Where is Curt? Why has he done this when I need him so much, when I want him so?

"I'll take a run up and see your mother again," Dr. Faire said.

Von Strausmann said, "I'll go with you, Dominy. I told Sonya I wouldn't be long."

Paula said, "Is there anything I can do? I s'pose I ought to go home. Perhaps Fred's there now. Silly of me to come through this storm."

BABE saw the two men start toward the door, saw Paula buttoning her coat preparatory to leaving. It was at that precise instant that the room, the house itself, was plunged into complete darkness.

A shriek, shrill with terror, cleft the silence.

Voices barking out words from the black room:

"Get candles—I saw two on the mantelpiece."

"Quick, for God's sake! It came from upstairs."

Matches sputtering, then the yellow tongues of light. A rush for the stairs.

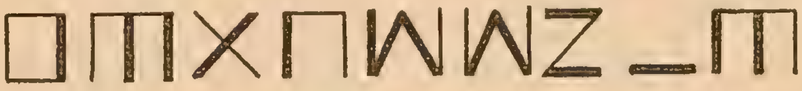
Sonya was standing at the top. She whispered, "It's in the servants' quarters. Hurry!"

Dr. Faire threw open the door that divided the servants' wing from the main house. Some one was sobbing wildly, hysterically. The candlelight disclosed a huddled figure crouching against the wall.

Babe said, "It's my maid." She ran to the girl and put her arms around her. "What is it, Ella? Tell me."

GEOGRAM

One of the war correspondents in Ethiopia is a Geogram fan. On his return to the United States recently he brought one with him, written, he declares, in Amharic, the language of Ethiopia. Knowing war correspondents, we doubt this, but he insists that the following apparently meaningless jumble of marks contains the name of one of the United States. Can you discover what it is? What is its capital?



(The answer will be found on page 21)

"Stop this noise," Dr. Faire said, "and tell us what happened."

His voice, sharp and authoritative, steadied her. She gulped, stifled her sobs, and said, "It was just after the lights went out. I was—I was alone here when a person—a body—brushed against me. He was—he was running."

"Sure it was a man?"

"Yes, sir—I think so. A sleeve brushed against my arm. It felt like a coat—a man's coat. When I screamed, he put his hand over my mouth and ran."

The flickering candles peered into every nook and corner of the narrow corridor.

They found nothing, though Ella insisted she hadn't heard him go down the uncarpeted back stairs.

DR. FAIRE began a search of the servants' rooms. Parker's small immaculate quarters yielded nothing.

Mrs. Jarvis herself met them as they opened her door. She said, "You won't find anything in here, or in any other room, for that matter. Ella's a fanciful girl."

Two bright red spots burned in Mrs. Jarvis's cheeks as she spoke. She looked tired.

"Where were you when Ella screamed?" asked Dr. Faire.

"Right here, putting on my clothes before going down and making some coffee for the lot of you. I thought to myself, If there's any murdering going on in the hall outside your door, Martha Jarvis, they won't catch you walking into their trap in the pitch-dark! I didn't hear any steps go past my door."

"This room and the next is your suite?"

"Yes, sir; and the bathroom."

"Could any one have got into the bedroom or the bathroom without your knowing it?"

"They could not, sir. Both doors are locked."

"They are?"

"They're kept locked all the time, sir. I always go in by the sitting-room door. When I go to bed I bolt it."

Dr. Faire said, "Ella, what were you doing here in this part of the corridor?"

Ella sobbed softly. "I just came along to see if Parker was home yet." She hesitated, then added, "Parker and me are going to be married. We hadn't told nobody. When he went to town for help I was worried about him."

They had just returned to the library when some one was heard on the porch. It was Parker.

He came in the library, dripping. He said, "I couldn't make it into town, doctor. The bridge over the creek is down. The car's stuck in the mud there. I walked back."

When Dr. Faire told him about Ella, he flushed, then said, "Ella don't imagine things, sir. If she says somebody brushed against her, somebody did. If you'll pardon me, sir, I think Miss Davies will bear questioning."

"Why?" Dr. Faire demanded.

Parker recounted his difficulty with her in Kent's room. Parker had gone to his own room after that, but had returned to see if Kent was all right. He found the light still on, but Kent gone. Satisfied that the room and bathroom were empty, Parker had gone downstairs. He had found no one; but in the library he discovered a window open. "The French window—that one behind you." He knew he had locked it previously. Examining it, he found the lock sprung. He stepped out on the veranda to look around, and thought he saw some one disappearing into the bushes across the driveway. But it was raining, so that he couldn't be sure.

When he came back inside, the wind had blown off the table some papers on which he had seen Miss Davies working that evening. He picked them up. "They seemed to be a kind of a speech," said Parker. Putting them back in place, he noticed the blotter was sprinkled with bright drops of blood.

"*Drops of blood?*" They all cried it.

Parker nodded.

Dave said, "Look at it now. Not a spot on it."

"But they *were* there," said Parker stubbornly. He had thought Miss Davies must have cut her finger with a penknife. He had seen her using one to sharpen a pencil.

Then Parker had gone back to Kent's door and seen that Kent was there, face downward across the bed. Maybe he'd turned a little from the way he had been left. Parker had gone in and turned out the light. Then he had returned to his own quarters.

After a pause Dr. Faire said, "Have you anything more to say, Parker?"

"Nothing — except that, going along the servants' hall that last time, I thought I heard a man's voice—like it came from nowhere. Just a rumble. I said, 'Who's there?' and the voice, if it was a voice, stopped. I wouldn't be sure, though. It may have been the wind."

When Parker had gone, Dr. Faire urged the three women to go to bed, and they left the room together.

Paula was saying, "Look; it's getting light, and I don't think it's raining so hard now. Let's go out to the kitchen. Mrs. Jarvis said something about making coffee. I could drink a gallon of it." . . .

Merlyn standing before the three men. An animal at bay, thought Dave.

She said harshly, "What do you want of me?"

Dr. Faire came over to her. "Sit down, Miss Davies."

"What for? I'm not going to stay long. I don't have to answer your stupid questions. I know my rights."

"And you have nothing to say?"

"Certainly I have, but I said it. I'll say it again. She did it. Sonya von Strausmann. Because he made it plain to her that he did not love her. I don't know whom he loved, but it wasn't Sonya. She didn't have him—not half as much as I had him. And she knew the end had come. The expedition was over."

IN the doorway, clutching a candle in her hand, its yellow rays lighting her white face, her dark, really magnificent eyes, her scarlet mouth.

"Perhaps you've forgotten the jeweled dagger that Sonya wore in her hair last night. It was a real dagger. She let me examine it once, long ago. It had a razorlike edge."

"I'll kill her!" cried von Strausmann, leaping to his feet.

Dave sprang between them. "Sit down, Carl. Merlyn's through."

Dr. Faire asked suddenly, "How did you cut your hand?"

She stared down at her two hands. "I haven't cut my hand."

"Where's the penknife Mrs. Jarvis lent you?"

Terror leaped to her eyes. She exploded breathlessly: "I don't know where it is! And what's that got to do with—"

"Where did you last see the knife?"

Her eyes flicked past him to the table behind him. "Over there. On that table. I left it there when I went to bed. I thought I'd give it back to Mrs. Jarvis in the morning. I didn't see that there was any hurry about it. What *is* this?"

Dr. Faire walked over to the table. "It's not here, Miss Davies." He paused. "Is it?"

Merlyn said, without raising her eyes: "I know it isn't. After—after he was killed—after I'd heard that he'd been stabbed by a small instrument with a thin blade—"

"You were listening?"

Her head came up with a jerk. "Of course I was listening. I came down here to look for it while you were all upstairs, when that girl screamed. I wasn't guilty, but naturally I went to get that knife. It was gone."

"The blotter was just as you see it now, fresh and new?"

She nodded. "Can I go now?"

Dr. Faire said, "Yes, if you want to."

She turned and walked slowly away.

LITTLE Leila Dayne coming into the library, wearing a negligee of shell-pink satin, and against its faintly rosy glow her face, small and oval, with its white skin, has an almost transparent look.

Lord, what a beauty! thought Dr. Faire.

Sitting down in a chair drawn out for her, the candle on the table beside her casting its light on her pale silvery hair, curling all over her head and down on her milk-white neck.

"What we want to know is whether you heard or saw anything unusual after you got home—heard any sounds, saw any people stirring about the halls."

Her eyes fastening on his face. No words, but that silvery head shaking once.

In her hands, Dr. Faire noticed, was a crumpled wet ball of a handkerchief, which she twisted.

Dave said, "She doesn't know anything about it. That's plain."

Leila rose. She did not meet their eyes.

The doctor said to Dave and to von Strausmann, "Do you mind letting me talk to Miss Dayne alone for a minute?"

She said quickly, "I didn't see any one, Dr. Faire!"

He shut the library door behind the men. She remained standing, twisting the absurd scrap of handkerchief in her fingers, her underlip caught between her teeth. He came toward her.

"Why not tell me the truth?" He laid his hand on her shoulder and could feel her trembling. "Whom are you shielding—and why?"

"Nobody." That flick of her eyelashes and her whisper.

"Did you see any one go into Kent Grinnell's room?"

No answer.

"Sonya von Strausmann?"

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...or this

may not come true!

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Leila raised a haggard face. " Please—I didn't say so—I—"

" Did you see her come out of his room? "

" No."

" Weren't you curious about it? "

" No! No! " Leila sobbing in his arms, wildly, uncontrollably.

" You loved Kent and not Curt, didn't you? You were going to him yourself and she got there first? "

" No! No! "

" Poor kid! ". . .

Dawn, pale gray, filtering through drawn curtains. House cold and cheerless in the morning light. On the driveway pools of slate-gray water in corrugated ripples. Ground sodden, branches down, flowers trailing their heads in the muck.

Dave opened the front door and took a long breath of fresh air. Good to get out of that house!

It was still raining, but lightly now. Cold rain, slanting into his face. Anyway it was good to get outdoors, to get away from that house with its horror, its gloom, its tragedy. He went down the steps of the porch.

Funny about Curt, though. Poor time to select to be away. Still, no one could get through the storm last night with the bridges down.

Rounding the path, Dave had a view of the east wing of the house, in which Kent's room was located. A ladder against the upper porch.

A ladder!

Dave drew in his breath sharply. He crossed over and examined the ground for footprints; but if there had ever been any, the rains had washed them out. He rushed into the house; came back with Dr. Faire on the run.

Dr. Faire's face in the morning light looked weary and drawn. He peered at the ladder a long time. " Dave, get the chauffeur started for town. We've got to get the police."

Mrs. Jarvis was waiting for Dr. Faire in the library. " I have something to tell you, sir. Something Ella noticed this morning when she moved Mrs. von Strausmann's bed to make it up."

What she told him sent him hurrying to Sonya's room. Without knocking, he walked in.

Sonya was sitting before the mirror.

He said, " I beg your pardon. I understood you were not in here."

" You mean you hoped I would not be."

He shut the door behind him; walked over to the bed, by the wall; pushed it out a little; looked down at the dark damp ring on the carpet; then glanced at her.

" No," she said; " I didn't drink it. Salty. I hate salt."

He said abruptly, " What were you doing in Kent's room at two o'clock this morning? "

It didn't faze her, except for a quiver of her eyelids. " I had to warn him that he was in terrible danger." Something leaped into her eyes—a flame. " He loved me. That is what drove Merlyn mad, knowing about that."

" Wasn't that over? Wasn't it a thing of the past? "

She shook her head. Her face now looked pinched and old. She held out both her hands. " Help me! " she cried. " Help me prove that she killed him beyond a shadow of a doubt! "

" Answer me this," said Dr. Faire. " What happened when you went into his room? "

" Nothing. He was asleep. I couldn't wake him. I tried. The window was open and the rain was coming in. I closed the window. Then I was afraid—I had the strangest impression of being watched, of another presence in the room, lurking in the dark. Then I ran down the hall, back to my room."

Some one was calling softly, " Dr. Faire, Dr. Faire—"

He opened the door and stepped outside. It was Ella.

" If you please, sir," she said breathlessly, her cheeks flushed, " if you'll come to the linen closet with me you'll see that I'm not making things up. I went there for sheets a few minutes ago, and I found a pillowcase ripped to pieces and covered with blood. And on the floor I found—this."

And she held out to him a penknife.

Dr. Faire examined the closet—a small airtight room along the servants' corridor.

The piles of linen on its shelves had been thrown into wild disorder.

" I'm sure I don't know what Mrs. Jarvis will say when she knows this! " said Ella.

Dr. Faire was examining the torn and bloody pillowcase.

" Do you know whose knife this is? " he asked.

" Oh, yes, sir; it's Mrs. Jarvis's."

Dr. Faire said abruptly, " Ella, do you happen to know where they turn the electricity off when they close the house? "

" Yes, sir. It's—why, the power switch is right in this closet! Over there by the wall."

" I can feel it."

Suddenly the closet, the hall, the whole house was brilliantly illuminated.

" Was the switch off, sir? "

" It was. Whoever this was took no chance of lights

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going on suddenly. He turned the switch off himself."

"Then you do believe somebody brushed by me, Dr. Faire?"

"I always did, Ella."

He patted her shoulder. "I'm glad you came to me. Don't say a word to any one." . . .

Dr. Faire, seated again in the library between Dave and von Strausmann, laid the penknife on the gleaming mahogany table. "There it is," he finished. "And it was used by somebody who knew every square inch of this house."

"The sleeve of a woman's flannel dressing gown might be mistaken in the dark for a man's coat," suggested von Strausmann thoughtfully. "Merlyn Davies had on a mannish sort of gown when she came down here."

"And she knew her way around this house," added Dave. "She's been here before, lots of times. Every time Kent came home from a trip for the last six years."

"Why not," said von Strausmann, "face her with what you've found—the knife, the bloodstains?". . .

Merlyn had locked herself in. She refused to come out or to answer.

"Miss Davies," Dr. Faire called, "we have some evidence. It has to do with the penknife you borrowed from Mrs. Jarvis. Open the door!"

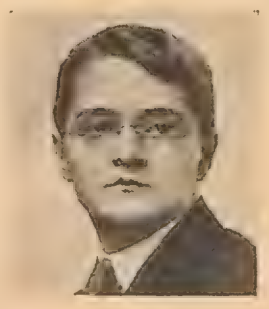
A gurgle of laughter inside—high, rippling, as if bubbling out of a throat unable to hold it back. Then words, jerking out hoarsely: "They think—I—killed him!" A gale of uncontrollable laughter. "They—think—I—killed—the one—thing—in the—world—I loved!" Breathlessly, gaspingly, now.

"We've got to get in there!" said Dr. Faire. "We'll have to break down the door. She can't go on like this." Putting their shoulders to it. "Quick. Now, then, altogether!"

A shot rang out behind the closed door.

Does this complete Merlyn's threat of murder and suicide? If so, why did she scream her innocence to the last? What about Curt's mysterious absence? And Fred Worthington's? You'll find the answers, along with the unpredictable solution, in next week's final installment.

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—Now a portly gent, he schooled at Hamilton, and worked up to a column; seeking new worlds, he stalked the boards, and became Town Crier of the ether. Can you identify the subject of the early photo at the right whose first name means "a defender of men"?

2—How long should coffee be allowed to percolate?

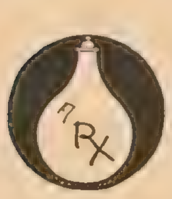
3—Which portfolio in the United States Cabinet does G. H. Dern hold?

4—What is Dizzy Dean's first name?

5—The 422,968 members of which Church do not eat pork?

6—Which radio broadcast strives to obtain justice for humans in distress?

7—Where in Texas did 6,000 persons lose their lives in 1900?



8—What Danish actor played the part of a Canadian physician in a 1936 four-star film?

9—Where were apothecaries first mentioned in the Bible?

10—Nerve rolls, slaps, and pickups are units in what stage routine?

11—Louisiana's new legal holiday, August 30, commemorates what?

12—What is the cost of a three-minute radio-telephone call (weekday) from New York City to London, England?

13—Who was Tammany's leader from 1797 to 1804?

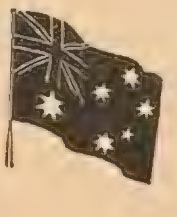
14—Which is more powerful, the Queen Mary or the Normandie?

15—What takes place in Berlin, August 1 to 16?

16—Where is the source of the St. Lawrence River located?

17—What martyred President was a schoolteacher and a carpenter, and graduated from Williams in 1856?

18—On which of the Windward Islands is the volcano Mount Pelée?



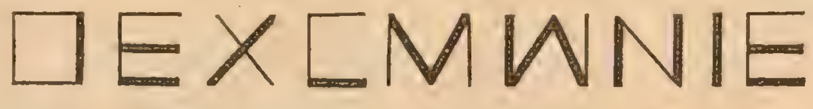
19—The flag at the reader's right is flown on what continent?

20—What historical writer unveiled the black-gold trust?

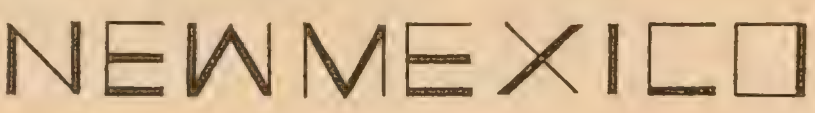
(Answers will be found on page 49)

ANSWER TO GEOGRAM ON PAGE 18

Our friend in Ethiopia used English letters, but turned some around and placed them out of their proper order. First arrange them like this—right side up:



Then put them in the proper sequence and you get:



the capital of which is Santa Fe.

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EYE-GENE

More
Adventures
of

A White Woman

by BEATRICE

The Man-Eaters' Stockyard . . . Sorcery

A Famous Author's South Sea Memories,

READING TIME

THERE are cannibal islands and cannibal islands. The most interesting that I ever saw was Rossel, a strange dark stormy place beyond the tail end of Papua, more than two hundred sea miles from the nearest settlement. In 1908 I went there, and again in 1932. One white man and his wife live on Rossel now; the same man lived there twenty-eight years ago.

Rossel and its savages, only a few hundred at most, are notorious because once they ate more people in less time than any other lot of cannibals in the world. The feat is well authenticated in French and in English records. Three hundred and twenty Chinese coolies were devoured by less than a thousand Rossel savages in about three months. The coolies came from a wrecked ship. Their white officers got safely away in the ship's boats, and the Rossel islanders, finding the coolies abandoned on a tiny islet, kept them there and carried them off one by one to eat until the supply ran out.

In 1908 Rossel was still cannibal, although under considerable discouragement from the new government at Port Moresby. In the government yacht we went, a few white men and one white woman, to look things up and tell the Rosselians that they must behave. The famous, or infamous, wreck had taken place more than fifty years earlier; but there were old men about who had helped to eat up the Chinese, and they were not slow to boast about it. Nor had their sons altogether given up cannibalism. Their grandsons today are still under suspicion.

Armed police went chasing through the black and sinister hill ranges, looking for certain notorious criminals, while the few visitors rambled through the coastal villages, looking for thrills. Outside the coral reef lay the little yacht Merrie England with a Maxim gun on her bridge and somebody standing by. Those of us who went exploring took our revolvers with us.

We met old men with snarling faces and no clothes; young men who danced at us (and dancing at a person is not considered healthy or polite on cannibal islands); no women. Women are ordered out of the way when trouble is looming. We saw pet cats. The cannibals kept cats, and were kind to them. We lost our native following and found ourselves by chance in the midst of the cannibal feasting place—a ring of flat stones placed about a central cooking pit which was, significantly, full of ashes. We came upon the gravestone, unmarked, of a cannibal chief who, after the death of the last Chinese, became so insatiable in his demand for human flesh that the people rose and killed him, burned his house, and carried off his fifteen wives.

Nobody attacked us; we were too powerful. The sole trader had kept out of the cooking oven for years simply because he was the only source of the only island luxury—tobacco. Any stray person, unprotected, would have run considerable risk.

Our visit, as it happened, came just in time to spoil the chief fun of Rossel's favorite diversion—a man hunt. When things grow dull, a victim is picked out, allowed a fair start, and then chased till he dies or gives in. The feast that ends the hunt is supposed nowadays not to take place. In 1908 it was only stopped by the interference of the native armed police, who enjoyed a glorious day, with their white officers, among the ranges hunting the hunters.

Twenty-four years later I chartered a ninety-ton ketch to travel the two hundred miles from Samarai in order to see Rossel again, and very nearly saw the anchor and ribs of the vessel added to the many wrecks that lift black warning hands from the reefs of Rossel Lagoon.

The author's murderer cook . . . .

Heron Island, where 300 Chinese were kept until eaten . . . .

Sepik River head-hunters . .

Among Cannibals

GRIMSHAW

Killings . . . A Courteous, Deadly Queen; Stranger than Her Own Fiction

12 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

The white captain didn't know the way, and didn't like the job. The mists of Rossel came down, and the currents took hold, and but for the aid of a nice civil native murderer lately home from jail, who said he had been wrecked there before and would pilot us in, we should have gone where the picked bones of the three hundred Chinese had gone.

The murderer was my cook and courier. He had killed a white man ten years before by holding his head under water, and his legs in the cutter they were sailing, until all struggle ceased. He was, after ten years' prison discipline, the best servant I ever had.

On this trip I visited Heron Island, where the three hundred-odd Chinese had been kept in storage. It is the merest scrap of coral with half a dozen palms on it and a few roots of grass. On the mainland we saw again the cannibal feasting place. The croton trees had grown up about it, but it was quite clean and (apparently) ready for use at any time.

"Do the people still eat one another?" I asked the solitary trader. He had been talking freely, but at this point he suddenly stopped. "I don't know anything about what they do in the villages," he said carefully. "It's none of my business."

In 1907 I was the first white woman to see what no woman, white or colored, had ever seen before—the inside of one of the wonderful *ravis*, or temples, of the Papuan Wild West. The Merrie England this time was on a disciplinary expedition. Two white men had lately been chased by seven hundred canoes and barely got away with their lives. Pigs had been killed by the government as a punishment, buildings and crops destroyed, and now the *ravis* were to be thrown open to the light of day and the sacred images carried off.

Before this was begun, one of the chiefs came to the leader of the party and asked if time could be given to chase their women away into the forest. "It is our custom," he said, "if any woman casts a look at these things, to kill her immediately. Now, if you make us kill all our women, it will be very inconvenient for the village."

Time was given; the women were chased, howling like dogs, out of sight; and the one white woman, as an additional punishment to the tribe, was allowed to walk into the temple and see the images before they were taken away. At the far end of a number of huge communicating rooms were several creatures like dragons, made of basketwork, with red eyes and enormous gaping throats. Down these throats it was customary to thrust stabbed victims, during cannibal ceremonies, in order to feed the demon supposed to live within. If looks could have killed me, I should certainly have dropped dead on the threshold of that inner unholy of unholies. There were many hundreds of the cannibals all round us; we were a handful, with two or three revolvers and the rifles of the half dozen police for all our arms. It was bluff, but it passed.

Later, near the same place, a young government officer, bravest of the brave, was speared to death on the threshold of one of those *ravis*. He had his armed police; he had his revolver. But they got him. Not his body; the loyal police saw to that.

I have been asked again and again, "Were you ever captured by cannibals?" The only answer is, "Not such a fool." Cannibals and head-hunters do not "capture" any one who deserves to keep his head on his shoulders. Explorers and prospectors are killed at times; that is a chance of the country. But the savage would have no use for captured whites, beyond that of eating them as soon as possible, even if he did secure white

Photos from the Author

A dugong or "sea cow"—good eating! . . . . The author's home in Papua . . . . Queen Makea Takau, who killed politely.

men alive—a thing that has very seldom happened.

As to any sentiment about white women, the untamed native, far from admiring these, rather dislikes them and certainly thinks them unpleasing to look at. A village that has never seen a white woman before greets the first specimen—as many of them have greeted me—with yells of horror. The primitive man is curious, sometimes rough. He will rudely mass in a herd about the stranger woman, annoying her by his shocked and frantic curiosity. On the wild Sepik River a crowd who had been making themselves obnoxious to me were swiftly banished by the white captain of the boat. He threw a native word at them, and away they backed at once, with lowered heads.

"What did you say to them?" I asked, when we were under way again. The captain felt his chin. "Told them you were a single lady," he said. "Queer—it's the custom of these wild bushers to let an unmarried woman of another tribe alone. I mean, you know, they might kill her, maybe eat her, if they felt that way. But they would—respect her all the same."

A question often asked is, "Didn't they try to kill you?" The answer to that is, "Seldom; because—I hope—I did not deserve it." The team of Northern River boys (all head-hunters when at home) whom I was employing on a plantation that I owned did grow bored once or twice with the monotony of their lives, and tried to poison me by putting native *muru-muru*, accompanied by spells, into my tea. The poison only made me rather ill.

Did I get rid of the boys? No; they were much too valuable. I arranged a little more "shore leave" for them, and after that things went peaceably—except when one very wild specimen, who had been scolded for nearly burning down the place, fetched his spear and said he was going to kill me. All the other men ran away at once, as bushmen do when trouble is about, and I was left with the smoking building, the savage, and the empty forest. I told him, picturesquely, just what the government would do to him if he killed me. He shook all over with rage and indecision, but went on sharpening his spear. I backed slowly round the corner of the house and then ran. When I got out again with my good American Colt in my apron pocket, he was sitting on the ground, crying—I think because he felt he had missed his chance.

Another inevitable question is, "Didn't they ever make you their queen?" Perhaps they would have done so if they had been in the habit of making queens or kings—which they are not; if they had admired white women—which they don't; and if they had had any use whatever for the conquering race beyond that of getting tobacco and tinned fish from them—which they haven't. In consequence, I was never made a queen in Papua; although in Samoa, many years ago, they did, for reasons of social convenience, make me a male chief.

THE trouble there was that I was traveling alone, that I was young, and that Samoan etiquette—which is very strong—did not allow the men to have anything to do with me, although, being intelligent, they were dying to ask me all sorts of things about foreign countries. The matter was settled by proclaiming me, for social purposes, a man; after which the girls were not allowed to visit me unchaperoned, while the men brought me presents of food and native tobacco and sat for hours on the mats of my little house, talking incessantly and singing now and then, quite at ease.

If I have not been made a queen, however, I have seen a good deal, in days past, of the island kings and queens—the little band that survived out of the great number of sovereigns who made things picturesque and interesting in Stevenson's day. Makea Takau, the queen of the Cook Islands, whose Elizabethan head can be seen on former Cook Island stamps, was the most colorful of them all. She was six feet four and about twenty stone weight; she had a fine palace with European furniture, but lived by preference in a native hut, accompanied by her pet turtle. She was very friendly to me, and used to send me many dinners—the island equivalent of leaving cards.

"Very good thing you are friend with Makea," a Rarotongan princess remarked to me. "Makea, she can kill with *mana* [a form of sorcery]. All the big chiefs can do it. She has done it many times. But she is a queen, she is very polite, never will be rude. If she not liking you, she bow like this and say, 'Good-by; after next Tuesday I not seeing you.' And that man, that woman, go away, and on Tuesday he lie down and die; he cannot help himself."

I had never heard of this before. "Have you ever done it?" I asked curiously.

The princess (she was beautiful then, and I found her still lovely eight-and-twenty years later) looked about her and whispered with sparkling eyes, "Yes—two times; but better not tell the government."

Makea's consort, not long dead, was Ngamaru, an old gentleman who remembered cannibal days and was perhaps less well mannered than his queen. If he did not like you, he would merely make the cannibal sign at you—a swift drawing away of the hand from the mouth, translatable as "I will tear your bones with my teeth!"—and the person signed at went away and died as soon as possible.

There is an association today of American business men who have adopted Ngamaru's sign among themselves and call themselves the Kai-Kai Brotherhood—*kai-kai* being island Maori for *food*. Needless to say, it is understood that they do not kill their business competitors, merely using the sign and the name for social or convivial purposes. Ngamaru would certainly have thought them weak-minded and squeamish.

ADVENTURES with food? A few. In the Tongas one day I saw something that made me doubt my own sanity for a minute—a cutter coming into harbor heavily laden with joints of crimson meat ten to fifteen feet long and thicker than the tallest man is high. It was no vision, however; it was the product of a whale hunt. Whale is good eating; but you must bury it for a night if you wish to secure the best flavor.

Dugong I have eaten. It is the "cow" of the sea; a huge gentle beast, now becoming scarce. It is said that the dugong was the original of all mermaid stories, from its curious resemblance to a woman when rising to the surface of the water to nurse its young at the breast. Dugong meat is, like all sea meats, light and digestible, and very well flavored, or at least one thinks so; but as one generally gets it in places where there is very little for any European to eat, perhaps starvation has something to do with the value set on it.

Not so with the sea centipede, a terrible-looking little brute about ten inches long, with the regulation hundred legs. You get it in Tahiti, and you have to pay well for it, because it is both rare and delicate.

I wanted to taste octopus, and the obliging cook of the Rarotongan hotel immediately dropped her work and most of her clothes (she was a pretty girl) and went forth with a spear to find one on the reef. We had the result at dinner: scarlet and blue tentacles stewed, sprawling all over the plate. It tasted like a mixture of crab and lobster, and was very good indeed.

The terrible giant clam of the Pacific, famous for catching divers in its enormous shells and holding them fast until they are dead, is a favorite dish with natives. It contains a huge lump of whitish meat, tasting not very bad if you boil it for a long time. I have eaten it—once.

Palolo is the sea worm that on one night of all the year appears on the surface of the ocean, and with dawn breaks up into morsels and sinks again for a whole twelve months. It is rich, crumbly, and seaweedy.

. . . . .

Adventures remain—until the adventure comes that has through many years beckoned, approached, and disappeared—the adventure of which no man or woman ever tells; the last adventure of all.

One more question, often asked: Did I ever marry? The answer is no. Because I was in love with Owen Wister's great hero, the Virginian. And because I met him in the flesh, as an Australian, on the (then) unknown shores of wildest Papua. And because we had to wait. And because, unlike the Virginian, he died.

So we go on waiting.

THE END

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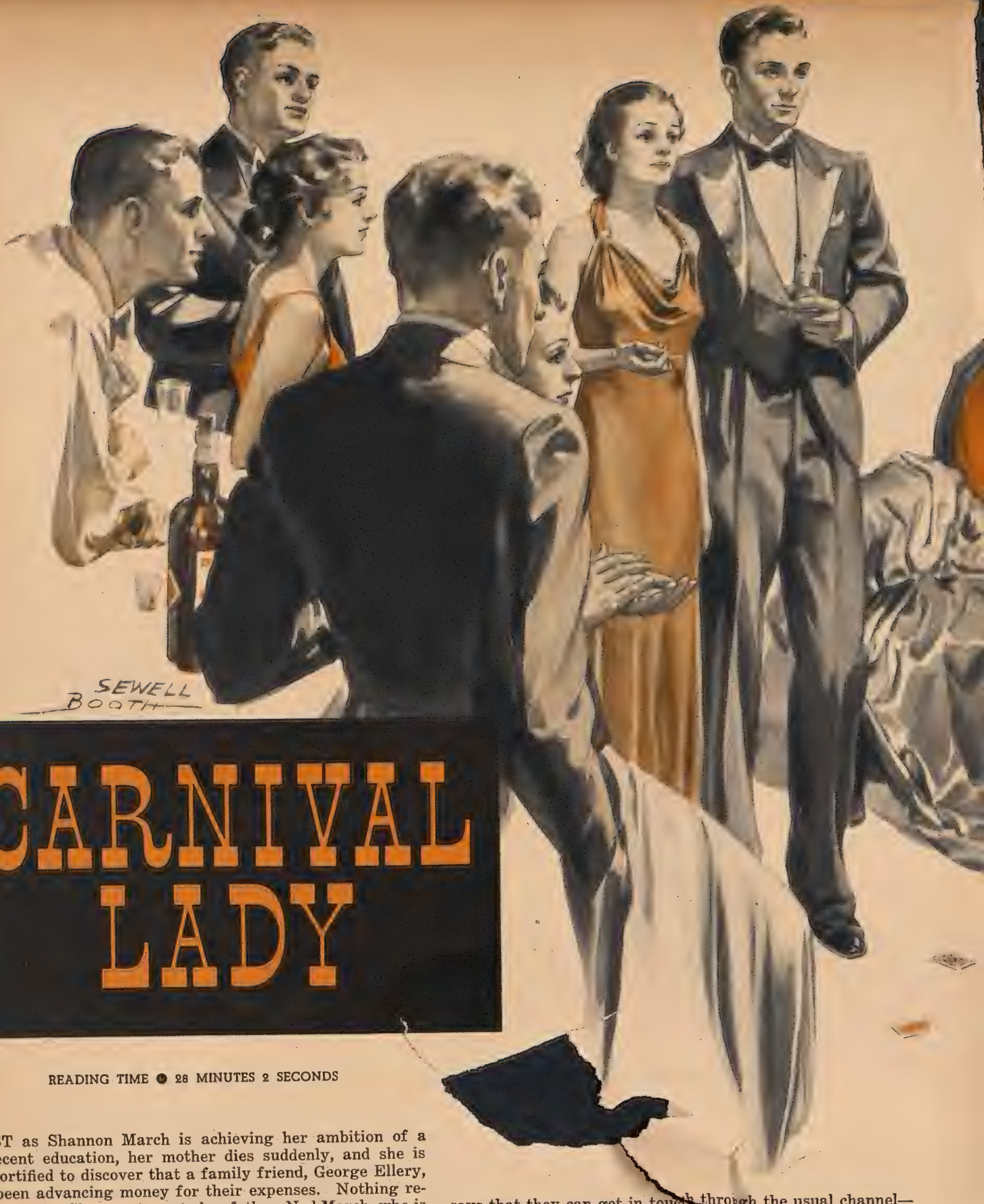


CARNIVAL LADY

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

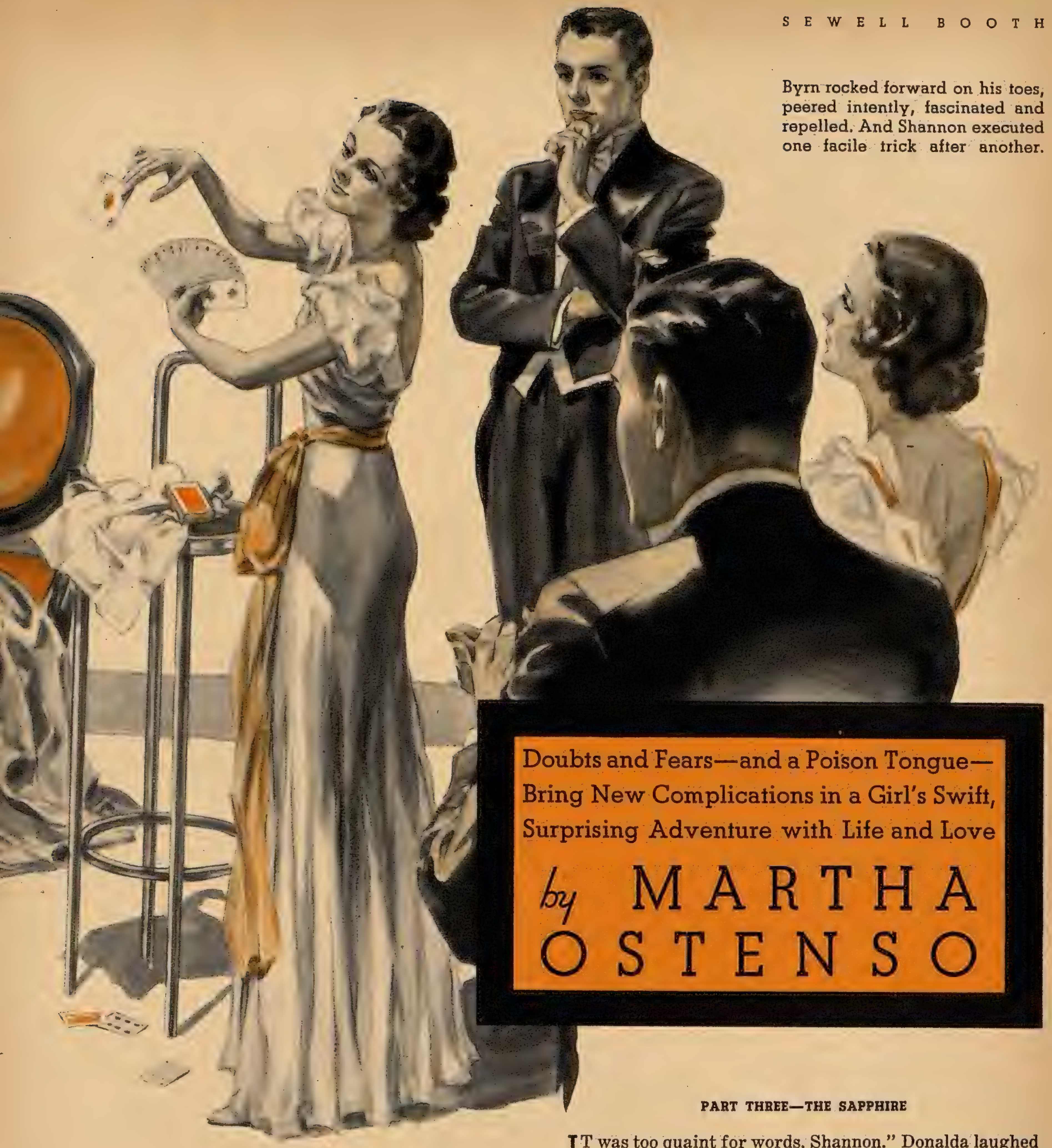
JUST as Shannon March is achieving her ambition of a decent education, her mother dies suddenly, and she is mortified to discover that a family friend, George Ellery, had been advancing money for their expenses. Nothing remains but for Shannon to go to her father, Ned March, who is a ballyhoo medicine man in a cheap carnival. She is constrained to become his helper in the racket. Another worker on the lot, Jet Carmichael, falls hopelessly in love with her.

One evening, at their Shale Falls stand in Minnesota, a tall young man with a pleasant skeptical smile buys six cakes of the medicine man's wonder-working soap, imitating Shannon's phony lead. A sudden storm stops the show. Later on, in her tent, the girl hears sounds of distant quarreling and a shot. Following this disturbance, her father rushes into the tent and tells her that he's been in a card-game fracas, that she will have to beat it and go into hiding temporarily till the trouble blows over. Handing her ten dollars, Ned says that they can get in touch through the usual channel—the newspaper personals column.

Frightened, Shannon goes into the black wet night, with her bag and portable typewriter. Three cars pass her without concern for her plight; but the fourth stops and its lone driver asks if she would like a lift. Peering through the dark, she recognizes the skeptical young man of the carnival. Gratefully she accepts his kind invitation.

He gains her confidence, and, when he learns that she is in desperate need of a job, offers her one as secretary-companion to his mother, Mrs. Susan Pryor, who wants some one to assist her with a book on native flowers. So, long after midnight, she is installed in a luxurious room of her own

ILLUSTRATION BY
SEWELL BOOTH



Byrn rocked forward on his toes, peered intently, fascinated and repelled. And Shannon executed one facile trick after another.

Doubts and Fears—and a Poison Tongue—Bring New Complications in a Girl's Swift, Surprising Adventure with Life and Love

by MARTHA OSTENSO

at Dawn Haven, the Pryor family's beautiful country home.

The next morning, Byrn, her good Samaritan, introduces Shannon to his mother, who takes to her at once. Others in the house are Lucy Braddock, Mrs. Pryor's daughter, and her husband, Jay, their little boy, Tommy, and a niece, Donalda Sherwood. Immediately Donalda dislikes Byrn's protégée.

Shannon, shortly afterward, saves little Tommy from drowning. Except for the jealous Donalda, this heroic action wins the hearts of the family. And the neighbors, Senator Marston and his daughter Ella, and Edgar Kemp, a flame of Lucy's, accept her socially. Then Jet Carmichael, who gets a job with Kemp as gardener, is caught by Donalda in the act of kissing Shannon's hand in the woods.

PART THREE—THE SAPPHIRE

IT was too quaint for words, Shannon." Donalda laughed smoothly. "I *do* hope you won't think I was spying on you."

Shannon flushed to her hair. "What *were* you doing, then?" she demanded, before she could check herself.

Donalda raised her brows innocently and strolled into the path. "Why, I believe you are angry! Don't be so utterly silly, my dear! I've been taking this walk before dinner for years—long before you ever dreamed it existed. I shall be more careful in the future, of course. Not that I have any objection to your meeting one of Mr. Kemp's servants when you want to. It's certainly no crime and he's very attractive. But, naturally, I don't want to embarrass you." She chuckled, really amused.

Shannon had gone rigid. Donalda might think what she liked—there was no possible explanation except the true one, and she was determined to keep that to herself. She knew that the girl had been too far away to overhear anything that had been said. Well, it didn't matter, perhaps.

Donalda sauntered along the path, Shannon following in silence. . . .

It had been a lively dinner party. Byrn had greeted Shannon pleasantly and had introduced her to Judge Hauser—and then had avoided her without being too pointed about it. Shannon had joined in the conversation at the table with a perverse abandon that had been prompted, no doubt, by the presence of Donalda Sherwood, and had told a story of her first day in kindergarten in a small Southern town, where she was made acquainted for the first time in her life with the rural inconveniences of such a school. Jay Braddock had laughed heartily, and the judge, his eyes kindling between plaited wrinkles, had fixed Shannon with a gaze disturbingly intent.

And now, a few minutes after nine o'clock, they were all sitting about the porch and the conversation had once more turned to politics. When Andy Wiggam's car honked plaintively as he drove in at the gate, Shannon went into the house to get her velvet jacket.

When she came out again, Andy was waiting in his car. Byrn had got up and stood near the porch doorway, smoking his cigarette. The twilight lighted his face strangely; his eyes seemed to go out warm and direct to hers and take a deep part of her back to him.

"Have a good time, Shannon," he said casually.

"Thank you. I usually have with Andy."

Donalda's voice, rippling and throaty, came from close behind Shannon: "And don't let Andy know that Edgar Kemp's gardener was making love to you today. At heart Andy's quite a prude, you know!"

Byrn glanced from Donalda to Shannon, who was standing straight and white and looking at him with eyes that were an unfathomable darkness. He turned slowly and tossed his cigarette out upon the gravel driveway. . . .

It was past twelve o'clock. The Marstons had returned to their home on the opposite shore, taking Judge Hauser with them; and now Byrn cornered Donalda in the hall as she was on her way upstairs.

He held open the door of his study. "Come in here for a minute, Don," he said evenly. "I want to talk to you."

Donalda favored him with a lofty smile, a maliciously glittering look.

"Papa going to spank?" she asked, chuckling as she lit her cigarette and stepped into the study.

BYRN closed the door and looked at her steadily for a moment. "You said something to Shannon tonight, when she was on her way out—"

Donalda made a pretense at trying to remember. "Oh—you mean about Edgar's gardener making love to her? Why—I—"

Byrn paled. "What right have you to embarrass Shannon in front of that crowd? You knew what you were doing, didn't you?"

Donalda tried to look surprised, hurt. "Why, Byrn! I was just teasing her about something I happened to see this afternoon, that was all. I had no idea of embarrassing her."

"Something you saw?"

"If you *must* know—I saw Edgar's man kissing Shannon's hand—at the fence. He's some kind of foreigner, I think, and he has been helping auntie to get the flowers she wants. He was probably being polite to Shannon—or gallant. I'm sure it's no concern of mine."

"You made it your concern sufficiently to snoop around—"

"I was certainly *not* snooping," Donalda retorted angrily. "I don't make a habit of spying on servants."

Byrn's eyes were hard. "I'm not interested in your habits. But get this straight: Shannon March is not a servant here, and I'll not stand for your catty remarks—especially in the presence of guests."

Donalda smiled as she flicked the ash from her cigarette. "It seems to me you're being very careful about Miss March's feelings. Is there more behind all this than you're willing to admit?"

Out of the tail of her eye she saw Byrn standing before her, arms folded, his narrowed gaze promising murder. Perhaps she had gone too far, she thought.

"For that remark," he said, "I should break your damned neck!" He stepped nearer and thrust his face close to hers. Then he lowered his voice ominously. "I shouldn't have to remind you of this, but you have been given a home here and you've been treated decently ever since you came to live with us. If you have any damned sense, you'll treat others the same way. If you can't learn to do that, I'll arrange for you to live somewhere else. Do you get that?"

Donalda's sudden tears seemed very real. "You don't have to remind me that I'm alone in the world—that I haven't any one—"

"I've heard enough of that, too!" Byrn interrupted her, then turned sharply and walked away. "Get up to bed!"

WHEN she had gone, he sat down beside the fireplace. Donalda had disgusted him, but he was even more disgusted with himself. Why had he insisted on calling her to account for her actions, when the really significant thing was the state of his own mind? He did not regret anything he had said to her; but he knew he had lost his temper, and for one reason only. After a whole evening in the presence of Judge Hauser and Senator Marston and Ella and the others, an evening during which his thoughts had been almost constantly with Shannon March, he had seized upon the first opportunity to relieve his own feelings. He had taken it out on Donalda.

He could not go on like this, he decided suddenly. He would have to settle it one way or another. Tomorrow he would drive down to Shale Falls and have a talk with Joe Hanson. Joe's familiarity with the homely life of his little town went far beyond the reach of his legal practice.

More than an hour later he heard Andy Wiggam's car come into the driveway, heard Shannon's good night, and listened as she came into the house and went quietly upstairs to her room. . . .

Mrs. Pryor sat propped against her pillows, her breakfast tray beside her on the bed.

"I suppose it's only natural in a woman of my age," she said. "I'm growing old, my dear, and I'm likely to forget that sometimes. I have to take a day off now and then. You might put this tray to one side."

Shannon carried the tray to a small table beside the door.

"I hope you're not really ill," she said as she came back to her chair.

"Not a bit of it! I'll be around in no time. We've been pretty hard at it lately and I'm tired, that's all. Then that dinner party last night. I should have gone to bed and left them to their damned politics and their arguments."

"I thought you looked tired at the table. I should have stayed home and sent you to bed."

"Nothing of the kind, my dear. I wasn't tired, I suppose—just bored. Well—tired, too! I get tired of watching what's going on around me every day. I don't want to bore you with it, but I can't talk to any of the rest of them. They're all alike. There's Jay, for instance—eating his heart out because he can't find anything to do. As if he can change the whole world in a week! There are thousands like him today—only worse off than he is. He doesn't seem to understand that. I told him last night that he's lucky he has a place to live in for a while, till things get better. And I love to have him here. I told him so. But that only made him mad. He and Lucy fight over trifles these days. They didn't use to be like that. He thinks he ought to be going ahead making plans—like Byrn.

"And there Byrn was—with Hauser and Marston and Ella—just about as interested as a post in what they were saying. I'm worried about Byrn. I had a feeling for a while that he was going to take up this political business and forget everything else. But—I don't know. Looks to me like he's still thinking about that wretched wife of his. I thought he'd got over that. But she bewitched him, that's what! And poor Ella! She's a good girl, and I wouldn't say a word against her, but—can you imagine a man like Byrn waking up beside Ella Marston every morning of his life?

"Then, just before you came up, Donalda was in to see me. She and Byrn had a set-to last night, after the others left. I didn't ask her what it was about. I didn't want to know. But—you see? While I was running things myself I never let them get into a mess. I straightened them out before they got started. Now, after a few months of letting them run their own show, there's nothing but wrangling and— Well, my dear, that's really what's wrong with me. I'm not sick; I'm not tired. I lay awake all hours last night, trying to think what ought to be done. And here I am this morning—no good for anything!"

"JUST stay in bed for a day," Shannon said, patting the thin blue-veined hand on the coverlet. "Things will look better when you've had a rest. I'll go on with the work."

"I'm not afraid of that. You'll get more done without me fussing around. Anyhow, work never did get me down. For the last year they've been pestering me to stop working, preaching at me about getting a—a companion, as they call it. Great grief, what did I want with a companion! That's when I took up flowers and agreed to have some one in to help me. But—if you could have seen the women they sent me! When Byrn brought you along, I couldn't believe my eyes. I can't yet!

"And now, just when everything is going along so nicely, I find them acting like a pack of kids. Byrn goes off this morning, to be gone for a couple of days, and he doesn't even tell me where he's going. He didn't use to be like that. Donalda sulks and Jay glooms around. And Lucy—I never see her any more. I'm an outsider. I used to think I could get along better without having to care what they did. I guess I can't. They need more looking after now than they did when they were in rompers."

Shannon glanced at her with miserable eyes. "Maybe my coming here was a mistake, Mrs. Pryor. If I—"

"What has that to do with it? Don't talk nonsense, my child! I can do enough of that for the two of us.

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And just forget what I've been blathering about. Go on and get to work. I'll doze for an hour and be with you after lunch. I can't lie here all day."

She settled herself comfortably and closed her eyes; but before Shannon had reached the door she called to her:

"Look, my dear. I've been thinking—but never mind. Open that top drawer of my dresser, there. You'll find a little case, a velvet-covered affair. Bring it to me."

Mrs. Pryor sat up as Shannon handed her the small box.

"I'm no believer in giving medals, and I'm no good at this kind of thing, anyhow; but—I want you to have this. It'll go well with your eyes."

As she spoke she opened the box. On a white-satin bed lay an exquisite star sapphire in an old-fashioned pendant setting. Its chain was the merest filament of platinum. Shannon gave an involuntary gasp.

"Why, Mrs. Pryor! I couldn't think of accepting anything so precious!"

"Precious—rats! I have no more use for it. I wanted to give it to you that day you pulled Tommy out of the lake, but—I never know what to do or how to do it. Take it away and wear it—and get to work. I want a few minutes' sleep."

Shannon stood speechless, the lovely bauble in her hands. She opened her lips to speak some word of thanks; but Mrs. Pryor waved a thin hand in impatient protest and dismissal. Shannon stole out of the room.

IT was Lucy who, a week later, prevailed upon Shannon to go with her to the party that Kemp was giving. Jay was occupied happily, at last, over the architectural plans for the new house of Mrs. Maud Alphonse, Carthia's richest widow, and his self-respect was in the way of being swiftly restored. Donalda had been visiting with Fanny Brixton at the Brixton summer home, forty miles away, on Rush Lake. Fanny was coming back with Donalda on the night of the party and would be spending the week end at Dawn Haven.

"You simply must go with me, Shannon," Lucy urged. "If Jay were home, I wouldn't insist. Byrn is taking Ella, of course, and Donalda will be with Fanny, and—"

"All right, I'll go," Shannon said. "I'll have Andy pick us up and the three of us can go over together."

"We'll have a whirl! Edgar's promising a good crowd."

"I have nothing to wear except that white chiffon I made myself. But if you don't mind that, I don't."

"What you *wear* doesn't matter, my love! You walk in beauty."

It was odd, Shannon thought afterward, that Lucy should insist on her going. Perhaps her romance with Edgar Kemp was getting a little out of hand. Andy Wiggam had spoken of it that night at Breezy Point. Bits of unsavory gossip had come his way, linking Lucy's name with that of the broker playboy. In the absence of Donalda, Lucy felt the need of some one who would help to make everything appear aboveboard, convivial, and gay.

By ten o'clock on Friday night the circular driveway in front of Kemp's porch was a solid wedge of automobiles. Jet Carmichael was busy directing the guests to parking spaces as they drove their cars in from the county road.

When Andy Wiggam's headlights fell upon him, Lucy said blithely, "There's your romantic friend the gardener."

"Romantic?" Andy asked.

Shannon laughed. "Donalda caught him kissing my hand one evening last week."

"And said so in front of the Marstons and Judge Hauser and the rest of us," Lucy added. "Just a dear sweet girl!"

"Wish she'd caught me doing it," Andy observed as the car slowed down beside Jet.

Something in Jet's manner made Shannon pause for a moment after she got down from the car. When Andy and Lucy had gone on a few steps, Jet leaned close and spoke in a whisper:

"I've heard from Ned. He's back with the show."

"Oh, Jet!" Shannon cried with relief.

"Listen, kid—the show'll be at Pilmer tomorrow—for three days. Get an afternoon off and I'll come for you in the station wagon. It's only twenty miles. Can you?"

She stepped close to him and gave his arm an affectionate squeeze. "I'll go. Look for me before noon tomorrow and I'll let you know for sure."

"Beat it—they're waiting for you."

The floors of Edgar Kemp's lodge had been polished and waxed, the portable knotty-pine bar on the veranda had been stocked to capacity, and a six-piece orchestra had been brought from town to furnish music for the night.

Byrn Pryor had come early and had greeted Kemp's guests with an enthusiasm he did not feel. Since his journey to Shale Falls and his talk with Joe Hanson, he had spent his time in Carthia, avoiding any meeting with Shannon. It had been wretchedly simple to put two and two together and make it an uncompromising four.

On the night of his previous visit, it seemed, there had been some sort of fight over a poker game in a tent on the circus lot, and one of the boys, a section hand in town, had stopped a bullet with his shoulder. But who had done the shooting, or why, Joe Hanson had not heard. They had kept that part of it pretty quiet. It was all simple enough, so far as Joe could make out. The men were losing their money to a couple of card sharps and had taken their own way of getting out of it. They had been having too much to drink, of course, and the bullet had been meant for one or other of the professional gamblers who had induced the boys to join in the game. The sheriff had looked for the two men the next day, but they had left town ahead of the circus, which had promptly decamped. But what was Byrn's interest in the case?

Byrn had managed to avoid Joe's cross-questioning. It was when he began to ask himself questions that he fell into difficulties. That Shannon March was not of Shale Falls or its vicinity he had learned immediately, before he had talked for five minutes with Joe Hanson. That she had been with the circus itself, however, might never have occurred to him if he hadn't told Joe of his first meeting with Shannon on the midway—buying some patented soap from a hawker. Joe had laughed over that. The girl was, he assumed, helping to "work" the crowd. Nothing could be plainer.

The suggestion turned Byrn cold. Shannon—aloof, proud, clear-cut as a gem—wasn't that kind of person. She simply couldn't be! And yet—neither was she the kind who would be caught buying medicinal soap on a circus midway. For days he had been trying to put together the pieces of the crazy puzzle so that they would make sense.

AND now, though he had done his best to be pleasant to Edgar Kemp's guests and had listened with some show of interest to what Ella Marston was saying, he knew that he was waiting only for the coming of Shannon March. He had not gone home before coming to this affair. He had not wanted to meet Shannon, talk with her, eat at the same table with her, while the memory of his trip to Shale Falls was still fresh in his mind. It was not because of what he had discovered—he had discovered nothing of which he could be sure. But that he, Byrn Pryor, could have permitted his curiosity to drive him into petty spying upon the girl—he would never face her again until he was prepared to tell her what he had done. Altogether he had succeeded in making an ass of himself where women were concerned, and this was an experience of a similar kind.

The evening was shaping up into its usual potpourri of indistinguishable sounds and contours and colors. Byrn knew he had already had too much to drink, and yet he felt glassily sober. The orchestra sobbed and laughed.

"Byrn dear!" Ella Marston slipped her arm persuasively through his. "You've danced with me only once! And I wore this new dress especially for you. Leave that drink and let's have this waltz together. They play so few waltzes!"

"My charming Ella," he replied carefully, "if I moved away from this bar it couldn't possibly stand up—couldn't possibly, my dear! You can see that for yourself.

She laughed good-naturedly and gave his coat sleeve a possessive pat. "Why, Byrn—I do believe you're—"

"No, I'm not! Positively *not!*" He felt irked and knew he was on the verge of being rude.

"Let's dance, dear."

To wear the sapphire above the bodice of this cheap gown, in the presence of all these wealthy people, was something that needed courage, Shannon thought as she danced with Andy Wiggam. On her white skin it burned like a blue flame. Above Andy's shoulder her eyes swept the crowd quickly. Lucy was already dancing with Edgar Kemp. And there was Donalda with a stocky, determined-looking man Shannon had never seen before. His stolid attentiveness to Donalda was rather amusing. Then she saw Byrn, his arm about Ella Marston, his eyes full of cold intensity as he stared down the length of the room.

"How about a cocktail?" Andy suggested as the music ceased.

They were at the bar and people were milling about them. Donalda, with a ripple of laughter, came up in the company of another girl—Fanny Brixton, Shannon supposed—and the square, unfluttered man who looked, she thought, as if he would be able to manage Donalda. But Donalda's laughter stopped short, as though a hand had been clapped over her mouth, when she saw Shannon. For her glance had gone directly to the sapphire gleaming at the base of Shannon's throat.

A perverse impulse suddenly possessed Shannon. She stepped toward Donalda, glass in hand.

"Did you know that Mrs. Pryor gave me this?" The chain slipped through her slim fingers as she raised the pendant for inspection.

"Nice of her," Donalda said, eyebrows lifted.

"I tried not to accept it, but—"

"Of course, my dear. Aunt Sue insisted—and you couldn't say no, could you?"

Shannon sipped her drink thoughtfully, her eyes smiling serenely. But behind those eyes raged a fierce desire to dash the drink into Donalda Sherwood's face.

"HIE, folks!" It was Edgar Kemp's lusty greeting that broke the tension of the moment. He thrust himself between Shannon and Donalda, threw his arm about the younger girl and drew her to the bar. He took her glass and sent it sliding along toward the man in the white coat. "Make 'em high, make 'em cold—and make 'em fast, Jimmy! One for the princess and one for me."

"But I've just had one," Shannon said, "and I was going to have this fox trot with Andy." She glanced behind her and saw Lucy dancing with Byrn.

Kemp leaned over and caught Andy Wiggam's arm.

"Gad, Andy, what right have you to monopolize all this youth and charm?"

"Just the luck of the Wiggams," Andy retorted.

"Luck, eh? Well, let's see who's lucky, my lad." He reached to a small shelf at the end of the bar, brought down a deck of cards, and laid them in front of Shannon.

"We'd both like to dance the next one with the princess, Andy. Let's cut for it."

"Maybe the princess might have opinions of her own about being—"

"It's all right," Shannon interrupted. "Mr. Kemp is our host, after all."

Andy cut the deck and turned up the king of hearts. "Not so bad," he grinned.

KEMP squared the deck carefully, put his head down and looked closely at the cards for a moment—then cut the ace of spades.

Shannon glanced at him with amusement. "You did that rather badly," she said.

"It was good enough for me," Kemp chuckled—"and too good for Andy, eh? Ask him!"

Shannon lifted the deck, extracted the ace of spades, and gave it to Kemp. "There are several ways of doing it," she said as she held the deck toward him. "Bury the ace in the deck."

Kemp inserted the card in the center of the pack and watched her shrewdly while she shuffled the cards, cut them in three piles, reassembled them, and set them on the bar before him.

"Cut them again," she said.

She put the two piles together, squared them neatly, and cut them with deft fingers. "This isn't difficult," she said flippantly as she turned up the ace of spades.

"Gad, the girl has an act!" Kemp drew Donalda toward him. "Our little Shannon has a bag of tricks."

"So I have discovered," Donalda said, her cigarette holder airily poised.

"Do that one again," Kemp begged, and pushed the cards toward Shannon.

"I never do the same one twice."

"Another, then."

"Go ahead, Shan," Andy urged. "You're good!"

Shannon picked up the cards and began to shuffle them absently, meeting Donalda's disdainful smile as she did so. Why not, she thought defiantly—why not give Donalda real proof of what she was?

Byrn had brought Lucy to the bar before the dance was ended. Incredulous, as he stood on the edge of the small group about Edgar Kemp, he heard Shannon's glib pseudo-professional lingo, with its undercurrent of bitter and mocking laughter, defiance, and tears, while the cards in her smooth white hands did inexplicable things.

Byrn rocked forward on his toes, peered intently, fascinated and repelled. And Shannon, bowing with exaggerated dignity that brought applause and laughter from the group about her, executed one facile trick after another.

(Continued on page thirty-four)

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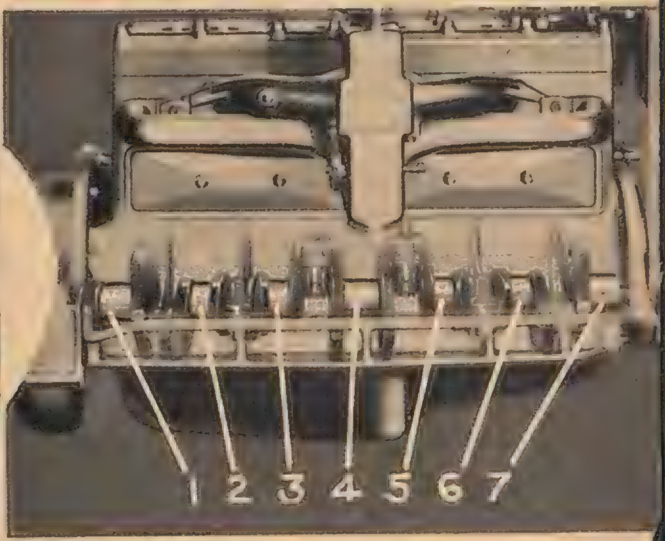

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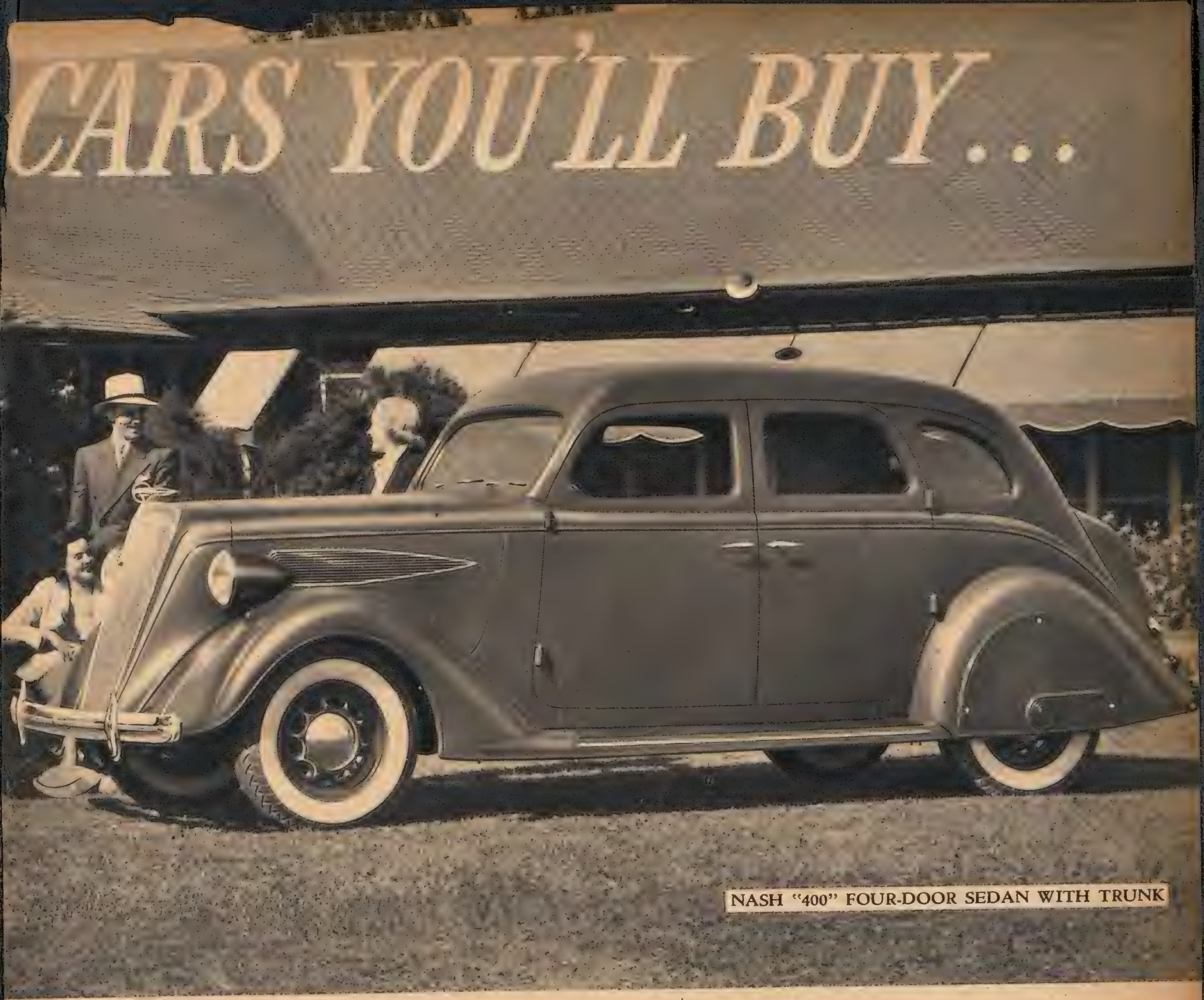

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(Continued from page thirty-one)

"After this one," Shannon said finally, "I have a dance with Mr. Kemp."

She asked Lucy to bury the ace of hearts in the deck. When the cards were shuffled and cut, she held them toward Kemp.

"This one takes practice," she said, and smiled directly at Byrn. "Strike the cards upward, Mr. Kemp—*hard!*"

Kemp struck. The cards flew into the air and came down in a shower, but Shannon's hand came out with the ace of hearts between the tips of her thumb and forefinger.

With a squeal of delight, Lucy clapped her hands, then threw her arms about Shannon and kissed her aimlessly on the nose. "Wherever did you learn those tricks?"

"You'd probably be surprised," Shannon said as she turned to Edgar. "Shall we dance now?"

As Kemp took her out upon the floor, Byrn collected himself with almost savage resoluteness and went out of the house. He felt the need of some fresh air. . . .

In the laboratory the Saturday morning was tranquil and sweet. On the soft air from the open windows came the rich fragrances and sounds of deep summer.

Shannon sat alone at the long worktable, an analysis of the white-fringed orchis sketched on the paper before her. It was almost noon, and Mrs. Pryor had gone on an expedition into the woods with little Tommy. With the exception of Byrn, who was at work in his study, the rest of the family were still in bed after Kemp's party. Shannon had breakfasted with Mrs. Pryor and Tommy before Byrn had come down. And though, later, she had heard him moving about the house, she had not seen him.

At breakfast she had told Mrs. Pryor of her wish to go to Pilmer with Jet Carmichael, who was driving out immediately after lunch. She had telephoned Jet and told him she would be ready at one o'clock.

THE big house was beginning to stir into life. Shannon could hear Fanny Brixton singing exuberantly in the shower bath. Doors began to open and voices spoke in cheerful greetings. Shannon pressed her forehead down upon her palms. How pleasant it would be to have a recognized place in this sheltered life! Perhaps an afternoon with Ned March would restore her sense of balance again. Ruby and Mercedes and old Nestor, even the six-legged calf, the patched canvas "top," the soiled pennants with their brave pretense of gala, the hoarse voices of mountebank hawkers crying their wares—it all came back poignantly to her now as she sat alone in Mrs. Pryor's laboratory.

"Heavens—I'm homesick!" she said to herself, and fell furiously to work again. . . .

Donalda Sherwood sat before her mirror, smoothing her carmined lips with the tip of a finger. Fanny Brixton, standing behind her, was impatient for her breakfast.

"Lord, Don, but you're slow!" Fanny complained. "If Harry Bostwick ever marries you—"

Donalda laughed. "Harry's a darling. He's coming up again for the Paul Bunyan celebration. Don't you think he's nice?"

"No man is nice before breakfast. I'm hungry as a wolf."

"You're plain common, Fan. I don't think Harry would like me if I was always thinking about something to eat."

"Damn Harry!" Fan caught her breath suddenly and jerked about to where her toilet articles lay on a small table. "My Lord—I—where's my brooch?"

DONALDA turned. "Your diamond brooch?"

"I just thought of it. I haven't seen it since I got up. My God, what do you suppose—"

"Don't get excited. A minute ago it was your breakfast; now it's your filthy pin!"

Fanny was on the verge of hysterics. "My father gave it to me and it's worth two thousand dollars. I left it right here—and it's gone!"

"It isn't gone, you idiot! Try to think. When did you have it last?"

"I tell you I put it here, on the table, when I took it off last night."

"Are you sure? You were lit last night. Maybe—"

"I wasn't that lit. I laid it right here—beside—"

"Well, look for it. I don't believe—"

A thorough search of the room revealed nothing.

"It's gone!"

In a moment they were downstairs and Lucy had called Byrn from the study.

"The hysterics won't get us anywhere," Byrn said impatiently when they had told him. "If it's in the house, we'll find it. Have you looked anywhere else except in your room?"

"I haven't been anywhere else," Fanny retorted.

"What a shame!" Lucy said helplessly.

"It doesn't surprise me much," Donalda observed. "Anything can happen in a house that maintains sleight-of-hand artists."

Byrn swung about. It was then he saw Shannon standing in the doorway. For a swift instant his eyes met hers in agitated appeal as he saw the color surge into her face and drain away.

Is Shannon to be branded as a thief in Dawn Haven, the victim of a shameless plot on the part of the insidious Donalda? Can she avert the awful threat to her honor and happiness? Get the next issue of Liberty for the most revealing moment thus far in this intense story.

GOOD BOOKS—by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **FROM A PARIS GARRET** by Richard Le Gallienne. Ives Washburn.

An intimate story of Paris told by one who knows it inside and out and shares his love for it with you.

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A well written collection of psychological portraits—if you like studies in futility.

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Benefit Street might well be called Gossip Street. And only a few who live on the street escape its bonds.

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Life on the prairies in the family of a mortgage shark.

May I Borrow Your Piano?

Liberty's Short Short

by JEROME BARRY

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 26 SECONDS

ANN RAMEAU ran her fingers up and down the battered keyboard—over the high F that had lost a chip of ivory and the low B that buzzed a little. Then she gulped hard and watched the men take the piano away to Levenstein & Co., around on the avenue. She hadn't paid the rent on it for weeks. She hadn't a cent.

The concert was two weeks away. It meant everything to her. If she succeeded, everything would be right—a contract, money, ease of mind. In the meantime, even without money, she need not starve, for she lived in the student section of Morningside Heights that has the highest density of borrowing per capita in the world.

Indigent ladies—why are they always Southern?—rent apartments and divide them into single rooms, subletting them one by one to music and art students, to graduate workers at the great university, to quiet young out-of-towners who browse mysteriously about the city. And back and forth from room to room they traipse.

"Honey, have you a spare egg?" "Joe, lend me a clean dress shirt. Charley's tux fits me swell." "Hasn't *any*body a violin A string?"

She could muddle through somehow on a crumb from some one and a cup of coffee from some one else, for she had lent evening dresses, teacups, and postage stamps to almost every one in the house. But she had to have a piano. How could she ever keep the Chopin ballade and the Bach fugue crisp and brilliant without incessant work?

Her heart was sick, but she stuck to the proper careless attitude. Up and down the halls she called, "Anybody got a piano to lend?" Then she laughed in tune with the chorus of jocular answers, to keep from biting her wrists and crying.

It was only the next day that she heard it—some one down the hall pounding out, slowly and dismally, the old tune whose silly childish words she had sung long ago:

Dukey, Dukey, have you heard?
Mamma's gonna buy me a mockingbird.

If the mockingbird won't sing,
Mamma's gonna buy me a diamond ring.

After an hour she ran away from the sound of it for a feverish walk in the park. A vandal like that with a piano!

That evening the tune started up again. She pushed back the plate that she had scoured of every speck of her meager borrowings and leaned out the window. Diagonally across the court she could see him plainly, hunched over the keyboard, drumming out interminably the silly tune:

If the diamond ring is brass,
Mamma's gonna buy me a looking-glass.

She knew who it was. The dark arrogant young man with the rather sinister eyebrows who never said a word to any one. She struggled briefly with doubts, conventions, and prudences. A minute later she knocked on the door of the young man's room. The hymn to Dukey stopped.

He stood in the doorway, straight and really good-looking, with that cool veiled unreadable look on his face.

"Can't you play anything else on that piano?"

"No. Annoying you?"

"That isn't it. If you can't play it, you might let me borrow it."

"Come in and try it out."

After a moment's hesitation she went in. She ran her fingers expertly along the keyboard and looked at him.

"What are you doing with a piano when you can't play?"

"Fellow owed me money and couldn't settle up. He offered me this instead."

An odd hardness came into her face as she ran a scale.

"So! A young man on the make!" she said sharply to herself. "There's not a doubt about it. Don't let him have any false notions."

She said aloud, "What do you expect in return?"

"Why—nothing much. I'd hoped you might let me drop in of an evening—"

"I'll be practicing night and day for the next two weeks. For my concert."

"After that?"

"Maybe."

After that? Why, after that he could do what he liked with his old piano.

TWO blurred weeks of furious work, and then one night she came home in a whirl and set the keys caroling with wildly happy hands, telling the listening world how wonderful it had been—how glorious!

The bell rang and he stood at the door. "I heard you and I knew," he said. "I'm glad. Every night I've had my light out and the window open, listening to you practice and rooting for you."

"Oh!" she cried warmly, in the flush of her happiness, "if it hadn't been for your piano—"

He reddened. "I've been thinking, and I'll have to tell you about that. I—sort of lied."

There wasn't anything arrogant or sinister about his nice-looking young face at all! His guard was down and she read him with homely recognition. Why, he was just another out-of-towner, hiding behind a shell of pride and coldness—hiding his loneliness and eagerness and sensitiveness for fear of hurt.

He said, "It was a frame-up. I'd been watching and wanting to know you. I heard you telling people you'd love to borrow a piano, so I hired one. I didn't know how to offer it to you, so—"

"So you played Dukey, Dukey, until you drove me frantic enough to—"

He joined in her chuckle.

"If you'll forgive me and play me just one piece—"

"Oh, come in, come in, come in!" She caught his hand, and something strange and magical sprang between their palms.

He sat near her, watching in delight as she played, as her fingers fell gaily on the high F that had lost a chip of ivory and tenderly on the low B that buzzed a little.

How soon until she would be saying, "Darling, I knew you were a scheming liar when I recognized Levenstein's piano, but I didn't know what a *dear* scheming liar you'd turn out to be."

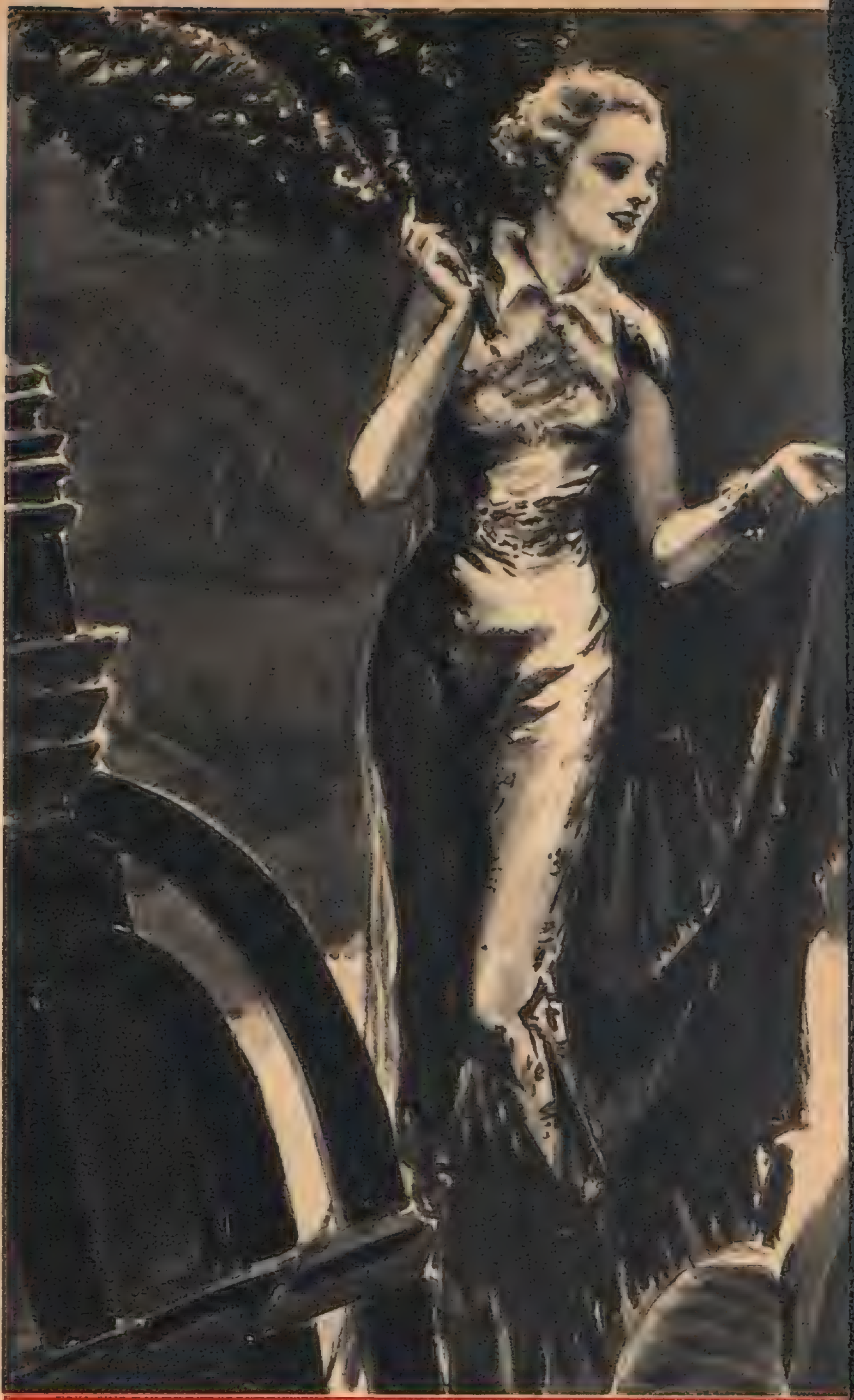
THE END

A LADY MAY Kiss

A Sprightly Story from Broadway . . . of a Gamble with Fame, a Remembering Heart, and Love's Unpredictable Ways

by OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 7 SECONDS



She sang without dramatics—a program of son

JANE ROGERS opened the door of her one-room-and-percolator apartment and said, " Welcome, stranger! Make yourself to hum."

Russell Blake eased his big ungainly frame through the door and deposited himself in the armchair. Then his mouth widened into the broad infectious grin which compelled one to overlook—or at least pardon—the flagrance of his brown-checked suit, the red tie with the diagonal white stripes, the tip of brown handkerchief peeping from the vest pocket, and the pointed toes of his too yellow shoes. He said, " You're sure looking good, Jane."

Miss Rogers posed for his edification. She was tall and slender and shapely, and she had laughing gray eyes and honey-colored hair which was perpetually in slight—though carefully calculated—disarray. " I'm perfect," she declared. " I improve with age."

" Aw! Lay off that. You're just a filly."

" In years—maybe. In experience and hard knocks—you guess."

Russ Blake crossed one leg over the other. " How come you wouldn't drift down to the office? "

" Office? That's where other people get jobs, isn't it? "

" You too." He was boyishly triumphant. " Listen, Jane. I've got a spot for you."

" If you've got work for me, Russ, you're not an agent—you're a philanthropist."

" Oh, yeah? " His eyes crinkled at the corners. " Wotta wife you'd make for some guy! "

" Who, for instance? "

" Well, me—if you like 'em rough."

" I'd love it, darling—and I'm flattered. In fact, your loyalty bolsters me when I'm blue, which is almost always. But I warn you against proposing so often. One of these days I'll say yes."

For just the briefest fraction of an instant the man's eyes were serious. Then he shook his head and laughed. " Try me when all others fail. But let's stick to business." He gestured largely with big freckled hands. " Suppose somebody was to open a swank night club right here in New York and name it Jane Rogers. No *Chez* or any of that goofy foreign business. Just Jane Rogers, see? Nifty kitchen, class band, murderous cover charge after eleven o'clock—and all the other trimmings that the suckers love."

She said: " I'm too undernourished to stand kidding."

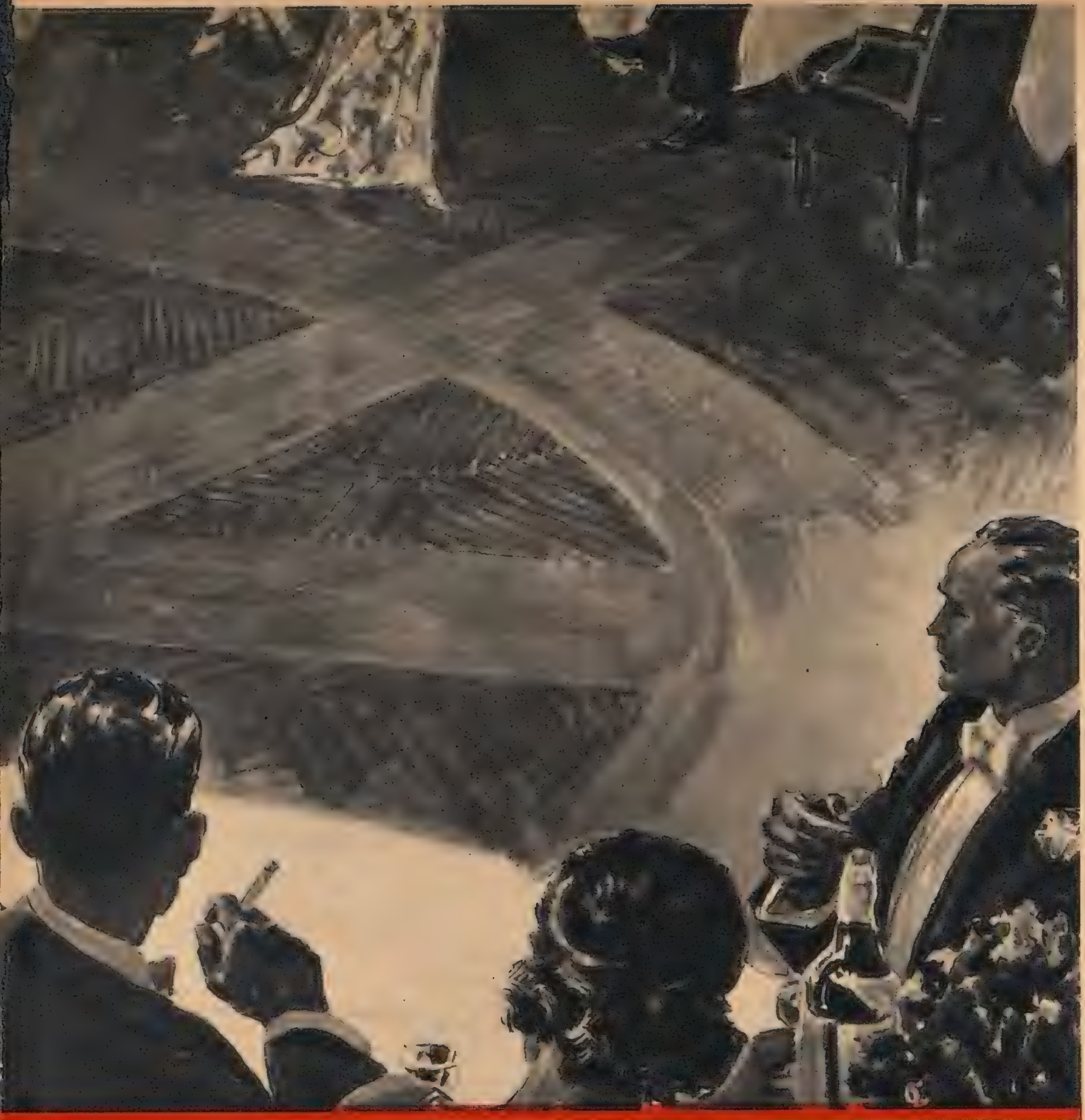
" All right—don't believe it, then. But it's on the up-and-up, just the same."

A tiny furrow appeared between her eyes. She said, " I almost think you believe yourself, Russ."

" I tell you, the deal is set. Ever hear of a bird named Golding—Charley Golding? "

" Never. But I'd like to."

ILLUSTRATION BY HAROLD DENISON



which were so conventional as to be novel. They loved it!

“Well, he wants to take a flier in the night-club racket. He's lousy with dough, and he remembers when you were starring in Silver Sandals. He still thinks you're tops.”

“I am—in Kenosha and points west. But Broadway hasn't heard of me in so long they think of me along with the late lamented Cleopatra.”

Russ asked sternly, “How old are you?”

“Between friends?”

“Yeh.”

“Twenty-eight. But listen, darling. That has nothing to do with it, and you know it. I was brilliant at eighteen, a star at twenty, and a has-been at twenty-five. You're a swell agent and a grand friend, but we aren't going into the burglary business.”

“This bird Golding is begging for it.”

She hesitated, wanting to be convinced. “Do you think I should? You see, I've lost confidence in Miss Jane Rogers. So you tell me.”

He hoisted himself from the chair and lifted her to her feet. They stood facing each other, her eyes on a level with his shoulder. He said, “We're all set.”

“All right—if you say so.” She made a gesture with one little white hand. “Run along, Russ—please. You've never seen me weep, and I don't want to break a good record now.” . . .

On the ground-glass door was an inscription neatly lettered: GRAHAM & WEBSTER, Architects and Builders. Beyond that door was a huge reception room, bounded by private offices, each with its own individual ground-glass door. Mr. Charley Golding, who was short and pudgy and red-faced, received a nod from the girl at the switchboard and barged through one of the doors, on the glass of which were the words: MR. GRAHAM—*Private.*

Mr. Golding pitched his hat on the desk and regarded the tall, lean gentleman opposite.

“Bill,” he observed, “you look sane—but you ain't.” His voice took on a pleading note. “Listen, Bill—it ain't too late to back out.”

“Of what?”

“This Jane Rogers foolishness. You're pitching a fat bank roll into the street. Rogers is all right—she's good-looking and sweet and all that; and once—a long time ago—her name meant something on Broadway. But hell, man! Those days are gone. She's finished, done, through, and washed up. I even felt silly letting her agent think it was my money that was being sunk in this thing.”

“But you did make him think it, didn't you?”

“Oh, sure. I played square, all right.”

“What did Miss Rogers say?”

“She did everything but turn handsprings.” Charley Golding paused. “Well, that ain't exactly true, either. She had a talk with me and told me I was nuts. She said I was pitching away a nice chunk of good coin. So I said, all right, I was. And she said if I was bound to make an ass of myself she'd be glad to take the break. But she gave me two days to think it over—”

Bill Graham said quietly, “I'm going through with it.”

“Not trying to butt in—but where do you get off if she don't even know you're bank-rolling the joint?”

Bill Graham said, “I suppose I ought to explain—and you can forget that I did.” His eyes were serious. “I'm in love with Jane Rogers. We were engaged once—practically so. Then came Silver Sandals and other shows. She thought she was going a long way and she wouldn't give it up.”

“That's so old it's new. I didn't know such things really happened.”

“They do, though. Then she dropped out. Now she's forgotten. If I asked her to marry me now, she'd think I was sorry for her. But if she could be successful—get to be tops once again—then perhaps she'd accept me. Get it?"

Charley Golding was staring at his friend. "There's nine ways to do a thing, Bill, and you take the toughest. A bird that'd figure it out like you've done couldn't be changed, could he?"

"No."

"You realize that, if she clicks, two things might happen?"

"What, for instance?"

"Being tops, she might turn thumbs down again. And, on the material side, the thing will probably be the most colossal bust Broadway has known in years."

"I'll take my chance."

"I'm telling you, it ain't a chance: it's a certainty."

Bill Graham was smiling. He said, "I want to show you the plans I've drawn for the place. It'll be different—"

"You said it. But I suppose if there weren't any goofy men in the world there wouldn't be any night clubs."

From Variety, February 16

Opening Thursday night, Jane Rogers' new jernt in the Frenzied Fifties. Modernistic decor, swank atmosphere, top tariff, dansapation by Benny Marshal's ork, with tango and rumba effects by The Cubans, de luxe maraca slingers.

Club marks the return of Jane Rogers to Broadway after an absence of lo! these many years. Smart publicity promises to make the opening a gala meeting of the I-knew-her-when crowd. Might click, Mlle. Rogers has what it takes for an intimate spot: soft voice and the knack of selling smart songs. Bidding for class trade. *Prix fixe* dinner at three bucks. *Couvert* after eleven of two smackers on week nights and three on Saturdays and holiday eves.

Maybe enough Big Towners remember Silver Sandals and Jane Rogers' other musical-comedy successes to put the place across, but competish this year kinda heavy. Place evidently bank-rolled in a big way. Charley Golding the backer, and he's got his chin out plenty.

The place was crowded on opening night: men in dinner clothes and in tails, fashionable women in the latest and most ultra. There were flowers from well-wishers and flowers ostensibly paid for by Charley Golding. The dinner was good, the service fair. The crowd, being New York, liked it because it was new and they had become bored with the same old thing in the same old way. Besides, there was considerable curiosity about this Rogers girl. Or was she a girl? Remember Silver Sandals? Well, she starred in that. And the blasé ones inquiring, "So what?"

There was a huge basket of flowers from Bill Graham, plus a note:

Honey:

When the rolls are served out yonder, I'll be there. *Y como!* Name in lights and ev'ything. Am I proud! How's for saying hello to the guy who would slay dragons for you if dragons hadn't gone out of fashion?

SHE saw him enter, host to a party of nine. He looked taller and older and more distinguished; features sharper, eyes deeper—and the touch of gray at each temple made him a man to be remembered. She waited until the cocktails were served and then came across the room, vivid in an evening gown of black which clung provocatively to her firm figure. He introduced her, and then shifted his chair so that he faced her directly and they could talk with blissful unawareness of the folks around them.

Bill waved his hand. "Grand place, Jane."

Her eyes were bright with happiness. "It's a miracle, Bill—nothing less."

"And you— Or are compliments out of order?"

"Tell me I look younger, please. Or don't you ever lie?"

"Never. I'm descended from a cherry tree. But you do look—well, I doubt if even the Greeks had a word for it."

She looked into his eyes and knew that he meant it. But all she said was: "Thanks for the flowers. And especially for these." She touc[illegible] tiny unostentatious corsage of gardenias which rested against the curve of her breast. "I wanted to weep when I opened the box."

"Why didn't you?"

"Mascara phobia." She touched his hand. "It was grand of you to come tonight!"

"I'm interested in club rates. Kind of expecting to hang around pretty constantly."

"Who am I to say no?"

"You've been pretty consistent so far."

Her cheeks flushed. "Same old crazy ideas?"

"Worse than ever. True blue—that's Bill Graham."

"It certainly is." She looked around the room: at the lavishness, the brilliance, the glitter which evidenced achievement. She said, "I never will understand it. Charley Golding seemed otherwise sane."

"He's no fool."

"But the place *can't* click. Nobody remembers me."

"No? Well, we'll soon find out."

She left him to visit other tables. It was odd that so many persons should have come out of the past to recall her achievements of other days. And those who had never before seen her—those to whom she had been a mere name in the history of musical comedy—those folks commented that she looked so beautiful and so happy, so radiant and so delighted with everything, that they couldn't help liking her. She injected a freshness into the smoky air of a night club, a naïveté that was unique and intriguing.

AT eight thirty she sang for the first time, after a dance team from the Argentine had managed to please the crowd. She leaned against the piano, which had been rolled out on the floor, and sang in a low, persuasive contralto. And the crowd applauded—and some one demanded a number from Silver Sandals. The pianist remembered it, and the song was so old as to be new to most of the dinner guests.

Jane's was not a great voice. It was not even a very good voice. It was simple and sweet and gentle. She sang without dramatics and without resorting either to the banality of ballads or the sophisticated smartness which was the vogue of the moment. She rendered a program of songs which were so conventional as to be novel. They loved it! Even she—acutely conscious of her theatrical oblivion—could not doubt the sincerity of their applause.

In a corner of the room Charley Golding shook his head and made a comment to his publicity man:

"She ain't half bad."

"Not more than half, anyway." It was against the code of the press agent to permit himself enthusiasm. "But that doesn't matter. The crowd's eating it up."

"Or being polite."

"This gang? Don't make me laugh! If it wasn't real, you could tell it in a minute: the applause would come loud from a few spots, not from all over."

Charley Golding said, "I thought I had made a dumb investment."

"I thought so, too. And I've got hope even yet that I can say I told you so." . . .

"Some gals," declared Russ Blake, "have wealth, position in sassiety, limousines, and French maids; but you—honeybunch—have something more."

"What?" inquired Jane.

"You have an agent." He struck an attitude. "Perhaps the most energetic, the most brilliant, the most go-getting agent in show business. Care to have my card? Blake is the name: Russell Blake."

"Pleased t' meetcha, Mister Blake, but I don't need any brushes today."

"No-o—you wouldn't. Well, look what else I brung you. Chocolate-cream mints. While other guys run you ragged with orchids and caviar, little Russ sticks to candy and technique. Now, most guys are dumb when it comes to dames. But not me. Hell, no! I'm so smart I kid myself out of being taken seriously." He looked around the room. "Nice diggin's."

"I've got room to turn around."

"All right: turn around." She obeyed, laughing. "Good from every angle. Listen here, gal—I got news."

"Please, Mister Blake—"

(Continued on page 40)

Every 20 Minutes_a Doctor Buys a Plymouth

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Today "All Three" are priced about alike... but Plymouth is biggest and most comfortable. And any one can see it is the smartest.

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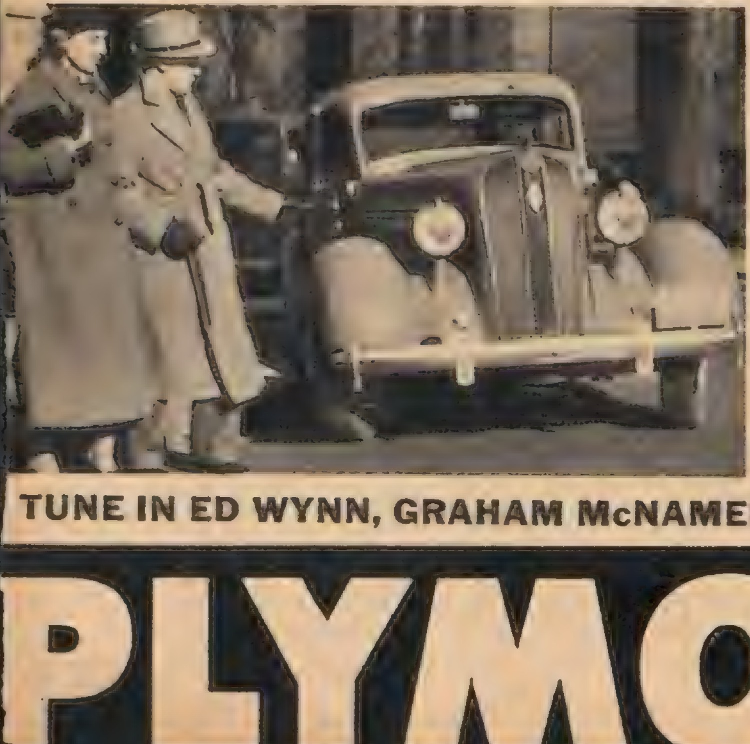


***(Far left)* Insist on *double-action* Hydraulic Brakes! They're self-equalizing... give a safe, *sure* stop. And there's the added protection of a Safety-Steel Body.**

***(Left)* Be sure to ride in... and drive "All Three." Plymouth's balanced weight, spring action and extra room ...will spoil you for riding in any other low-priced car!**

TUNE IN ED WYNN, GRAHAM McNAMEE AND ALL-STAR CAST, TUESDAY NIGHTS, N. B. C. RED NETWORK

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

(Continued from page 38)

"The club is in. You've wowed 'em. What I'm trying to get across to you is that the name Jane Rogers is now coming to mean almost as much to Broadway as it means to one Russ Blake. You're so elegant that I'm frightened at myself for being in love with you."

"You scare easily."

"Yeh. But even when you were knocking 'em in the aisles in Binghamton, I was offering my heart and hand. The offer still holds good, and you can list it among your assets. Call it 'doubtful value.'"

"Russ! You're a grand guy."

"That's what I get from all the gals. That and nothing more." He made an obvious effort to avoid too great seriousness. "But I'm asking this: How's for a covey of hamburgers at the corner stand?"

She said, "Gee! I'm sorry."

"Who's the lucky bird?"

"Bill Graham. Will you join us?"

"No can do. Couldn't bear to see another man suffer. But tomorrow—"

"Tomorrow it is." She drew a deep breath. "It's all so startling, after what I've been through."

"Makes you appreciate things. Might even give you a new slant on me."

She said, "You know, Russ, I'm glad you're not really serious."

He grinned. "I'd be glad, too," he said, "if I wasn't."

Then he was gone, and a half-hour later she met Bill Graham. They faced each other over glass bowls filled with crushed ice and topped by Spanish melon.

"I pick romantic settings always," said Bill. "Soft furnishings, pretty girl, earnest gent—"

"And good food. It seems like old times." She looked around the room and sighed. "I'm trying to drink it all in. When it happened years ago, I suppose I took it for granted. I'll never again make the same mistakes."

"You haven't finished enjoying it yet?"

"I doubt if I ever will. I wish I could make Mr. Golding know how much I appreciate what he's done."

"He's counting it up at the cash register. But what will you do when the newness wears off? Will you perhaps be thinking of a little house in the country, or a nice apartment on the East Side, with a plain platinum band and all the responsibility that goes with it?"

She said, "Give me time, Bill. I'm not thinking straight yet."

"O. K. But it would be great."

"And it always will. You know, nothing ever really happens to you. You're firm and strong and you go always in one direction. Or am I talking in circles?"

"Not at all. You're inviting me to postpone the moment when you'll again have to say no—is that it?"

She answered, quite honestly, "I haven't figured it out, Bill. Truly I haven't. But I know that things are so perfect now that, for a while at least, I don't want to change them."

SHE heard the news through Russ Blake, after her night club had established itself as the spot of the season. They were seated at a table in a secluded corner during that stagnant hour when dinner guests have gone, supper patrons have not yet commenced to arrive, and the orchestra is resting. Russ said, "Say, that was tough news about the boy friend, wasn't it?"

"Is this a guessing game? Whose boy friend?"

"Yours. This Graham lad."

She felt her lips grow tight. "What's wrong?"

"Steady!" He glanced at her sharply. "Sa-a-ay! He really *is* tops, isn't he?"

"What happened to him?"

"Obviously you don't read the papers. His firm has gone bust."

She knew a moment of intense relief. There had been a stabbing fear that he had been injured physically. She said, "Suppose you explain, Russ."

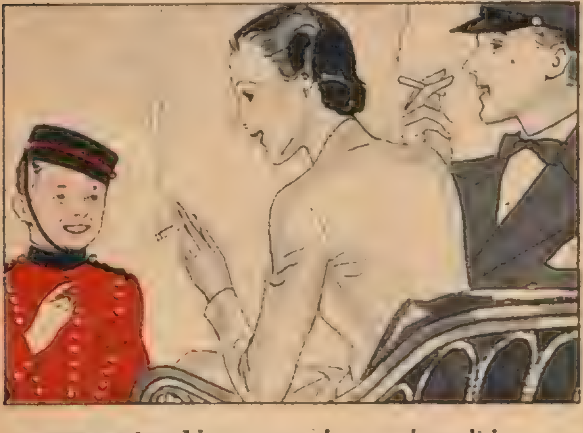
"I heard about it this afternoon, and took the trouble to get the low-down from Charley Golding—figuring you'd be asking questions. He says that, in the firm of Graham & Webster, Bill Graham was the architect and

Johnnie lets you in on a SMOKING SECRET

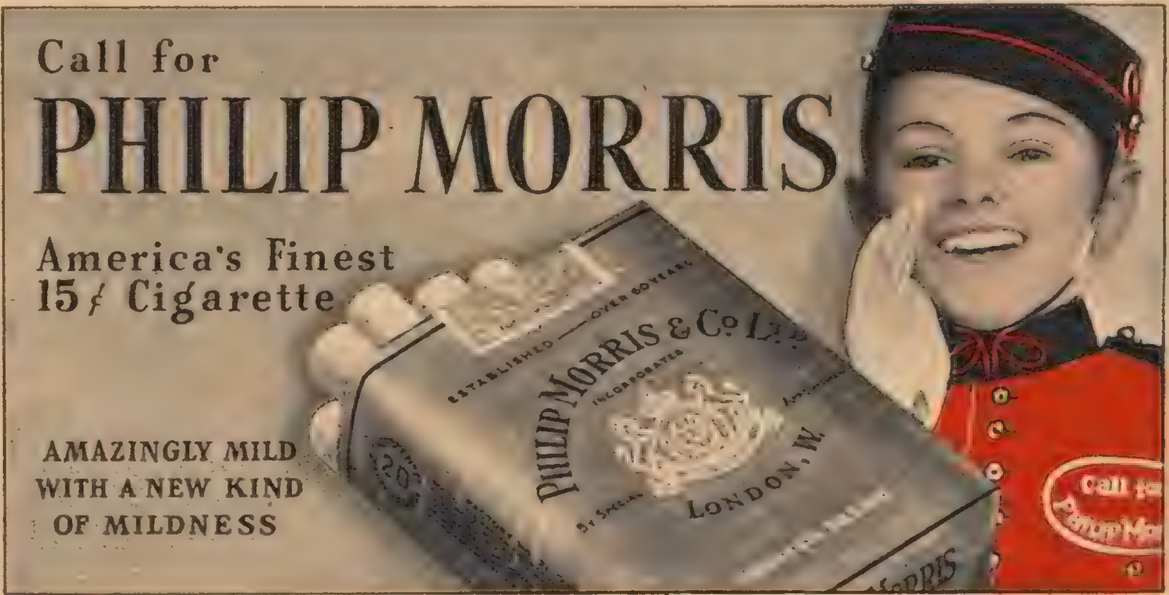
Johnnie: Call for Philip Morris, Captain?
Miss Drew: Well, well, one of America's smartest smokers!
Captain: It's the one cigarette that doesn't irritate my throat.

Johnnie: 'cause it's *made* differently.
Captain: Yes. A medical journal said tests by a group of doctors showed that in the majority of cases, irritation cleared completely on changing to Philip Morris . . .

Captain: Now don't misunderstand me . . . Philip Morris make no claim to *cure* irritation. But an added ingredient, a source of irritation in other cigarettes, is not present in Philip Morris.



Johnnie: You never knew *that*, did you Miss Drew?
Miss Drew: No, but I'm not too surprised. Everybody knows Philip Morris is a superior cigarette. A better *smoke* in every way.



Call for
PHILIP MORRIS
America's Finest
15¢ Cigarette
AMAZINGLY MILD
WITH A NEW KIND
OF MILDNESS

Webster was the builder. And it seems that this lad Webster got too enthusiastic about landing a contract and went overboard on it."

"I'm afraid I don't follow."

"Webster turned in a bid for the firm. Building job. They got the contract, of course—and they're being held to it. It's taking their last dime and then some. They're finished."

"But, Russ, that isn't possible. Not a man like Bill Graham."

"He ain't the one who did it. He just drew the pictures. Anyway, that's the way Golding explains it; and he knows everything."

For a long time she was silent. Russ reached across the table and covered her hand with his. He said, "Speak your piece, little girl."

"There isn't anything I can say."

"You don't need to. I'm a mind reader." He shook his head and grinned gamely. "If I could make you look that way about me I'd go bankrupt tomorrow, if I had enough dough to go bankrupt with."

She went to her dressing room, not because she wasn't ready for the supper crowd but because she wanted to be alone. The idea hadn't fully penetrated yet. It was the very height of absurdity. She sent out for evening papers and read the brief formal notices in the financial sections. In a few words they made Bill Graham warmer and more human. They stripped from him a shell of infallibility. And then she spoke to her mirrored reflection.

"Tonight," she prophesied, "Bill Graham will be smiling. He's that kind."

As a matter of fact, he was smiling. True, his eyes showed the effect of strain and worry. He had just said good night to his youthful partner—with a clap on the shoulder and a hearty "Forget it, kid; we all go crazy occasionally"—and he was chatting now with Charley Golding.

"Nothing left?" inquired Golding.

"Not a nickel."

"Debts?"

"We can clear those."

"What'll you do?"

"First of all, I'll get a job. I'm still rated rather well as an architect."

Charley Golding started to laugh. "It's a howl!" he declared.

"Sure it is. But what?"

"The whole setup. Feller! You're not broke. You've got something."

"What?"

"The Jane Rogers thing. That's why I'm chuckling. You do something to put a dame on her feet, and now it's saving your own life. Talk about bread on the troubled waters—"

Bill Graham shook his head. "I didn't go into that with the idea of making money."

"Sure you didn't. But you're not refusing what belongs to you, either. Look. The nut will be cleared in another month and from then on it's all profit."

"Is it?" Bill Graham smiled wryly. "I'm not so sure."

AT eleven thirty the following morning Jane Rogers entered a public telephone booth, dropped a coin in the slot, dialed a number, and tapped impatiently on the glass door with long pointed fingernails. From the other end of the line came a click and she turned to the transmitter with an expectant smile.

"Mr. Graham, please." A pause. "Mr. William Graham? . . . This is Miss Rogers speaking."

Bill Graham's voice was precisely as casual, precisely as cheerful, as she had known it would be.

He said, "Not *the* Miss Rogers of Silver Sandals fame?"

"Herself in person. Are you free for lunch?"

Bill laughed. "I'm more interested in finding out whether lunch is free for me."

"It is. For one day only. My treat, so we'll forgather at the automat. Meet you in half an hour."

She was waiting for him with a handful of nickels.

"Here's your half," she announced, meticulously dividing them. "Plenty for a swell attack of indigestion, with a nickel left over for bicarb."

Graham noticed a subdued excitement in her manner, a brighter than usual light in her gray eyes. "It strikes me," he said, "that there is more to this than ham sandwiches and pie à la mode. Are we celebrating?"

"Perhaps." Jane smiled nervously. "But first you must eat your spinach."

He trailed her along glass-lined lanes, peering intently through formidable doors at amazing concoctions, selecting his lunch with serious concern. When they were seated, he offered her a paper napkin from a shiny container.

"Gleaming silver and spotless napery. May I remark that you do the environment proud?"

She said, "You have always maintained, Bill, that atmosphere and background were important to big moments. That's why I brought you here today."

"Sounds like a build-up."

"It is." She paused, but only for an instant. "I'm terribly proud of you, Bill. Do you mind if I think that you're being pretty marvelous?"

He shrugged carelessly. "Don't give me too much applause. How do you know that I didn't weep myself to sleep last night?"

"I know this," she said: "that just because you're being splendid doesn't mean that you're not worried. And I also know how much I want to help. Of course it's a temporary thing. Five years from now you'll be right back where you were."

FOR a few minutes Bill Graham gave scrupulous attention to the buttering of a roll. When he looked up, he was no longer smiling.

"At this particular moment," he confessed, "that fifth year sounds rather far away."

Jane leaned across the table. "Would the years seem so very long if we spent them together?" She saw the sudden brightening of his eyes, the tightening of his muscles—and she hurried on: "I'm serious, Bill. Will you marry me?"

He covered her hand with his.

"Magnificent!" he said. "And—thanks."

"Then—then I'm accepted?"

"You are not. It's a lovely gesture, lady—and I'm eternally grateful. But I love you too much not to understand."

She said quietly: "That's where you're wrong, Bill. What you don't understand is how much I love you. I guess I've felt that way all the time. But somehow, when things were terrible with me, I couldn't convince myself that marrying you wasn't merely an escape. Now it's all different. I might even be able to help. The club is successful." She smiled again. "I might even ask for a raise."

The delicious irony of the situation struck Bill Graham forcibly. It was his money with which she was so generously offering to come to his assistance. He wanted to tell her so, knowing that she would laugh with him. But he realized, too, that she would be bitterly disappointed.

"You're laughing," she accused.

"Not at all, my dear. I'm adoring you."

"Enough to marry me?"

"Too much not to."

Jane glanced around the crowded room, noisy with clattering dishes and shuffling feet. She rose. "Emily Post says that a lady may kiss a gentleman when he has just accepted her proposal. But in this place—"

"Right." He followed her to the door with quick, eager steps. "And I wish to discuss important matters, such as marria[illegible] licenses."

She caugh[illegible] hand. "We'll go downtown in the subway," she [illegible]. And then, as they walked toward the nearest kiosk, [illegible] faced him.

"Don't think I'm unsympathetic, Bill," she said happily. "But it has all worked out so marvelously. If it hadn't been for your crash I might never have realized how much I really loved you. And if it hadn't been for my job I could never have told you about it. It's one of those miracles that never can be explained."

"You're right," he agreed gently. "It never will be."

THE END

Our One and Only TOREADORA

Want to Learn How to Act Like a Bullfighter?—Be One, Said This 17-Year-Old Texas Girl—And She Did!

by CLARA BERANGER

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Portia Portar, America's first girl bullfighter.

THE romance of the bull ring! Fiction has been full of it. Plays and operas have been built around it until the very name evokes a vision of blue skies, of hot white sunshine beating down on brilliantly clad señoritas and bold-eyed señors in fantastic velvet suits.

Perhaps you have thrilled to the music and story of Carmen; perhaps you have had your blood pressure raised by witnessing a real bullfight. But have you ever felt the slightest urge to go into that ring of "blood and sand" and actually fight a bull?

Yet a slim pretty seventeen-year-old girl named Portia Portar did just that. She wanted to study the technique of a toreador—his cape work, gestures, and facial expressions—so that she could reproduce it authentically in a dance. A strange ambition surely and an even stranger accomplishment, particularly from a girl with no Spanish blood in her veins.

Five feet tall, weighing only one hundred and ten pounds, with dark hair, olive skin, and hazel eyes, Portia was born in San Antonio, Texas.

When she was four she started taking dancing lessons from her mother. At ten, little Portia was a professional entertainer, dancing and giving impersonations in vaudeville and night clubs. It was only a few years later, while in Mexico City studying the native dances, that Portia hit upon the idea of a toreador dance.

"But no matter how much I read, or trained, I couldn't seem to get the technique of the cape," Portia said. "A friend suggested seeking advice from some one who taught bullfighting.

"I was introduced to Frescuelillo, a little old man who was once a very famous bullfighter himself. 'Certainly I will teach you,' he said; 'only you are so very little that I am afraid you will not have the strength.'

"Two months later Frescuelillo was urging me to give up dancing for the bull ring!

"The first thing I had to do was to learn how to manipulate the cape. I was helped in th[illegible] by little Mexican boys (*muchachos*) who take bullfig[illegible] as seriously as American boys take baseball. Barefo[illegible] rags, following orders from the master, they in[illegible]e a bull perfectly, even to knocking you down if you don't watch out.

"When you get the best of the boys, the master then brings in a fiendish contraption—the head and shoulders of a fierce-looking bull mounted on bicycle wheels so that the boys riding it can attack faster. Behind the head of the bull, where the body would normally be, there is tied a thick piece of palm tree, into which I was taught to thrust the *banderillas* (a kind of arrow). There were long hours of grueling training, but finally I had perfected the proper movements. My training in ballet dancing helped a lot.

"Then one day Frescuelillo took me to the regular arena and led me straight into the bull pens. 'Take a look,' he said, 'because in a minute we will bring out one of the bulls for you to fight. If you're afraid, now is the time to say so.'

"'Bring out the bull,' I said. 'I'm ready.'

"The master cleared the ring and opened the gate for the bull to enter. In he came.

"Have you ever had an automobile pass so close that unconsciously you hitched in your stomach and curled up your toes? Well, that's about the sensation you get when a bull charges at you. Except for this difference: that you know a bull has his eye on you; that he has two horns, and when a man is gored by them they make holes big enough to put your fist in; that a bull weighs several times as much as you; that he is not only going to pass you once, but will come right back for more the next minute; and last but certainly not least, that there is only a piece of cloth in the shape of a cape between you and this raging animal.

"Somehow or other I got through that first fight, and the master was delighted.

"But when I got home and told my mother, she actually fainted dead away. I was scared to tell her that I had promised to fight in the regular arena before a regular audience. But sooner or later I had to confess it, because Frescuelillo was going ahead with the arrangements. Mother stormed and raged, but I kept my word."

At the finish of Portia's seventh engagement, Frescuelillo came to her, wildly waving a paper in his upraised hand. "Here's a contract for a year's bullfighting in all the Latin countries!"

But Mrs. Portar shook her head violently. "My daughter will never fight another bull," she said. "She is going back to America right away. I've signed a contract for her to dance in New York."

The master and the mother fought over the girl, and the mother won, because Portia was under age. Although she wanted to stay, there was nothing she could do about it.

"I had to give in," she told me, "and I suppose it was for the best, because mother was so afraid all the time. I could have earned ten times as much by fighting bulls as I do by dancing, but—well, here I am."

THE END

TO THE Ladies!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

BORN in the middle of a bridge game, Fred Keating has been a help from the start. His mother owed a dollar and ninety-six cents when she had to quit the game in a hurry because of him. Then there was so much excitement that nobody thought about the score.

Fred is now one of our topnotch masters of night-club ceremony. His whole name is Fred Serrano Keating. Edna Ferber advised him to drop the Serrano for brevity's sake. He used to be a newspaperman, a vaudeville actor, a stage magician. The late Tex Guinan steered him from theatrical magic to professional humor. She told him that nine people out of ten would rather laugh than be mystified.

I asked him what kind of entertainment the night-club public prefers.

"Music and mirrors," he said.

"Mirrors, Mr. Keating?"

"Yes, indeed. Most of the night-club customers come from out of town. They like to see themselves all dressed up in their glad rags. They want mirrors. Plenty of mirrors."

FRED KEATING

The music that gets them, says Fred, is music they already know by heart: Show Boat, The Chocolate Soldier, The Merry Widow, and all the old Strauss waltzes. At Radio City's famous Rainbow Room the favorite number is *Zwei Herzen,* a song at least eight years old.

Kids who demand the latest music, says Fred Keating, can seldom afford the swell night clubs. The middle-aged customers have the money and *they* want familiar tunes that make them feel sentimentally young again.

● Toast your legs first when you begin taking on your summer-vacation tan. Don't bare the rest of your nice anatomy to direct rays from the sun until the third day. I get this tip from a sensible family physician. He says our ladylike nerves should be sun-fried gradually, otherwise they may go on the rampage. On the third day, he says, start with three five-minute all-over sun showers at three-hour intervals. Soothe your eyes every night for a week with pads soaked alternately in hot water and cold water. Three applications of the hot, three of the cold. After that rub a little olive oil under your eyes. The optic nerves are the ones that bring on sun headaches. Watch out for them.

● You had better know what to expect if you have any idea that you might like to be the wife of a gentleman farmer. A friend of mine spent some recent days as a guest at the fine home of a Canadian millionaire whose hobby is pedigreed stock. He's a real enthusiast. After dinner one evening my friend was surprised, to say the least, when her host brought a live cow into the elegant drawing room. It was a prize cow, and the farmer gentleman wanted every one to see her. Munching her cud as calmly as you please, the cow seemed thoroughly accustomed to the experience. So did the gentleman farmer's wife. All she said was, "Oh, one of the cows, dear? Usually you bring in horses."

● I write the following true story with the hope that it may help straighten a ridiculous triangle.

About fifteen years ago the children of a family out West were left orphaned and destitute. Rich relatives in the East took the eldest daughter. One of the sons went to work on a Western farm. After cruel hardships he ran away, joined his sister in the East, educated himself, and became a lawyer. She aided him incognito—making him promise never to reveal their blood relationship. She feared he might tarnish the brilliance of her society marriage. Now a strange kickback has resulted from her precaution. He and her most socially prominent girl friend have fallen in love with each other. The girl friend, ignorant of their sister-and-brother state, believes they are secret lovers and refuses to come between them. This situation actually exists—and I think it's the silliest mix-up I ever have encountered.

● Enchanted by our new fad for ant palaces, some friends of mine had been sitting idle for hours admiring the incessant haste and drudgery of their pet ants. "Look at them work!" said one of the watchers in a drowsy voice. "They never stop working!"

Another watcher yawned and said, "Isn't it wonderful! They're almost human!"

● Of strong feminine interest is a new book: Nana—A Memory of an Old Nurse, by Harriet Ide Keen Roberts. Story of an Irish girl in America (published by the Macmillan Company).

● In Paris the newest shorts, copied from panties worn by medieval page boys, are shorter than ever and puffed out full like little balloons. . . . Beach dresses resemble old-fashioned camisoles, with black ribbon showing through white openwork embroidery at waist and bosom. . . . Beach coats are loose, hip-length, made of fringed taffeta. . . . Red galatite safety pins fasten the latest French sports dresses down the front. . . . White piqué coats for evenings at smart summer resorts are trimmed with white fox, the sleeves made entirely of white coque feathers. . . . Very picturesque, but for hot-weather comfort I recommend American styles.

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

How WILLIAM Helps Women

Like Ziegfeld, Whom He Impersonates,
Fame—Here, from the Inside, Is One

THE Great Powell in The Great Ziegfeld!

As I write, the combination is selling out in seventeen key cities. By the time these words appear, it will be sweeping the country.

Of course the picture itself deserves some credit. Nevertheless, without the great Flo and the great Bill, it would be just another movie.

What makes it a sellout is undoubtedly the glamour of the Ziegfeld name. This is as it should be. Ziegfeld was a great force in the American theater. And he is dead.

But the American theater as Ziegfeld knew it is dead, too. In its place has come the theater against which he fought and before which he went down to saddening defeat—the theater in "cans."

A deprecatory phrase, that, as it issues from the lips of the celluloid Ziegfeld—and yet, in that very same celluloid version of the master showman's life are scenes of theatrical beauty which Flo Ziegfeld at his greatest could not have hoped to approach.

This is the theater of William Powell—the theater in which the big news which will draw money to the box office is not that Flo Ziegfeld has been brought to life on the screen, but that Bill Powell has another "wow."

He is not a youngster. He was born in Pittsburgh on July 29, 1892. His father, who was an accountant, earned a small salary and spent it. Powell, by the way, is the family name; and William is also genuine—like everything else about Bill.

At fifteen he moved with Father and Mother Powell to Kansas City. There he attended high school. The family decided he ought to be a lawyer because he talked so much! And when he received his sheepskin from high school—a "courtesy diploma," he calls it—he was definitely scheduled for law work at the University of Kansas.

By that time, though, he had played Captain Jack Absolute in school dramatics and had decided that he would rather do his talking on the stage. He rustled himself a job in the local telephone office at fifty dollars a month. Living at home, he figured he could save the whole fifty; but at the end of five months he found he was thirty dollars in the red. So he wrote to a rich aunt and borrowed the money which took him to New York.

Powell faced the big city with his friend Ralph Barton, the afterward distinguished artist, in a bare studio in the old Lincoln Arcade, staving off hunger with dried apricots. Finally he landed with the Selwyns, touring tank towns in second companies of Broadway successes and playing over a hundred important parts in stock-company engagements. Then, Broadway. Once launched, he was never idle. Forty weeks a year was his average over a ten-year stretch. Uncle Tom to King Lear was his range.

He entered pictures in 1921. His first was a small part in Sherlock Holmes. His second was a really good part in When Knighthood Was in Flower. Then came The Bright Shawl, with Dick Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish, and at last Hollywood and a long-term contract.

Bill never went back to the stage because he never had time. For fifteen years he has been continuously before the movie public, and continuously growing in its regard. Within the past three years his popularity, as every one knows, has been phenomenal.

As you probably know by this time, he makes no attempt to portray the man Ziegfeld as he was in real life. He could hardly hope to, since there probably never existed in the American theater two men more unlike. Yet, in spite of their many dissimilarities, both have been glorifiers extraordinary of the American girl.

For example, if it hadn't been for Powell, Myrna Loy, America's favorite wife, would still be stalking around in slant eyes and embroidered kimonos sticking daggers into the fat necks of aged Chinese Don Juans.

Of course Myrna was a regular girl all the time. But she had grown up in the Valentino-Rambova tradition. As a matter of fact, it was these two tragically mated exotics who first noted the Loy. Rudy admired her as a sculptress; his wife, as a dancer; so they decided to make her a movie actress. They molded her in the only mold they knew—the exotic; and as a result she had played twenty bizarre, unsympathetic, chiefly Oriental roles before Powell, who is the best judge of feminine acting ability in Hollywood, insisted on having her as his romantic lead in The Thin Man, and thus uncovered those gifts as a comedienne which lifted her in a little over a year into the small group of sure-fire box-office stars.

Powell and Luise Rainer in The Great Ziegfeld

Powell and Ginger Rogers in Star of Midnight

by FREDERICK L. COLLINS

POWELL Succeed

He's a Real-Life Contributor to Feminine of Hollywood's Most Remarkable Stories

There have been other instances, of course, of an established male star lending first aid to an ambitious young woman. No confirmed cinema fan can forget how Jack Gilbert not only gave the scenes in Flesh and the Devil to Garbo, but fairly threw them at her. But most of these instances are, like the Garbo-Gilbert one, tinged with the flaming colors of romance.

I can recall only two notable exceptions.

Some years ago John Barrymore, moved by *noblesse oblige,* tried to do the Powell sort of thing with a now almost forgotten blonde named Camilla Horn, and he repeated after many years—and much more successfully—with Powell's own ex-wife, Carole Lombard. Carole's performance in Twentieth Century was indeed a tribute to Barrymore's gift for girl-glorifying.

But these instances are few and, except in Powell's case, far between. The usual Hollywood method is to grab the camera in one hand and the mike in the other and let the girls fall where they may.

An established star like Powell, playing opposite a young girl like Miss Loy, might have made The Thin Man a tragedy for her instead of a triumph. He might have hogged the picture instead of sharing it. Many an actor would have done just that. Dashiell Hammett's hero was a part in a lifetime. Powell knew it. He knew that, if he wished, he could crowd the beauteous Myrna right off the screen. But, as we have seen, he didn't. Instead, he helped the little girl along.

It's an old Powell custom.

Remember when Kay Francis—seemingly doomed to play an unending line of women doctors, women execu-

William Powell and Myrna Loy in The Thin Man

Powell and Kay Francis in One Way Passage

With his "new flame" Jean Harlow in Reckless

With Rainer in Escapade—their first team-up

—and with Rosalind Russell in Rendezvous tives, women secretaries, and the like—finally burst the shackles and in One Way Passage went back to the glorious freedom of romantic slavery?

Here was no mere case of lifting the obscure to the welcoming light of stardom. Francis was quite as well known and well established as Powell. But, typed to unsympathetic and usually mature parts, she was losing the popularity which had long been hers. Then along came Bill Powell with his lift—that indescribable vivifying quality which he imparts to every scene in which he appears and every girl with whom he plays.

One Way Passage was not a funny picture like The Thin Man. Laughter is not Bill's only tonic. When the glasses broke over the bar at Agua Caliente in that poignant final scene, hearts broke as well as glassware. Yet, except for a few gay moments in Lubitsch's Trouble in Paradise, Kay Francis has never been so live, so young, so irresistibly alluring as she was with Powell the Glorifier in One Way Passage.

He did a similar job for Jean Harlow when that tumultuous young woman, beset by morality crusaders, seemed definitely vanishing from the Hollywood scene. Jean had made her reputation playing bad girls in good pictures. When the church drive began, she tried playing good girls in bad pictures. The change wasn't appreciated by any one. Both the pure and the impure stayed away from her films.

About this time the papers began to carry those premature stories of the approaching marriage of Bill Powell and Jean. The marriage is still in the approaching stage; and although Miss Harlow has recently sold her home in Bel Air, which may be a preliminary step to moving into Mr. Powell's big new one, there is at this writing no definite announcement.

Bill, by the way, has been married twice, first to Eileen Wilson and more recently to Carole Lombard. The first marriage started auspiciously with the birth of a fine boy, but petered out after five years into a mutually agreed upon separation. In 1930, after another five-year interval, the couple were divorced. In 1931 Bill married Carole. The union lasted two years; then another friendly divorce. Bill blames himself for both failures; says he keeps himself too much to himself—"aloneness" he calls it—to make a success of marriage.

Whether he will try it again, even with Jean, is in the lap of the gods, but the rumors that he might do so undoubtedly helped to peg the Harlow fall. It was not surprising that the Hollywood front office which had the destinies of Bill and his new flame Jean in tow should decide to present them together in a film.

Result: William Powell and Jean Harlow in Reckless.

The title was a bit of a misnomer. Miss Harlow did not revert to the recklessly daring. But she wasn't bewildered any longer. Buoyed up by Powell's superb technique, she did what she had seldom been able to do before: she made a hit with her clothes on.

And look what Powell did for Ginger Rogers!

GINGER wasn't slipping. She was stepping. Ever since that Shuffle Off to Buffalo number in Forty-second Street the drums have been drumming and the tubas tubaing for Ginger. It did seem as if no one would ever see that she could act!

When Bill went to RKO, Ginger's home studio, to make a film of the late Arthur Somers Roche's Star of Midnight, the company naturally expected to get another big dramatic star to play with him. But Bill told them not to bother. He told them they had right on their own pay roll the ideal woman to play Roche's harassed heroine. And so indeed they had.

Ginger has had time for only one other nonmusical film since the success of Star of Midnight, but, thanks to William Powell, both her studio and her public now know that she is one grand little actress.

Rosalind Russell is another girl who took a ride to fame on the Powell elevator. Why Hollywood thought Twinkling Rosalind couldn't play comedy, nobody knows. And as for playing romantic leads, she seems just made to order. Yet, until Myrna Loy began tiffing with the studio over salary matters, Connecticut Rosie was always a menace and never a bride.

Powell changed all that. He had played with her in Evelyn Prentice, and he saw that this tall dark girl who looked something like Myrna Loy could play the role that had been written for the latter, and thus carry on The Thin Man atmosphere on which the new picture more or less depended.

That this was a more difficult assignment than the others we have been discussing goes without saying. The Misses Francis, Harlow, Rogers, and Loy were all experienced cinema actresses. Miss Russell, although she had sound stage training, was a fairly recent convert to pictures. But Bill isn't afraid of hard assignments. He has had plenty of them in his own career. He brought his courage and his patience to bear on this new one—and Rendezvous, one of the most enjoyable events in the Powell saga, was the result for Bill's company and Bill's fans. For Miss Russell the result was that she had joined the glorified.

When Bill Powell glorifies 'em, the glory sticks. In no case has this truth been so self-evident as in that of his recent *vis-à-vis* Luise Rainer.

In The Great Ziegfeld Miss Rainer needs no help from William Powell or anybody else. Superlative artist that she is, she dominates every scene in which she appears. But when Mr. Powell first teamed with her, in that charming fantasy, Escapade, Luise Rainer was the Forgotten Woman of Hollywood.

IN Europe Rainer was tremendous. She was one of the few artists brought to Hollywood from *real* Old World triumphs. Discovered in her native Vienna by Reinhardt, she had been acclaimed in Paris, Berlin, and London as the leading modern interpreter of Ibsen, Pirandello, and even Shakespeare. Yet in Hollywood the little yes-men and the supposedly great big no-men gave her the same consideration which, years before, they had given Garbo—to wit, none at all.

Then came the salary revolt of La Loy. Rather than give in to Myrna, in what would seem to the innocent bystander her very justifiable demands, they dug little Luise out of the fastnesses of Laurel Canyon and gave her what was supposed to be a supporting role in Powell's current vehicle.

But Bill, as I have said before, is a judge of feminine acting ability. He is also a great guy. There is a stability about Bill Powell that quite belies his debonair appearance on the screen and his frequent indulgence in schoolboy pranks in real life. Ask anybody, and that body will tell you what you may already have decided for yourself: that he is a square shooter. And he never shot straighter than he did with Luise Rainer.

He had no sooner finished the first scene with this stranger—who was making her first appearance before a motion-picture camera—than he realized that he was in the presence of genius. Immediately he told the big bosses that he would insist on her having equal billing with himself. They laughed until their swivels shook. That Mr. Powell! He would be so funny! But "that Mr. Powell" stuck to his story and his guns. Miss Rainer, in her first picture, received star billing, along with the triumphant Bill.

More, he suggested the making of that special epilogue trailer, in which he appeared in his own character and told the motion-picture audiences who Miss Rainer was, and introduced her with his blessing to her new friends. It was a gentle gesture on his part and a generous one. And the little conversation which closed the scene seemed especially typical of the lovable character of this unusual man and of the high regard in which he is held by his fellow artists.

Perhaps you remember how affectionately and respectfully he kissed her, and then, placing his hands on her small shoulders, said huskily:

"Luise, you are a great artist. I hope you make many more pictures."

And how she smiled up at him through tears which were obviously genuine, and spoke the thought which is very properly in the mind and heart of every aspiring young actress in Hollywood:

"I hope, Bill, I make them all with you!"

THE END

A War Nurse, A Charmer, and the Imperishable Mr. Fields

The Films Evoke Two Celebrities of the Past, Ponder Some Present Perils, and Bring a Well-Beloved Comedian Once More to the Screen

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 46 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ THE WHITE ANGEL

THE PLAYERS: Kay Francis, Ian Hunter, Donald Woods, Nigel Bruce, Donald Crisp, Henry O'Neill, Billy Mauch, Charles Croker-King, Phoebe Foster, George Curzon, Georgia Caine, Halliwell Hobbes, Eily Malyon, Montagu Love, Ferdinand Munier, and others. Directed by William Dieterle. Screen play by Mordaunt Shairp.

ALREADY acknowledged Hollywood's leader in gangster and topical-news films, Warners may become known as the best screen biographers. Like The Story of Louis Pasteur, their latest venture into the realm of biography is a sincere, conscientious, and thoroughly worth-while document.

The White Angel tells of the battles and obstacles that Florence Nightingale faced in her ambition to make nursing a respectable career.

Though Kay Francis is no Paul Muni, and her platitudinous utterances make her appear more concerned with creating history than doing the work for itself, The White Angel comes as an entirely acceptable film sister to The Story of Louis Pasteur.

Impressively photographed and staged, the film opens when Miss Nightingale, the daughter of a public official, learns through her father of the laxity, the immorality, the slovenliness, and the drunkenness that permeated hospitals. At that time—the 1850s—nursing was done by lazy slatterns or incompetent old women. No decent woman would have the job. But, in the face of social ostracism, Miss Nightingale chose nursing as her life career. She was met everywhere with rebuffs. Her opportunity was not long in coming, however. For the Crimean War burst upon England. When news correspondents began sending London dismal reports of the way the wounded were being treated, Florence Nightingale, sponsored by public subscription, was sent to the fighting zone.

From there on The White Angel is a stirring account of her fight against prejudice, jealousy, and pestilence. And, altogether, it is an eloquent obituary of a great woman.

Kay Francis and Ian Hunter in a scene from The White Angel.

VITAL STATISTICS: There's nary a kiss in the entire picture, not even a husbandly insulated bird peck. . . . Kay Francis was once a social sektry. She used to do the 100 in 12 seconds flat, those long legs burning up space. Was the Player Queen in Hamlet in Fashion Park—her first stage venture after she'd ditched her social typewriter. Likes movies better'n stage; diets on lamb chops, creamed mushrooms with woostshr sauce. Has tender tonsils and unable to scream in parts, so uses a screaming double. Wears brooch Nightingale herself wore; expects to see Egypt next and live. . . . Nigel Bruce likes spiders because one inspired his famous ancestor, Bob. Is better known in England than here, so his name is always put up in lights there, no matter who the star. Likes the West better'n London; thinks London's too sophisticated. Came out of war with that limp, but still plays cricket, shoots an occasional 75 at golf. Collects pipes and his wife's compliments; hates spending money in restaurants; loves all cheeses. . . . Donald Woods likes working on the home lot more than being rented out. Says everybody has a "good day" for you at home, walk right by you elsewhere. Also's less liable to be triped at home. . . . In thirty years as lens pointer, Cameraman Tony Gaudio never had shot like one where Francis appears 190 feet away with candle, walks through 10 arches with increasing light toward camera. Did it all with calipers, geometry, optics, six banks of dimmers. . . . Thirteen-word line in script, "Fuller goes to a bazaar in village and haggles with merchant for screens," set 100s to work. Researchers checked architecture, width of streets, bazaars, street types, junk sold. Artists designed booths, streets, costumes. Builders turned blueprint into chicken wire, plaster, and paint realities. Set dressers dug out Turkishana. Prop dep't begged, borrowed, stole whips, bales, weapons, burnooses, harems. Care was taken to have Turkish signs translated correctly. Once before Chinaman had printed Chink signs which translated as: "Amellican pictures velly bad!" . . . Ian Hunter goes around turning off lights to save money; doesn't care about clothes but goes to London for them; is happily married, with kids.

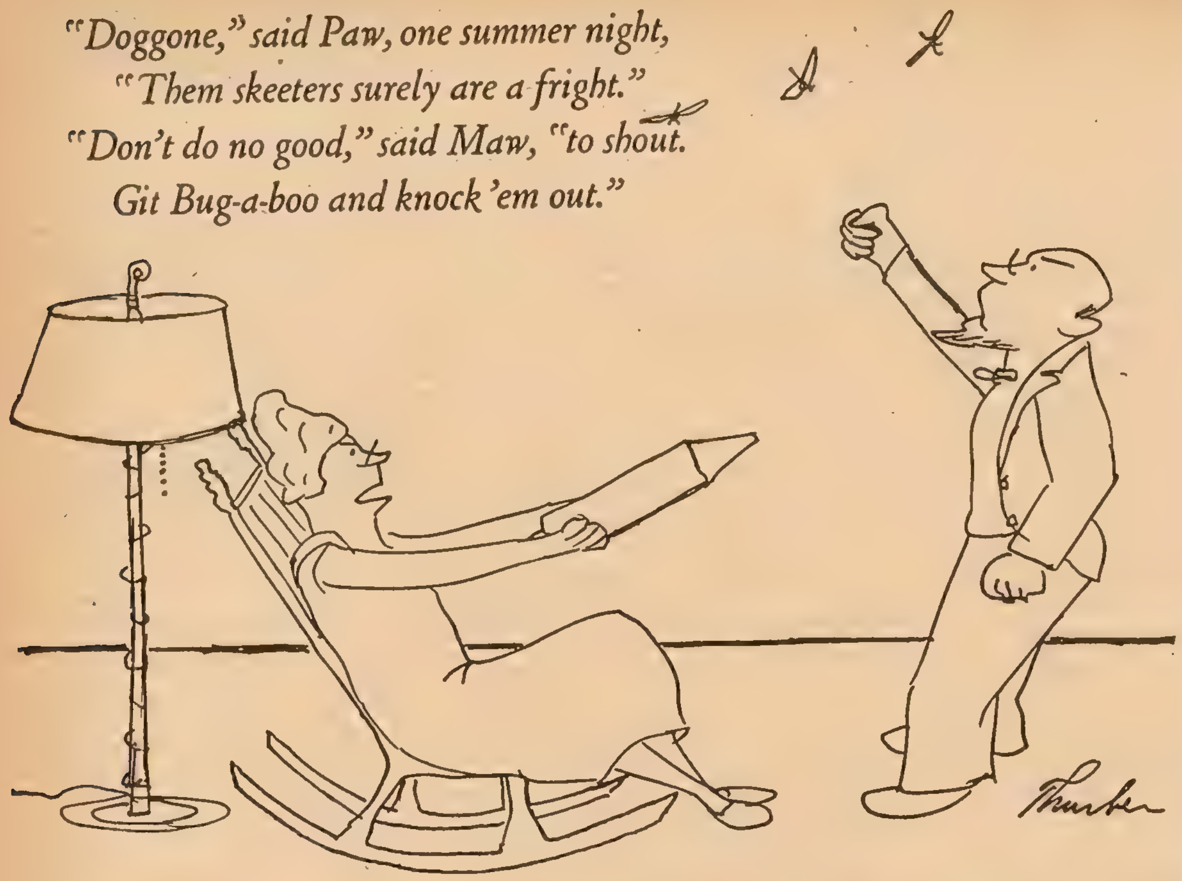
★ ★ AND SUDDEN DEATH

THE PLAYERS: Randolph Scott, Frances Drake, Tom Brown, Billy Lee, Fuzzy Knight, Terry Walker, Porter Hall, Charles Quigley, Joseph Sawyer, Oscar Apfel, Maidel Turner, Jimmy Conlin, John Hyams. Directed by Charles Barton. Story by Theodore Reeves and Madeline Ruthven.

AND SUDDEN DEATH might have been one of the most devastating pictures of the year. Suggested by the magazine article which gave harrowing reality to this statistic, the film begins as an eloquent plea against reckless driving, but ends up as no more than a rather puerile little melodrama that neither preaches an engrossing sermon nor provides any abundance of cinema excitement.

The picture concerns a family of young play people. In their careless hands the auto brings tragedy and

"Doggone," said Paw, one summer night,
"Them skeeters surely are a fright."
"Don't do no good," said Maw, "to shout.
Git Bug-a-boo and knock 'em out."



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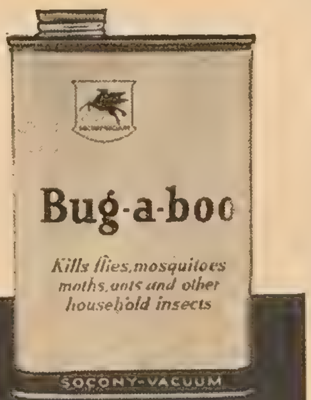
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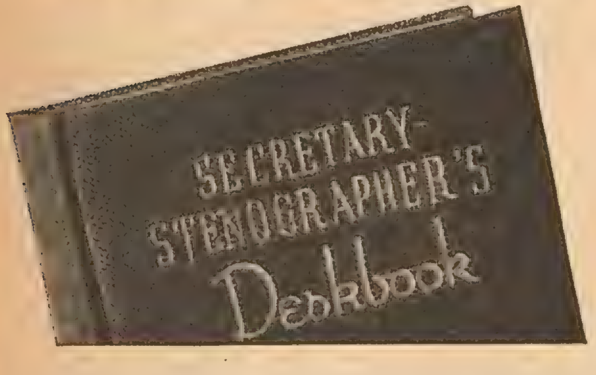

THE SECRETARY-STENOGRAPHER'S DESK BOOK, by William Allen Brooks, introduction by Andre Maurois—a book that will help you to solve at once hundreds of questions of correct form usage and sound business practices—points the way to better jobs and better pay by showing you how to raise yourself to the standard of the highly skilled, highly paid secretaries of big business executives. It contains hundreds of personality hints; efficiency; suggestions; lists of words often misspelled and confused; how to build a vocabulary; rules for correct capitalization; accurate punctuation; all about letter writing; sources of useful information; postal information; patents; copyrights; passports; weights and measures; special terminology and information about advertising; publishing, insurance, real estate; all about contracts; correct form in salutation, closing and address of public officials. A fine big helpful book. Send for it today. Postpaid $1.00.

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ACE FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC.
Dept. L 7-18 1926 Broadway New York, N. Y.

destruction not only to themselves but to those innocents that they meet.

Hampered a bit by stodgy dialogue, the players emerge with sincere performances. Young Tom Brown, as a drunken driver, gives an effective portrait, while the loyal sister who perjures herself for him is nicely enacted by Frances Drake. Randy Scott, as the law-and-order element, is never offensively dictatorial. The best characterization, however, is offered by Jimmy Conlin, who, as the cynical owner of the honeymoon cottage, brings the solemn affair its only gaiety.

You drive cautiously home after seeing And Sudden Death, but you won't have seen a memorable film.

VITAL STATISTICS: Twenty-two cars were demolished but no one was seriously hurt in the making of picture. Captain L. B. Kennedy and Grant Carver were appointed by California highway patrol to serve as technical directors. Stunters had to be found to make the wreck scenes. They were Harvey Perry, Mary Wiggins, and Loretta Rush. . . . Pamphlet of same title as picture was written by J. C. Furnas, and has sold three million copies to date. Poet Joseph Moncure March wrote the scenario. March is the tall brooding fellow who wrote The Wild Party some years ago. . . . Randolph Scott plays a mean game of golf and is mobbed from time to time on the Lakeside course by his feminine fans. He can hardly keep a golf ball. . . . Judge in the film was William Ingersoll, pioneer film actor. He died the day after completing his role in the film. . . . Terry Walker is a blonde, born in St. Petersburg, Alaska, and discovered singing in a Miami night club. She used to have her pictures on magazine covers, painted by Norman Rockwell. . . . The "model home" was in Encino, California, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Flowers. . . . First morning in courtroom scene, Director Charles Barton demanded an American flag. "A person sentenced in a courtroom that doesn't display an American flag can give the judge the raspberry and walk out a free man," he pointed out. Set dressing department agreed with him—but he didn't get the flag. Reason: some countries object to flag of other nations; so flag is generally omitted from films for the sake of the foreign markets.

★ ★ HEARTS DIVIDED

THE PLAYERS: Marion Davies, Dick Powell, Charlie Ruggles, Claude Rains, E. E. Horton, Arthur Treacher, Henry Stephenson, Clara Blandick, John Larkin, Walter Kingsford, Etienne Girardot, Halliwell Hobbes, Hobart Cavanaugh, Hall Johnson Choir, and others. Directed by Frank Borzage. From the play by Rida Johnson Young.

WARNERS have strained every muscle in a Herculean effort to make Hearts Divided a hit. They have lavished gorgeous sets on it, spotted it with a wide collection of comedians, dressed it in beautiful costumes, and given it very lovely music.

All this has been set around a pretentious plot which has the Louisiana Purchase as its crux. But none of these embellishments can quite overcome the miscasting of Marion Davies, a comedienne, and Dick Powell, a crooner, in heavily romantic roles.

A revival of Glorious Betsy, a pioneer talkie, Hearts Divided is pure baroque—all decoration and no body. Even its best scene—wherein Charlie Ruggles, Eddie Horton, and Arthur Treacher engage in a three-way duel for Miss Davies's hand—has little bearing on the plot. But that's the way this piece of Napoleonic display is all the way through. In short, Hearts Divided is topheavy.

VITAL STATISTICS: Dickie Boy Powell gets 11,500 fan letters a week, about 13,500 short of Clara Bow's all-time 25,000 per. Eight thousand are requests for his face and set him back $480 postage a week. Dick keeps popularity map with pins showing where adoring pinheads are thickest. New England, that cheerless place, leads in wanting him, the deep Saouth second. Despite drugstore cowboyishness, is a six-footer, 172-pounder, $5,500-per-week maker. . . . Claude Rains is an acting purist, veddy Theatre Guilded, intellectual, yet a British gentleman farmer who lives in Pennsylvania, 45 minutes from B'way, commuting time. . . . Arthur (I Say) Treacher's kind to his mother; not professionally an Englishman; the perfect Jeeves; devoted to a signet ring, a bit of lethal shrapnel during war. Gets about $2,500 a week. . . . Chollie Ruggles gave a cocktail party in his new dog kennels recently, very Waldorggy ones at that, for dogs and superdoggy humans. Chollie is very droll offstage and fond of extravagance—his only extravagance. . . . It was Ed Horton till one day he was subpoenaed for speeding, mistaken for another Ed Horton. Since then it's been Edward Everett Horton, bane of the theater marquee electric bills but joy of the Power Trust. . . . Marion Davies still likes to ride roller coasters, imitate friends and celebs in roguish mimicry, be the life of the party. Has quite an unmodestly sized mansion at Santa Monica Bay, landmark to mariners, and enormous castle at San Simeon, California. Is always adding to or altering same. Her charities are prodigal. She collects books, antiques, having millions of dollars' worth of latter. Is skillful crayon artist. . . . Some one shouting, "Step on it, you broken-down oat burner," ruined hoss-race scene, slang not being that cherce in 1803. . . . Frank Borzage broke nose at polo; has no smell sense; hence can't tell good script from bad.

★ ½ POPPY

THE PLAYERS: W. C. Fields, Rochelle Hudson, Richard Cromwell, Catherine Doucet, Lynn Overman, Granville Bates, Maude Eburne, Bill Wolfe, Adrian Morris, Rosalind Keith, Ralph Remley. Directed by Ed Sutherland. From the play by Dorothy Donnelly.

W. C. FIELDS'S newest comedy, Poppy, is based on one of his oldest and funniest hits. Yet the film does not score in this new version. Fields, certainly one of the theater's great comedians, was seriously ill during most of the production, and since he received but paltry aid from a routine screen play, this cannot be listed as more than a lethargic blend of paper-weight pathos and standard gags.

Set in a pleasantly realized small-town background of the late nineteenth century, the story has Fields as a carnival buffoon whose adopted daughter (Rochelle Hudson) is heiress to an ample estate. The rest of the film is devoted to their struggle to claim the inheritance. Relying on Fields's magic touches for its entertainment, the picture gets but spasmodic flashes of his comic wizardry.

Richard Cromwell and Miss Hudson take adequate care of the young-love interest.

Though Poppy finds Bill Fields far from his silly best, Bill remains—along with Harold Lloyd and Charlie Chaplin—one of the few imperishable screen characters.

VITAL STATISTICS: Bill Fields ran away from home at eleven, socking his old man for socking him. Never returned. Was self-made boy. Has always had that headlight, which has reddened with the years and is spoiling for Technicolor. Bill appeared in original stage verzh of Poppy along with Madge Kennedy. Walked out on it when he found he couldn't learn lines, being capable of doing only self-taught routines. Still has great trouble to memorize lines. Almost drove David Copperfielders nuts with his difficulties in memorizing Micawber. Once bopped Ed Wynn on the bugle because Ed was distracting laughs on other side of stage to one Bill was juggling on. Gets many of his laughs by accident. Never sticks to script. When English fails, Fields invents his own words: "squeemudgeon," a director who calls actor to work at eight and doesn't use him till eleven; Peggy Joyce, in International House, was "my little fussy fuchsia," "my little laplander"; "obstructroid," a male camera hog, and "obstructrix," a female same; "plantlifer" a buttonholing gardener who wants to talk about his wistaria—or is it hysteria? . . . Those pythons are Babe and Spot. They dwell with Ada Mae Moore in Hollywood apartment, and on cold nights get into bed with Miss Moore, whose sister is a circus iron-jawed lady, hanging from the chandelier hours at a time as practice. . . . Dick Cromwell's writing on the side as Roy Raderbaugh. . . . Helen Holmes the serial queen's tucked away among the extras. . . . Lynn Overman shifted from sideburns to moderns, playing another bit of brass elsewhere during this. . . . Rochelle Hudson's a Christian Scientist and the Lily Maid of the Hollywoodlots. . . . Final Fieldsiana: Instead of saying in his stage days during his numerous acts, "I will now render the Moonlight Sonata on the cigar-box cello" (an invention of his), he said: "I will now render the allegro movement from the Diggi Jigg Schreckensack opera of Gilka Kummel, an opus pippitone." Even he doesn't know what it means. All he knows is that it brought a big laugh. Funny man, that Fields!

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Green Pastures, Show Boat, The Country Doctor, These Three, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Captain Blood.

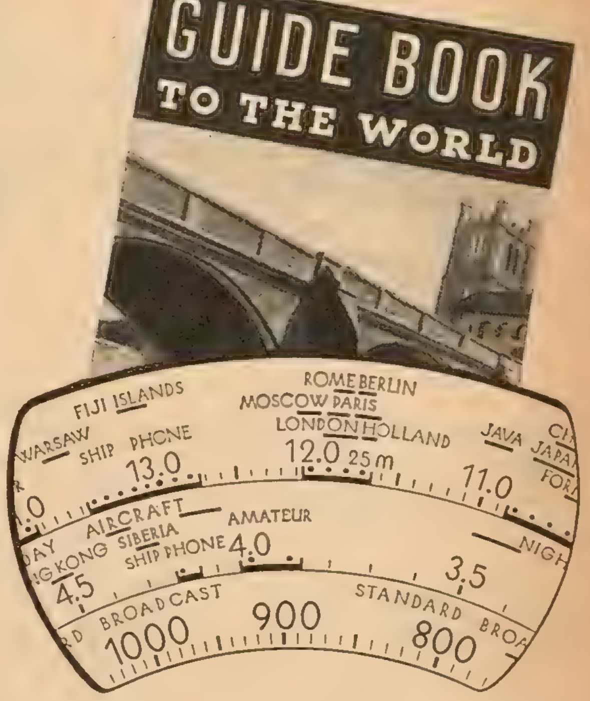
★★★½—The Road to Glory, Anthony Adverse, Under Two Flags, The Great Ziegfeld, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Sutter's Gold, Captain January, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Follow the Fleet, Modern Times, Next Time We Love, The Milky Way, Anything Goes, Ceiling Zero, Chatterbox, The Bride Comes Home.

★★★—The Poor Little Rich Girl, The King Steps Out, Fury, The Princess Comes Across, The Dancing Pirate, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, Let's Sing Again, Small Town Girl, The Moon's Our Home, Petticoat Fever, Too Many Parents, Everybody's Old Man, Screen Snapshots, Love Before Breakfast, Three Little Wolves, The Prisoner of Shark Island, Gentle Julia, Wife Versus Secretary, It Had to Happen, The Voice of Bugle Ann, Rose Marie, The Petrified Forest, Magnificent Obsession, Professional Soldier, The King of Burlesque, If You Could Only Cook, Whipsaw, Another Face, Last of the Pagans.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 21

1—Alexander Woollcott.
2—From five to eight minutes.
3—That of Secretary of War.
4—Jerome.
5—The Seventh-Day Adventist Church.
6—The Good-Will Court (Sunday nights).
7—At Galveston, by tidal wave.
8—Jean Hersholt in The Country Doctor.
9—Exodus 30: 25, "an ointment compounded after the art of the apothecary."
10—That of tap dancing.
11—The birth anniversary of Huey P. Long, assassinated September 8, 1935.
12—Twenty-one dollars; less on Sundays.
13—Aaron Burr.
14—The Queen Mary, with 200,000 horsepower. The Normandie is rated at 160,000 horsepower.
15—The Olympic Games.
16—In the State of Minnesota.
17—James A. Garfield, twentieth President of the United States.
18—Martinique. On May 8, 1902, nearly 40,000 inhabitants of the city of St. Pierre lost their lives when the volcano erupted.
19—Australia.
20—

The 1937 Philco Dial is a



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This contest offer will be repeated only once more. If you have planned to enter but have not done so, act now! Be sure that your entry is filed before the dead line arrives. If you have no picture, get out your camera and snap one. A snap of the shutter may point the way to one of the major prizes. You can't win without an entry!

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1. Liberty is seeking the pictures of beautiful children. Every child—babies and young children, boys and girls who have not passed their tenth birthday—is eligible except children of employees of Liberty and their families.
2. It is not necessary to take new pictures for this contest. However, each entry must be of recent taking and must show the subject as he or she appears at this time.
3. To be considered for a prize, each picture must be accompanied by an official registration coupon properly filled out.
4. Pictures will be judged on the basis of personality and pictorial appeal. The editors of Liberty will be the judges. By entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
5. To the child whose picture rates highest, in the opinion of the judges, Liberty will pay a first prize of $500. Other awards will be: second prize, $200; third prize, $100; twenty prizes, each $10; 200 prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
6. Address all entries to BEAUTIFUL CHILD EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be received on or before August 5, 1936, the closing date of this contest. Send entries flat by first-class mail.
7. By entering you give Liberty the right to publish the picture for the purposes of this contest. All prize-winning pictures will become the property of the publishers for reproduction wherever desired. No picture will be returned nor will we be responsible for pictures lost in the mails.

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Mother's maiden name ....
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Father's occupation ....
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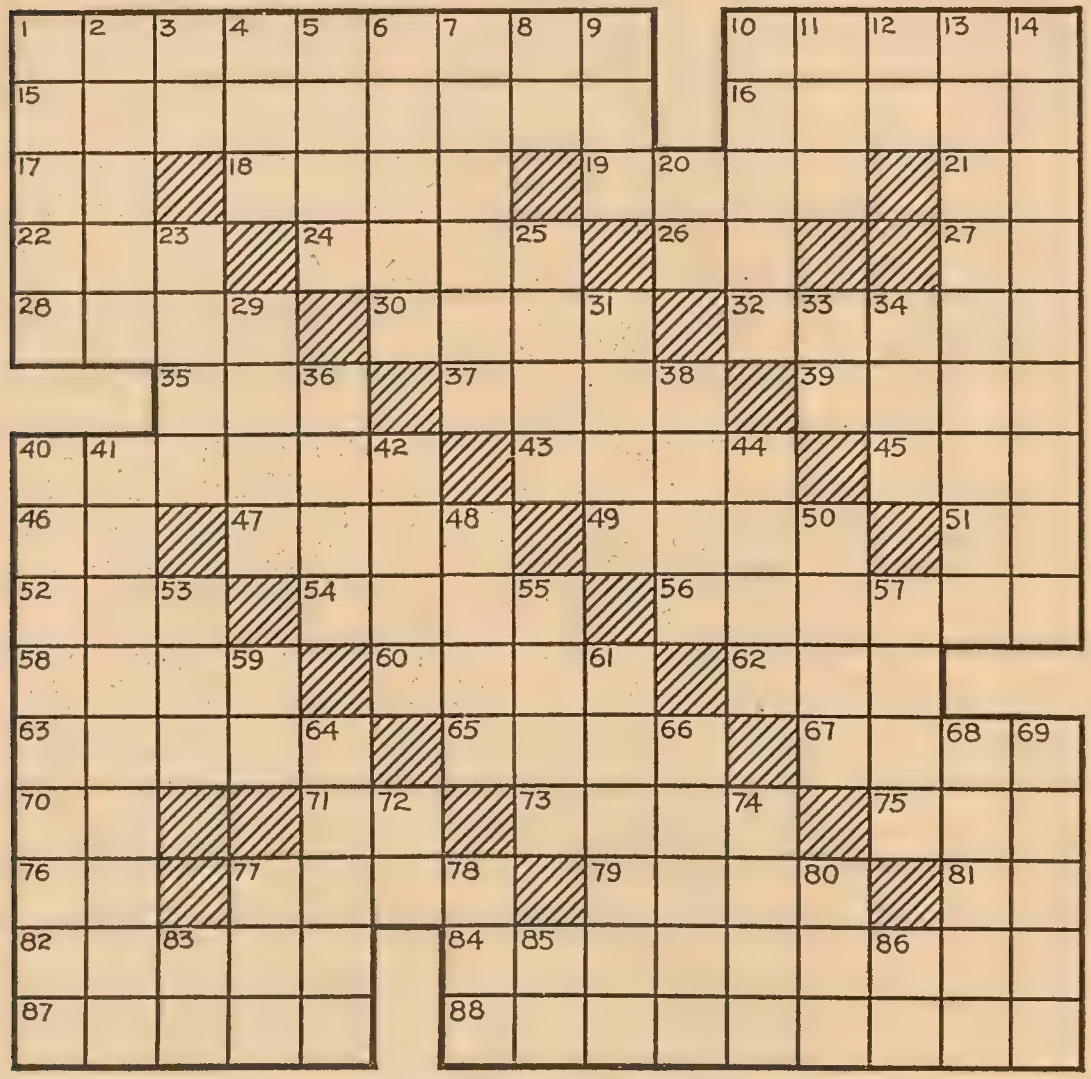
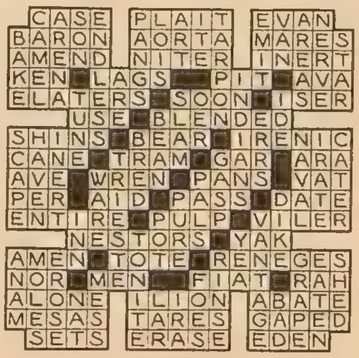
Signed ....
(Signature of parent or guardian)
Sender's name ....
Sender's address ....

Cockeyed Crosswords

By TED SHANE





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USE■BLENDED
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PER■AID■PASS■DATE
ENTIRE■PULP■VILER
NESTORS■YAK
AMEN■TOTE■RENEGES
NOR■MEN■■FIAT■RAH
ALONE ILION ABATE
MESAS TARES GAPED
SETS ERASE EDEN

Answer to last week's puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1 Two relaxing weeks of sunburn, poison ivy, and skeeter bites (plural).
10 The Apaches loved a dish of this with fried scalp
15 Grampaw got plastered in it and came out a bust
16 Smith's xylophone
17 Poundage cut down to save footage
18 Poetic long ago
19 Burpowder
21 Poet's insides
22 Snag a snack at midnight
24 Gets it from the judge
26 She's stood for a lot from father
27 Jealousy in two letters
28 He's a Cherman but not a Herman
30 Gracie Allen wants to know if Father Time washes behind them
32 Smoky City of Arabia
35 Device used for filling saucers for drinking
37 What did the dry cleaner name his dawg?
39 Genuine German
40 The River of Longing
43 Maybe you'd shine too if your face value was $5,000 a week like this 'un's
45 His favorite dish's dark meat on veldt
46 University of Amazons (abbr.)
47 Bill Robinson makes his dogs talk with these
49 The biggest mess in the army
51 Edit this and you'll have credit
52 National League of Politicians (abbr.)
54 Fished
56 What will the well dressed cashier wear this summer?
58 Talk through an enlarged hatband
60 Bass or treble that hangs around bars
62 Isn't this a yell?
63 About the only thing Houdini couldn't get in and out of easily
65 Pork juice
67 Rural neon
70 He tanned Cleo's hide for her
71 That there one there
73 Dead Man's Gulch bridge
75 He died as he was named
76 Numskull Pumpernickelbakers (abbr.)
77 The light that lies in a nonnecking gal's eyes
79 Main support of the Sons & Daughters of America
81 Ellen, fundamentally sound
82 Ghoulish (not the Hungarian kind)
84 He's spick and span is this bandbox man (two words)
87 Something nudists never have to do for dinner
88 She recently hit the high C's (two words)

VERTICAL

1 Viennese swing music
2 Collection of homely mugs that've been in the fambly for years
3 Casabianca looks this way no matter how you look at it
4 Honesty in three letters
5 These once were sailors
6 A magazine's debut
7 In time they wind up as peach skins
8 Compass cold spot
9 Fthrs. of jrs.
10 What a girl is after she's married
11 Suffix connected with notable person
12 Half of five yet more than half of five
13 The Washington Monument of Bad Taste
14 They'll hand you a lift
20 The force of X-words
23 Cheap type (good for a bad spell)
25 They're pure and simple and live in trees
29 The last thing that Alfred and Lynn of Idiot's Delight answer to
31 Bottle babies
33 These letters are shocking to a degree
34 Two hundred and a half (Hercules's tongue)
36 A belly nice sound
38 Puff dunk (feminine)
40 This kind of person detests backslappers
41 What one-armed paperhangers are troubled with in high winds
42 Eddie Guest × 10,000 = 1
44 Peaceful European spot filled with German soldiers
48 Pass out for money
50 This starts with the soup and winds up with nuts
53 Ball-park champagne
55 With all that dirt in his ears no wonder Johnny's often this at errand time
57 A cowboy's pantie (swish!)
59 A plain man and a plane
61 A boy, a girl, a summer moon and this!
64 High speed + R.R. X-ing + approaching locomotive = these
66 Lynch cloth (isn't it always hanging?)
68 A poke in the jaw for the dentist
69 Small copper not much good in a pinch
72 Preposition
74 Japan found this kind of door in China and walked in
77 Well known boom around the Fourth of July
78 Letters from people in a hurry
80 Gals say there's a lot of waist motion in this
83 A cheerful note
85 Animated Underwear (abbr.)
86 Dad in the Tower of Babble

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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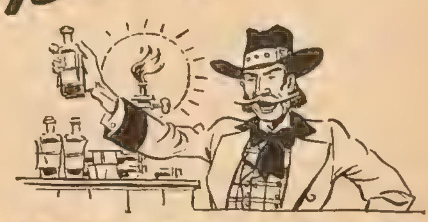

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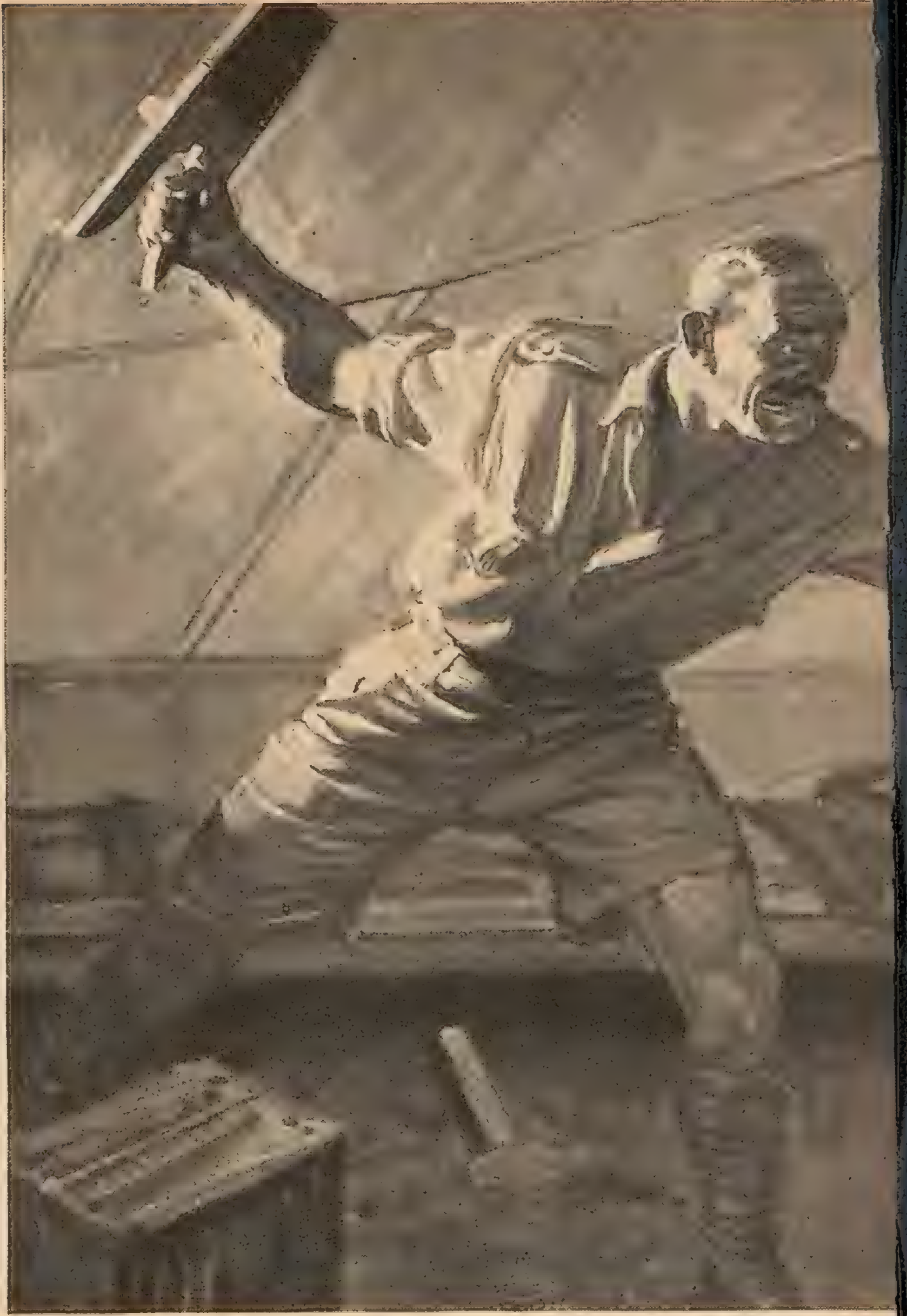


I tore off the paper and took hold of the lid. "Stop!

LLOYD GEORGE as Premier having "made it official" that the Holy Land was Britain's objective, there could be no backing down. Well aware of that, von Kressenstein, the Turks' German commander, tried to foment a revolution in Egypt. About this time Todd Gilney (telling the story to Mr. Thomas) had assigned to him as orderly a meek little private, Peleg Benson, who confessed to being a reformed anarchist and to knowing a thing or two about bombs. Todd had no use for or patience with Private Peleg—until he found that the private had been quietly keeping tabs on that sinister Countess Warbuta whom Todd had been trailing at risk of his life, and had seen her leave Port Said on a steamer shortly after Todd had recognized her on the street.

An airplane took Todd into Arabia to see "a man named Lawrence." Next he went into the desert, where pipe line and railroad were being pushed on under hellish conditions and in spite of the Turks. El Arish was captured before Christmas, and another victory followed at Maghdaba. But the slowness of the rail and pipe-line construction gave von Kressenstein time to get his forces together. At Rafah they offered battle. The Desert Column won, and then came within sight of the Promised Land. The enemy meanwhile had consolidated their defenses along the line from Gaza to Beersheba. Two British attacks on Gaza failed dismally; the first might have succeeded but for a blunder by the general in command. Result: Allenby, the victor of Arras, was sent by the London War Office to replace him.

PART FOUR—THE GATES OF GAZA

TODD GILNEY continues his story:

On the plain below Gaza we buried our dead. The chaplain looked down the long line of graves and said quietly, "'He will swallow up death in victory; and . . . wipe away tears from off all faces.'" I hoped so sincerely.

Then Allenby arrived—and, Lowell, I *knew* the chaplain was right. Allenby's every action inspired faith. Just looking at the man gave me confidence. He was the finest looking soldier I ever saw. He was big and broad-shouldered; he made me think of that other man of Gaza: that Samson, who "arose at midnight, and took the doors and the gate of the city, and the two posts, and went away with them, bars and all, and put them upon his shoulders."

He was quick to praise where praise was due—but they called him "Bull" Allenby, and you could hear him roar from Dan to Beersheba when any one shirked his job. He was the terror of generals, including his own, and beloved of privates. He was a past master of military strategy and with swift-moving forefinger he would outline for his officers breath-taking moves on an operations map of the Holy Land, then emerge from the conferences and crawl underneath his broken automobile to help his chauffeur with the repairs.

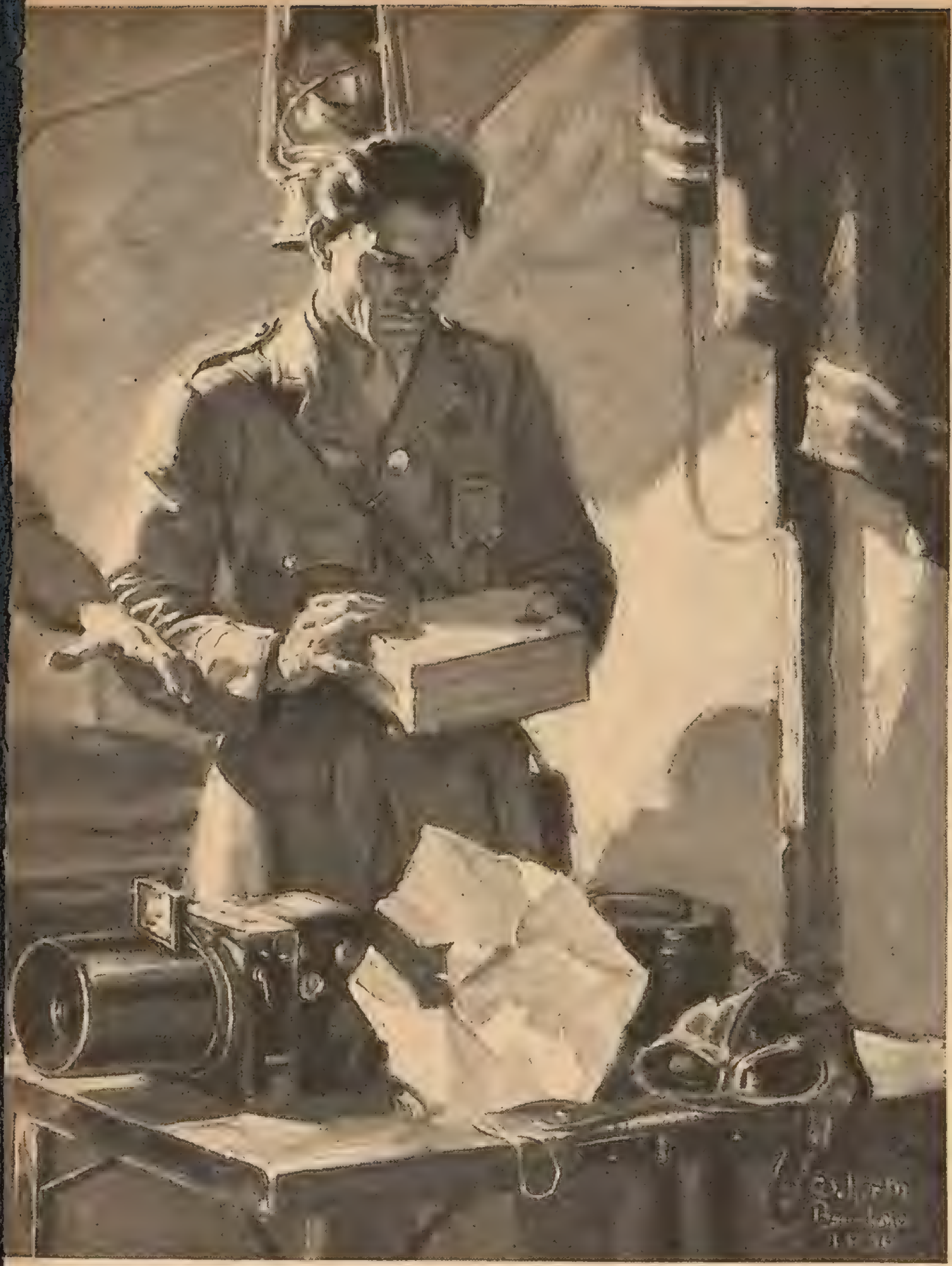
He wasn't afraid of man or devil—or the War Office in London. He looked at our tired army; he decided what we needed in the way of fresh troops and new equipment, then wired his requisitions. And at the end of the telegrams he added a terse:

"I will not move a step until I get them."

He got them!

But not in a day or a week; such things take time. While he waited Allenby went down to Cairo and looked over base headquarters. He saw plenty—and he didn't like it. He saw all the hotel lobbies crowded with immaculately clad staff officers; the place was alive with them. Allenby buttonholed them, one at a time. He asked crisply:

"What's your job?"



creamed Benson—and that's the last thing I remember.

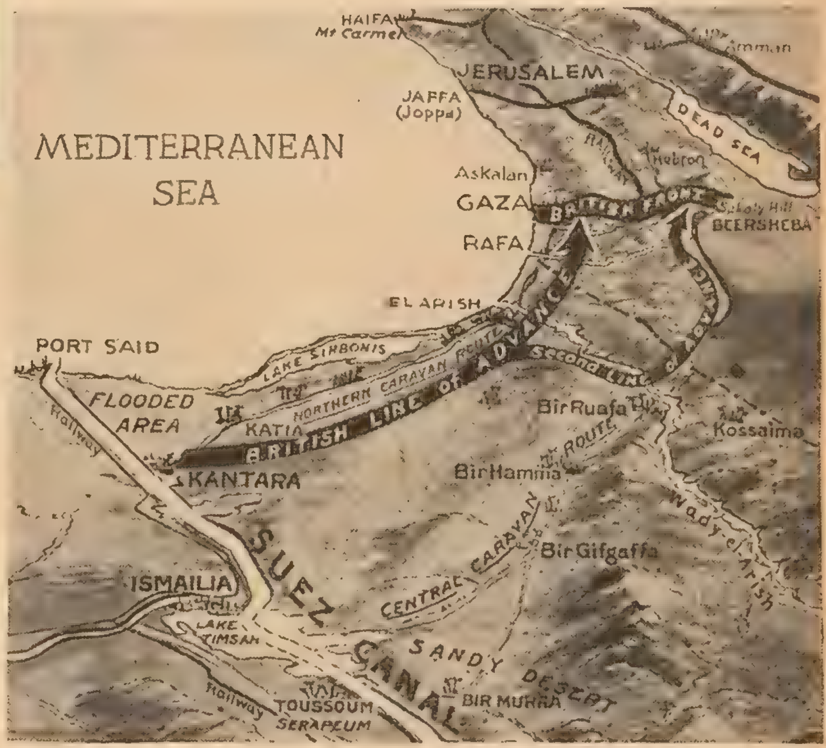
IT was in Hebron, where he had taken refuge with relatives, that I encountered the Arab mayor of Gaza. The Cave of Machpelah, tomb of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Sarah, and Rebekah, is in Hebron. So the town is holy to Jews, Christians, and Moslems. But at this time the Moslems still had a monopoly. For centuries Jews and Christians had been excluded from the world-famous shrine.

The exiled mayor and I became friends, and in a rash moment he agreed to smuggle me into the cave. When we entered the mosque above it, some one must have passed the word to the Moslems in the bazaar, for when we came out they jammed the streets. We ran for our staff car with the mob at our heels, howling, spitting, throwing stones. In the nick of time military police rescued us.

Word of this was flashed by wire to Allenby, many miles away—and presently I was placed under arrest and was whisked out of Hebron. They let me off with nothing worse than a reprimand. But later I learned that the genial mayor of Gaza had been sent to prison for three months for having brought on a religious incident and near riot that might have set fire to all Palestine.

Just a picturesque memory—until I think of it as typifying those "trivial" occurrences any one of which might, at any hour, set fire to all Palestine today!

—LOWELL THOMAS.


HAIFA
Mt Carmel
Amman
JERUSALEM
JAFFA (Joppa)
DEAD SEA
Hebron
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Askalan
GAZA
BRITISH FRONT
BEERSHEBA
RAFA
EL ARISH
PORT SAID
LAKE SIRBONIS
NORTHERN CARAVAN ROUTE
BRITISH LINE OF ADVANCE
SECOND LINE
FLOODED AREA
KATIA
Railway
Bir Ruafa
Kossaima
ROUTE
KANTARA
Bir Hamma
Wady el Arish
Bir Gifgaffa
ISMAILIA
SUEZ CANAL
CENTRAL CARAVAN
LAKE TIMSAH
SANDY DESERT
TOUSSOUM
SERAPEUM
BIR MURRA

From a British sketch map published at the time.

How the Desert Column moved from the Suez Canal to the Holy Land. Notice its "second line of advance" against Beersheba, where Allenby struck after feinting at Gaza.

If it wasn't essential—and frequently it wasn't—he snapped: "You are relieved from that duty. Report to the front immediately!"

He cleaned the brass hats out of Cairo and returned to Gaza.

"Now," he smiled, "there ought to be room enough in Cairo for the privates. Give them all two weeks' leave just as fast as they can be spared and the railroad can haul them."

A soldier can't have much fun in a prohibition town, and Cairo was dry. A staff officer told the general, hesitatingly, that a previous commander had closed all the "pubs." Allenby was human.

"Open them," he said. "I want the boys to have a little fun and a good rest. *Then, if God be willing, we are going to Jerusalem—perhaps to Damascus.*"

You'll meet him here in Jerusalem, Lowell, and he hasn't changed. He's a soldier and a gentleman. He's Bull Allenby—and we all love him.

The Turk was strong and confident. The collapse of Russia had freed him of his worries in the Caucasus; reinforcements had poured south. The Turkish line was a solid wall of fortifications from Gaza to Beersheba, thirty miles inland.

Von Falkenhayn had come south from Constantinople to take command. The wily Kress von Kressenstein and Major von Papen were on his staff.

Allenby knew all that but wasn't bluffed. He massed troops, horses, mules, camels, and supplies. He prepared slowly and carefully for an assault on Gaza—so everybody thought.

My chief called me into his tent. "Gilney," he said, "I want some photographs of the enemy fortifications at the point of first attack. Go out to the flying field and get a pilot to fly you across; take all the pictures you can around *Beersheba*."

"Beersheba?" I gasped. "After all these preparations to attack Gaza, aren't we going to do it?"

The chief smiled. "Falkenhayn expects us to attack Gaza too; he has seen all our preparations, and"—the chief quoted the Proverbs—"'Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird.'"

That made things clearer. I said, "I take it that the military equivalent of that is, 'Never look where you're aiming.'"

"Exactly. General Allenby is looking hard at Gaza. Let Falkenhayn think we are spreading our net there if he wishes. We hope he does. Now go take those pictures of Beersheba; that's where we're aiming."

I found Elton and he loaded me in a DH. Major Sternman went along as escort in one of our new Nieuport jobs. As we flew along the lines I could see that the Turkish fortifications made the most of a natural defensive position.

General Allenby as he looked upon arriving before Gaza and taking command of the Crusade.

Gaza sits at the end of a spur of the Judean hills. It guards the ancient gateway from Sinai to the Holy Land: a narrow pass along the beach, between town and water. Inland, the country rises and gets rougher. The river Ghazze cut a nasty gash in front of the Turkish positions—which made things harder for us. Falkenhayn had built a lateral road behind his line—which made things easier for the Turks.

Their trenches were deep. They bristled with barbed wire and they blazed with color. The earthworks looked like a rainbow that had been fed through a meat grinder. The shortage of sandbags caused that. Johnny Turk had sewed up old bedclothes and women's dresses; blotches of green, yellow, and red glowed in the morning sun.

The other end of the line was at Beersheba, where Abraham digged a well and planted a grove. Beyond in the desert were the sites of Sodom and Gomorrah. Beersheba, in a recess in the hills, is a rambling old town of ancient dwellings; but there were new buildings, constructed by the Turks for barracks and arsenals. They had built a strong point to the south, on the crest of the thousand-foot ridge of Abu Shaar. There was a newly paved road running north toward Hebron.

I finished my work over Beersheba and signaled Elton to fly up the Hebron road. That took us into enemy territory, but it was necessary: The road was alive with Turkish transport and I knew my boss would want pictures. I was busy with my camera; I forgot to watch behind me—and that's a mistake for an airplane observer!

A BURST of machine-gun slugs missed me by a whisker. They didn't miss the camera. They shattered it to bits; it leaped out of my hands and tumbled over the side. A Fokker flicked past our tail, guns chattering, and zoomed up on the other side of us.

I grabbed the Lewis gun. I swung it down and drew a bead on the Fokker but it was already out of range. It was leaving us, drawing away—and then I understood why.

It was after Major Sternman's Nieuport. Two more enemy planes dived from above; there were three Fokkers, and they all went after the major. Their game was obvious: They intended to knock off our escort, then return and polish us off at their leisure.

Sternman dived toward the east. The Fokkers followed, hot on his trail. The fight moved away from us. Elton cracked his throttle wide and tried to keep up, but it was no use; all four of those ships were far faster than we were.

The four specks grew smaller and smaller and disappeared in the mists of the eastern horizon.

There was nothing for us to do but make our way home and stand around the field praying that nothing had happened to Sternman. But something must have happened! It was long past the time when his fuel would have run out, and he hadn't returned. A sad-eyed bunch of pilots sat down to dinner; Sternman—poor devil—was either dead or in a Turkish prison camp.

Only he wasn't, Lowell.

Three days later Benson ran into my tent. "Come out here, quick!" he shouted. He was so excited that he forgot to say "sir," so I judged it must be something important.

It was! Sentries were half-carrying an exhausted man into a tent. It was Sternman, or what was left of him. He was stark naked, burned to a crisp, and swollen up like a poisoned pup from insect bites. But he was alive—after three days of hardship that would put the Odyssey to shame.

He had fought three Fokkers for two hours. The enemy pilots tried everything in the book to knock him down, and failed. They ganged on him—and he twisted and turned like a hunted rabbit and kept the blazing Spandaus from finding a vital spot. They separated and jumped him one at a time—and he looped and slashed back with a burst from his gun.

BUT those Fokker pilots were old hands. They knew all the tricks of the trade. They knew they had more gas than he had; they had just taken off when the fight began, and he had been up some time. If they couldn't shoot him down, perhaps they could drown him.

They tried. They clung to Sternman's tail and chased him past the shore line and out to sea. They blocked his every effort to turn back; they didn't leave him until he ran out of gas and tumbled into the Mediterranean, sixteen miles offshore.

Then the Fokkers went home triumphant. The British pilot was as good as dead; no man could swim that far in a flying suit. That's what they thought.

Sternman didn't try—not in a flying suit. He wriggled out of his clothes and started for shore naked. He had never swum more than a mile or so in his life, but he swam sixteen, and crawled up on the beach more dead than alive. He didn't know where he was and he was too exhausted to investigate. But because he might be behind the Turkish lines, he found a cave and hid until dark.

He tried to sleep. There wasn't a chance. Sand fleas went to work on his naked body, flies drove him frantic. Night brought respite from the flies—then the mosquitoes had a feast. He was hungry; he couldn't even find a drink of water. He was half-delirious, but somewhere inside him burned a spark of determination: he would *not* be captured!

All night he stumbled southward along the shore. He had seen no one and still had no idea of his whereabouts, except that the British lines lay in that direction. If he could make his legs keep moving, sooner or later he was bound to encounter a British soldier.

When he didn't, he hid in another cave for the second day. Without water, the torment was horrible, but he endured it. When night fell he started south again. He cut his feet on shells, he fell over boulders, he tore his naked body on thorns. In the morning he saw Turkish patrols and knew that he was just north of the lines but still in Turkish territory.

A Turkish sentry looked up. There was no time to seek shelter; Sternman ducked behind a rock and lay motionless—*all day long.* He dared not move lest he be seen. But the burning sun moved. It climbed up the brassy heavens and sought out his patch of shade behind the rock. He watched his skin turn pink, then red, then bubble into huge blisters, and he couldn't do a thing about it. The blisters broke into welts of raw meat—but Sternman didn't see that. He couldn't. He was unconscious from sunstroke.

At dusk the heat gave way to biting chill, and he half-revived. Teeth chattering, he staggered down to the water and, with a last superhuman effort, swam around the end of the Turkish lines where they met the sea. He clambered ashore in British territory—and here he was.

What a man!

The greatest danger to Allenby's plan was that Turkish airplanes would spot our deception. The pilots of the Royal Flying Corps stopped that. They came to life with a vengeance and captured supremacy of the air once more. Frequently my job took me over the lines with them as an observer.

I must have looked down on Gaza and the maritime plain twenty times. Every time I did I thought of its fabulous history—and it thrilled me anew.

Ethiopians, Persians, and Mongols have died before Gaza. The Ptolemies camped there on their way to invade Syria. Alexander the Great passed through the gateway of Gaza on his way into Egypt. Pompey captured the plain in the name of imperial Rome. Caesar gave the "maritime city of Gaza" to Herod. Somewhere below me Philip arose, and, going "unto the way that goeth unto Gaza," met and baptized the Ethiopian.

Then the sword of Islam swept across the land. The Mohammedans had held it ever since—except for one glorious interval. That interval, brief though it was, had left its proud mark on Gaza: carved on the stones of the tower which now housed Turkish headquarters was the *lion of the crusaders.*

THE history of Gaza thrilled me; but I'll have to admit that the Turkish preparations for our reception scared me! Behind their first-line defenses were a second complete line of fortifications, and a third—in jagged, waterless country. A frontal attack would never succeed. Allenby's plan was our only hope. If it turned back the Turkish left flank fast enough, Falkenhayn might never be able to make a second stand. But every man in the army would have to be on his toes.

Benson was waiting for me at my tent when I returned from the flying field.

"Sir," he said, "here's a package for you. It came in the mail from England. It looks like a box of candy—but I don't know. I wish the captain wouldn't—well—"

"Wouldn't what?" I asked idly, not paying much attention. Maybe it *was* candy; I hoped it was cigars. Who could have been thoughtful enough to send me either? I started to untie the string.

"Let me open it, sir," said Benson.

"No, thanks. I like to open my own presents; seems like Christmas." I tore off the paper and took hold of the lid.

"Stop!" screamed Benson — and that's the last thing I remember. Something hit me over the head. Wheels turned, anvils clanged, and I was out like a light.

I came to with Benson standing beside my cot. He was apologizing frantically for something or other. It was a minute or two before my groggy brain would grasp what he was saying. Then I understood — plenty!

The package was a bomb. There was enough high explosive in it to blow up a dozen men. It was wired to go off when the box was opened. But it hadn't been opened. It would have been except that Benson had clouted me over the head with my bootjack, snatched the bomb, and doused it in my water bucket. It was swimming there now.

I SAID, "Thanks, Benson. You saved my life. But how did you ever guess what was in that package? —and *who* ever sent *that* to *me?*"

"The captain forgets my—ah—past. I used to be an anarchist, and I can smell a bomb a mile away." Benson hesitated. "And of course I don't *know* who sent the bomb to the captain, but whenever I think of some one who 'deviseth mischiefs; like a sharp razor, working deceitfully,' I think of—"

"Green eyes," I interrupted.

"Yes, sir," said Benson. "The captain hasn't heard the last of the Countess Warbuta."

I flew south into Arabia to make contact with Lawrence again. He and the Emir Feisal with their force of Arabs were an important part of the picture. They were the unofficial right wing of Allenby's army. It was due to Lawrence's efforts that we didn't have to worry much about the Turks turning our flank while we were scheming to turn theirs. But Lawrence is a story by himself. I'll come back to him.

When I got back to Gaza I found that "zero day" had been set. We were ready to jump off and make the big effort—and, Lowell, I trembled a bit at the prospect. If our attack failed, we were sunk. But it wouldn't fail! A mighty resolve ran through "Bull" Allenby's army; it electrified the camp; you could feel it in the air!

We would "take hold of shield and buckler, and stand up"; we would "be as mighty men, which tread down their enemies in the mire of the streets in the battle."

Our heavy artillery and the guns of the fleet opened the show with a four-day bombardment of Gaza. That was part of Allenby's plan to deceive the Turk.

It worked. If Falkenhayn had had any doubts, the day-and-night shelling of Gaza dissipated them. He concentrated his strength at the seaward end of the line—and all during the final night of the bombardment our army swung inland toward Beersheba.

Time enough!

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I rode with the Mounted Corps. Benson and a wireless operator followed, leading a pack mule that carried a portable radio set. The operator was an ex-sailor who answered to the name of "Hog" Hampshire. He was heavy—almost fat; he might have been at home on the deck of a ship but he was having a terrible time on horseback.

The country was atrocious, and the darkness made it worse. There were little dry beds of streams crossing every which way. Their sides were perpendicular. They were gashes etched into the ground by the floods of the rainy season.

Horses and mules tumbled into the ditches and scrambled out. The wireless set slipped; Hog Hampshire fell off his horse completely and repeatedly. Between the two of them, Benson got the worst of the deal. He spent the night strapping the wireless set back in place and then boosting the fat operator into his saddle.

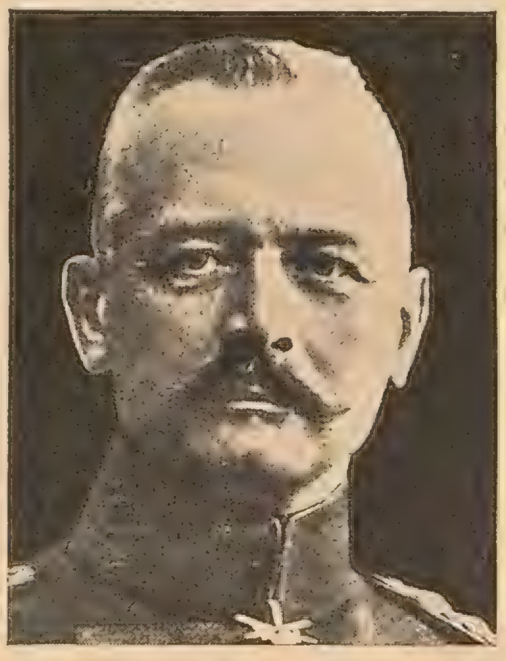
A brigade of London troops hit the first Beersheba defenses at daybreak. A hundred field guns cut the wire to bits and the Londoners crashed through. Two brigades stormed the redoubts on the ridge of Abu Shaar in less than an hour.

The Mounted Corps was farther over, preparing to hit the town from the east. I was still with them. I started to set up my field wireless set and report.

"Don't do it yet," said an Australian private. "We'll be charging into town in two shakes—you'll be left behind."

I asked, "How soon are you moving, Billjim?" You know, Billjim is Anzac slang for a light-horseman.

"I'm not sure," he answered, "but I'll find out. Hey! You!" he bellowed at another Anzac standing near. "Make yourself useful. Tell this officer when we are moving off."



General von Falkenhayn, who took command against Allenby.

I always knew that Australian discipline was sketchy, but the man he addressed was a *captain*—and he not only took language like that from a private; he answered respectfully, "We'll move in just five minutes." Then he walked away hurriedly to cover his embarrassment.

I asked the private, "How does it happen that you talk like that to your officer?"

"Who? Him? Say, mister, down in Australia I own a cattle ranch. That bird is one of my cowpunchers. *I* volunteered with the first draft. *He* waited and went to an officers' training school. Now he's a captain and I'm a private—but he still takes orders from me!"

A minute later the Billjims leaped into their saddles. With a yell they charged into Beersheba and caught the Turks flat-footed. But the Turks didn't quit! They clung to their positions, spraying us with rifle fire, deluging us with machine-gun fire.

MEN were hit. Horses tumbled in mid-stride and threw their riders headlong. I was supposed to take things easy and wait for my pack mule and wireless set, but my horse was a trained cavalry mount and he thought differently. He knew what he was supposed to do when the rest of his outfit charged. He took the bit in his teeth and I went flying across country whether I liked it or not.

I liked it! I never did relish the idea of being left behind when there was action going on, and this was one time I was right up with the first.

We took the first trenches at a wild gallop. We jumped over the heads of the startled Turkish infantry and kept right on going. Our second wave could take care of them; we had pressing business ahead. Horses have to have water, so we had to capture the seven wells of Beersheba before the Turks could blow them up.

If we hadn't, all our work would have been for nothing. Without water, we couldn't have pursued the beaten Turks; we might even have had to retreat to our old water supply. Falkenhayn would have had time to reorganize his army—and we wouldn't be in Jerusalem today.

One well went off with a roar. We galloped up just as the second exploded. The rest of the wells were wired for destruction, but the Turks saw us coming like an avalanche. If they were to escape, there was no time to touch the other five off.

They fled—all except one black-browed Turkish sergeant. He stuck to his post. I saw his hand reach up the wall of a water-storage tank toward a knife switch. He was a brave man; I hated to do it—but I shot him just in time.

Benson and Hampshire found their way into town with the pack mule. Benson was limping badly. I thought he had been shot.

"Stop a bullet?" I asked. "Where are you hit?"

"Not hit at all, sir. Only *kicked*—and dying for a smoke. This blankety-blank mule walked through all that machine-gun fire without batting an ear—and then balked at a cigarette paper that somebody had dropped on the ground. Being just out of cigarette papers, I stooped over to pick it up, and the mule let go with his heels and scored a bull's-eye.

"Which, captain, still isn't the worst. I had my open can of tobacco in my hand and it must have gone a mile when he kicked me. Now I haven't got any papers or tobacco either."

I GAVE him a cigarette and told Hampshire to set up his wireless. That boy was fat but he knew his stuff; he had the apparatus working in no time at all.

I reported and asked for news at the Gaza end of the line. The Gaza attack was secondary but important. It had to be pressed home to prevent the Turks from rushing reinforcements to Beersheba; and assaulting the cactus hedges of Gaza was the same nasty job that it had been on the two occasions when we failed.

The Gaza advance was just getting under way on a mile-long front from Sheik Hazan at the water's edge to Umbrella Hill. It was too soon to hear anything definite about results. I was ordered to pack up again and follow the mounted corps, which was now moving ahead, leaving Beersheba behind and swinging left like a giant door hinged at Gaza.

While Hampshire packed the radio set I climbed up on the roof of a house to have a look with my field glasses. I was just in time to watch a bit of action beside the Hebron road: a weird, breath-taking drama of life and death that unfolded itself silently.

My glasses brought me so close that it seemed as if I could reach out and touch the soldiers. But I couldn't hear a thing, for the sound of the guns didn't travel that far.

A little handful of New Zealanders were creeping up a draw to dislodge a Turkish machine gun planted in a house atop a hill. The attackers were under cover so far; the Turks couldn't see them yet.

But they would! The last furlong was out in the open without so much as a stick of cover. Crossing it would be a slaughter.

It was! The New Zealanders reached the top of the draw. They didn't hesitate; they jumped up and ran. I counted them as they came out in the open—an even dozen of them.

Then the Turkish machine gun started to spit. Three went down with the first burst!

On they went. Two more stopped bullets, then another. Half of the Anzac attackers were left, and they were more than halfway to the house. Closer and closer now—but the noiseless chop-chop of the machine gun mowed them down.

Fifty yards away and three men left! Ten yards—and two!

One man only reached the goal. He hurled a hand grenade through the window and the machine gun stopped abruptly.

I was wet with perspiration when I lowered my glasses. What a charge! What a bit of bravery! Except for myself, I doubted that a soul had seen it. I jotted down the time and place; I would see to it that the one gallant survivor was rewarded. Small recompense that would be for the eleven dead heroes who raced up that slope, but—history of the world, Lowell: "They which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize."

I came down from the roof. The mule was packed but there was no sign of Benson or Hampshire. Then I heard their voices inside the front room of the house raised in altercation.

I went in to stop the rumpus.

"Look at what I found, captain," gloated Hampshire. He held up a bottle of brandy. "And this Benson imagines he's going to take it away from me! He must have gone batty!"

"Cut it out," I snapped, "both of you." I started to add, "General Allenby won't stand for any looting, and you know it."

I didn't get that far. From somewhere or other Hampshire produced a corkscrew, and Benson was on his neck like a thunderbolt. He snatched the bottle, then set it down v-e-r-y g-i-n-g-e-r-l-y.

When you're picking an orderly, Lowell, always pick an anarchist; I can't recommend it too highly. Peleg Benson had spotted another bomb! The brandy bottle was a booby trap set by the departing Turks. Three British soldiers lost their lives that day by pulling the corks from similar bottles. When the corks came out the bombs exploded.

The Turks were disappointed at the loss of Beersheba, but the depth of Allenby's strategy hadn't dawned on them yet. Falkenhayn thought we were driving for Jerusalem by the inland route, up the Hebron road. The German sent what reserves he could spare from Gaza to reinforce that section.

He sent them inland just when he needed them by the sea.

WE turned and drove toward the water. That caught the weakened Turks in the closing jaws of a pair of pliers. Our army was one arm of the pincers; the Mediterranean was the other.

The Mounted Corps was out in advance, pushing toward Huj. I was right on the troopers' heels, reporting where and when I got the chance. At Esh Shera we received our only check, but the Turks had to blow up their ammunition supply to stop us.

The dump made an all-night bonfire; the fireworks lighted up the country for miles around. The Turks were entrenched on the far side of the fire; to attack them we had to cross the lighted area, which made us perfect targets. It wasn't worth the price in human lives, so we waited until dawn, then chased them out.

Our cavalry column shoved straight ahead and severed the road from Gaza to Jerusalem. *That cut the Turkish army squarely in two!* Half of it was pushed inland, farther into the Judean hills. There it was safe—for the moment.

But the other half was in a bottlenecked trap along the seacoast. Falkenhayn had no choice but to beat a hasty retreat up the one route still open to him: the beach.

Our army entered Gaza and found it deserted. The troops were gone; the civilians were gone. The Turks had carried off the entire population—why, I don't know. The streets were a silent shambles, mute evidence of the "fire" we had set "on the wall of Gaza," which had "devoured the palaces thereof."

But the wreckage wasn't all from our guns. The Turks had dismantled houses to bolster their fortifications. We found doors, sections of floors, and entire roofs holding up crumbling sandbags.

VICTORY was ours! My faith in Allenby, the "strong man of good courage," was vindicated. In one amazing sweep he had crushed one of the strongest lines of fortifications ever constructed. Gaza, ancient stronghold of the Philistines, was behind us; Beersheba, southern outpost of Judea, was ours.

I was happy, but I didn't delude myself that this was the end of the Turk. Far from it. Falkenhayn was clever; he would rally his forces farther north and fight to the last ditch to keep Jerusalem.

But we were *in the Holy Land!* The Vale of Ajalon, Hebron, Bethlehem, and the Jordan lay just ahead. Our next big drive would take us within sight of the walls of the Holy City itself.

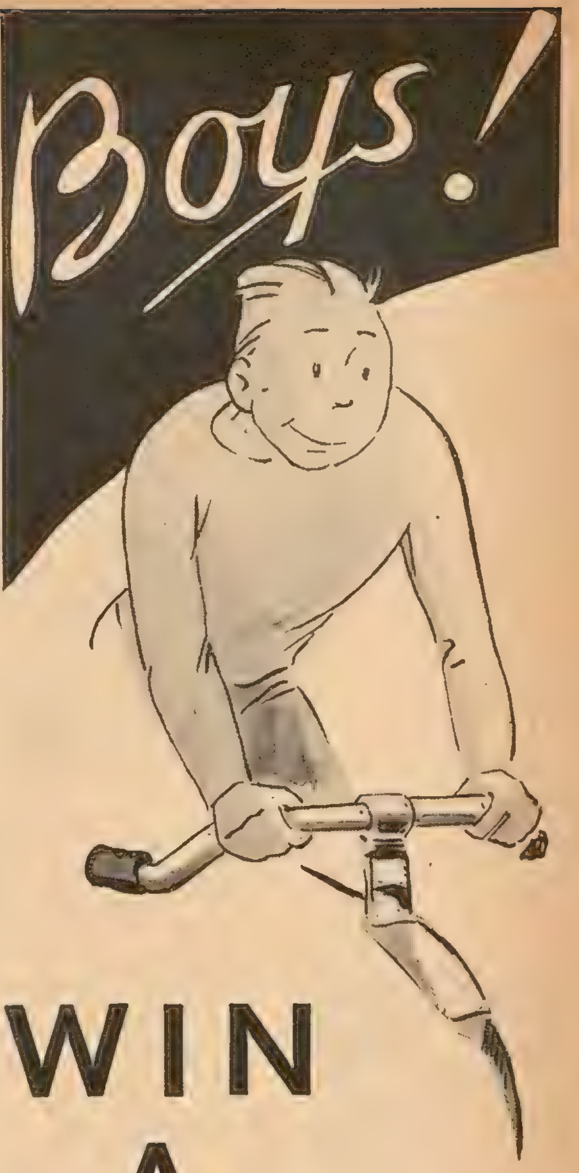
Benson interrupted my thoughts. "If the captain doesn't need me for a while, I'll go and get a shave, now that we are beyond Gaza."

He certainly needed it; he had about a week's growth of beard on his face.

"Excellent idea," I said. "But what made you put it off so long—and what has Gaza got to do with it?"

"Everything, sir. I'm not exactly superstitious; still, I never could feel comfortable about shaving while we were camped in front of Gaza. That's the town where they shaved Samson—and you know what happened to him."

Victory was theirs for the moment; but before them were Mughar Hill and a madhouse of a battle, the greatest cavalry engagement of modern times. It will be refought, so realistically that you will seem to be taking part in it, with Todd Gilney by your side, next week. Lighter moments will be afforded by the doughty "Hog" Hampshire and that radio set of his. At length the Crusaders will gaze upon Jerusalem; and then—But wait and see for yourself!



WIN A FREE BIKE!

You can win a new, streamlined bike equipped with electric horn, lights, luggage carrier, parking stand, balloon tires, etc.—*absolutely free!*

It's *fun* to win these fine free prizes and spending money. And you can do it right in your own neighborhood!

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Please tell me how I can become a Liberty Boy Salesman and make money and win free prizes.

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Please have your parents show approval by signing here:

....

LIBERTY'S *Amateur* WRITERS PAGE

CONDUCTED by MAJOR BOWES

MAJOR BOWES

GREETINGS, amateur writers and artists. This is the twentieth week of Liberty's Amateur Writer's Page, and contributions continue to pour in. Each week it becomes more difficult to choose the few that make up this page. Each week I feel that we are finding more contributors who promise much for the future.

Entries have been received from every state in the Union and province of Canada, from people in every walk of life, young and old. Many have been chosen, and it has been a real pleasure to read of the experiences that have left so deep a mark on your lives that you have thought to sit down and write of them. The artists have shown us much rich humor that is native to the people of the United States and Canada.

As we enter the fifth month of the contest I am looking forward to many more contributions from many more amateurs.

Major Edward Bowes.

Here are three smart sayings from the entry of five submitted by R. McDermott of Chicago, Illinois:

Speaking of a bride's cooking, only the brave deserve the fare.

Most of the people now buying oleomargarine have seen butter days.

A cheap skate does not cut much ice.

Gene Robbins, twenty years old, of Des Arc, Arkansas, hopes to write lyrics for a profession, but submits the following poem because he thinks he will stand a better chance to carry away a prize.

FAIR PLAY

It matters not to me, my dear,
How you may choose to dress.
I never say a thing, although
I think your hat's a mess.

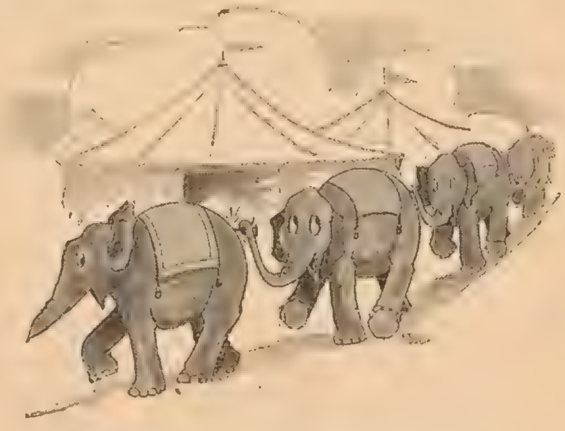
You paint your lips and rouge your cheeks.
I never say a word.
You tint your nails and dye your hair,
Which seems to me absurd.

But, even so, I don't complain
Or try to criticize.
So won't you, please, for heaven's sake,
Let me pick out my ties?

Thomas B. Hill of San Francisco, California, submits eight clever epigrams, of which we reproduce one—the best!

It is good to be great, yet greater to be good.

Well, Ross Winans of Seattle, Washington, you have convinced me that you have a sense of humor. Your cartoon is very funny.



"Another jerk like that and you get a kick right in the snoot!"

Seventeen-year-old Rose Norton of El Paso, Texas, who has just graduated from high school, enters the Liberty contest with a well written story. Her theme is unusual for a youngster of her age, and she displays a genuine ability to write.

DOCTOR'S ORDERS

Dr. Robert Bradley faced the most difficult problem of his entire career. His best friend, the man he had just saved by removing a self-inflicted bullet lodged perilously close to his heart, was asking to be killed.

"But, Bob," Jim Rexford, who had attempted suicide, argued, "you should kill me. Please! I killed a man—shot him—and I'm glad, too, but I want to die. It is right that I should forfeit my life."

"What can I do, Jim?" the doctor asked. "I'm a doctor. I am supposed to try to save my patients, not kill them."

"You could leave a bottle of poison around, or a gun. Or perhaps you could decide I needed another operation and then let your knife slip." The patient lay quite still and white, with dry lips barely moving as he spoke. "But, of course," he was quick to suggest, "you could let me sit in the electric chair. Might teach me a lesson, and all that sort of stuff."

The doctor ignored his dry humor and said, "I could not let my knife slip, or anything of the kind, Jim. It would be murder. I'm very fond of you and murder is quite unethical."

"Of course you couldn't!" Jim spoke slowly and painfully. "You'd rather see me in the chair. You'd rather see the world condemn me as a murderer. You'd rather see my family suffer a million pains for me. Well, I guess that's what I deserve."

His tone was pleading as he continued, "Bob, we've been friends for so long. We used to help each other out of scrapes all the time. Can't you see? You must help me now—you must! Why do you want to save me for the state? Why do you want me to suffer so much more? Help me, Bob, please, please!"

Bob said nothing. He walked over to a window and looked out. He remembered Jim, carefree, young, handsome. Why had he committed this ghastly crime? And then he thought, "Who am I to question his actions? I'll let his Creator do that."

Then he looked straight into Jim's eyes and said evenly, "Jim, I don't think you'd better move. Don't try to sit up or get out of bed. Your wound is too near the heart to take any chances. Might rupture it if you do." He received an answering smile, and then he said, "Doctor's orders, Jim. So long."

Of the seven smart sayings that Mauryce O. Fortier of Rumford, Maine, has submitted, I have chosen two:

Hitchhiking has developed into the great American pest-time.

He was so conscientious that he shouldered upon himself the blame for allowing Eve to eat the apple.

The talent quest reaches into the far corners of the country—neither bars nor walls can keep it out. No. 27406 in the Florida State Prison submits his entry, called Thanks. Here it is:

THANKS

I've heard songs and stories about
Major Bowes,
Of gongs, "All right," and amateur
shows.
He has made people happy and
helped them along
To develop their talents in dancing
and song;
He's made "Amateur Hour" a popular name;
The way he sells "talent" is really a
game.

But now let me tell you of things you
don't know—
Of the good he does people when
they're feeling low.
I've firsthand experience on how to
feel blue,
Because I'm a convict with four more
to do.
But when the week's over and comes
Sunday night,
Things seem to look up and I start
to see light.

I have an old radio, a junk heap,
you'd say,
But I wouldn't trade it for a year and
a day.
When the Major comes on I forget
all my woe,
And seem to be right there along
with his show.
His voice is so homey, his wit is so
clear,
That it makes my dim cell light up
with good cheer.

My wish is that some day I'll get out
and see
And thank Major Bowes for the good
he's done me.

Alice Kenney of Laramie, Wyoming, contributes an amusing storiette of the human reaction to unrequited love.

EUTHANASY

Mr. Bretherton stood on the bridge at midnight. Thoughtfully he glowered at the swishing water where the city lights ran from ripple to ripple, and pondered Life.

Mr. Bretherton was about to die.

"You," he had said to her, "mean everything to me. There is nothing here"—with a gesture which took in the entire planet—"nothing for me without you."

That, of course, should have fetched her. He felt that he knew women rather well, and based his opinion on past experience and an extensive if general analysis of womankind. Yes, it should have fetched her.

"I'm sorry, James," she had murmured. She wasn't really. Even he could see that, and he was amazed and not a little wounded.

So Mr. Bretherton stood on the bridge seeing Mr. Bretherton struggling through life alone, bitter, unsuccessful. There would be none to care, none to spur him on to higher realms of accomplishment. Ah, well, he knew his destiny. He would become a vagabond, a solitary wanderer in search of a forgetfulness granted at last only in death.

Now, Mr. Bretherton was a conservative. He believed in selling stock before it became worthless.

His last thought, he decided, flattening his shoulders, adjusting his tie, and flicking the dust from the railing, his last thought would be of Genevieve, dear sweet Genevieve. At breakfast she would open the morning paper and—know. He could see the headlines:

SPURNED LOVER LEAPS FROM BRIDGE
Ends All After Altercation

She would be stunned, of course; perhaps she would swoon and wake to realization of error and loss. Mr. Bretherton sighed. Poor Genevieve! She would waste her life away in grief, believing herself a murderess, cruel, heartless, selfish. She would feel she could never hold her head up again. Never could she ask any one to bear with her such a sorrow, and she would die at last of sadness, alone and unloved. Her life would be a miserable one of repentance, worse by far than his of unrequited affection.

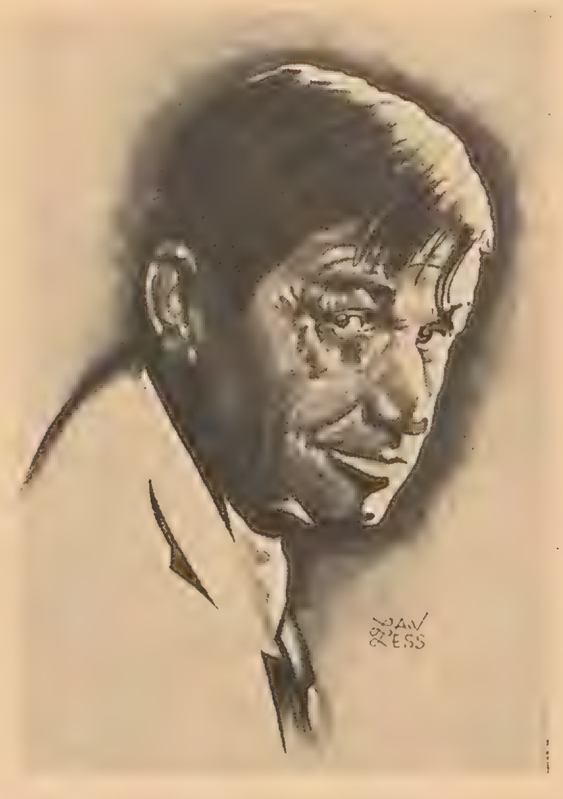
He loved her, did he not? Would he want her to suffer so through him? Gad, no! He was a man, not a mouse!

Mr. Bretherton walked down the bridge and across the street to Bill's Hamburger Joint.

"One on a bun," he said, "with onions and mustard."

Chris L. Lawless of Bridgeport, Connecticut, is eighteen years old. His ambition is to attend Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, New York, and to become a successful commercial artist.

You certainly have the talent, Chris—your portrait of America's beloved comedian, the late Will Rogers, is a beautiful memorial.



Will Rogers.

A few ingenious thoughts put on paper by Albert Gordon of Connor Creek, Alberta.

Plumbers have the only successful pipe dreams.

Too many glasses have caused some people to make spectacles of themselves.

A jaunty bit of waggery is sent us by Mrs. Preston Richardson of Clinton, Louisiana.

The city man's idea of the wide open spaces is where there is about ten feet between his car and the one ahead.

HONORABLE MENTION

Honorable mention this week goes to Wm. J. Fraser of Long Island City, N. Y.; Hazel Lee Kearney, Oxford, Kan.; Mrs. H. Howard, Los Angeles, Calif.; David Cantor, New York City; and Rubia McDade of Oklahoma City, Okla., for their short stories; and to Eleanor Adams Weeks of Los Angeles, Calif., for her snapshot. William C. Stilley, Co. F, Sixteenth Infantry, Governors Island, New York City, and J. H. Riddle, Canton, Ohio, receive recognition for their cartoons; and Ethel Hart Edsall, Warren, Mich., and Helen Waritz, Portland, Ore., for their poems.

PRIZE WINNERS, MAY 30

Your votes and letters of appreciation for a most unusual snapshot gave Hans Noack, Detroit, Mich., first prize of $25 for the picture of his daughter, A Water Nymph. Second prize of $10 goes to M. F. Johnson, San Francisco, Calif., for her poem, Waitress's Lament. Third prizes of $5 each are awarded to Erika Schwager, Newark, N. J., for her poem, Candles; to Marvin Townsend, Kansas City, Mo., for his cartoon; and to Cyril J. Conrad, Altoona, Pa., for his couplets.

RULES

CONTESTANTS: Only bona fide amateurs are eligible to submit material. Amateurs can send in short stories, verses, quips, epigrams, jingles, bright sayings, jokes, snapshots, drawings, cartoons—anything.

Send material to:

LIBERTY'S AMATEUR WRITERS PAGE
Major Edward Bowes, Editor,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

PLAGIARISM: Copying is called plagiarism, and plagiarism is literary theft. Any one submitting a plagiarized article through the mails and receiving and accepting remuneration therefor is guilty of the federal offense of using the mails to defraud.

Liberty's Amateur Contest begins anew each week, with similar prizes and awards.

PRIZES: Each amateur whose work appears on these pages will receive $5.

KEEP CARBON COPIES: Liberty will not return rejected material, nor can the editors enter into correspondence regarding contributions.

Liberty acquires rights of all kinds in all material published on these pages.

VOTERS!

ADDITIONAL AWARDS BY READERS' VOTES: A first prize of $25 will be paid for the contribution on this page which receives the greatest number of votes; $10 will be paid for the item with the next highest total of votes; and $5 each for the contributions receiving the three next highest totals. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. To be counted, your ballot must be postmarked on or before the date on the cover of this issue.

Send votes by note or post card to Liberty's Amateur Page, Major Edward Bowes, Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Vox Pop

Cheers and Jeers on What Communists Plan for You

New York, N. Y.—Three cheers! I am glad that so widely read a magazine as Liberty has taken up the Communist Terror (May 23 issue). May I suggest you *reprint the article alone,* so that real Americans may distribute it and circulate the warning it contains?

I am a WPA worker and I know how active the Communists are on some projects. The tragic part is that so many Communists are aliens, biting the hand that is feeding them. They try to get people to belong to their " club," making WPA workers think it is for social times. Then, after they join and find out, they are threatened with losing their jobs—or even *do* lose them—if they resign.—*Alexia Jamison Rosbrook.*

Temple, Tex.—Your firsthand revelation of What Communists Plan for You amuses and enlightens me. Here are my answers to your statements:

" You can't say anything." If we do it does not amount to anything now.

" You can't write anything." If we do, it will not be published.

" You can't have anything." We haven't got anything.

" You can't go anywhere." We know it.

" You can't learn anything." Not in the schools and colleges, except to play football.

" You can't do anything—except what you are told." We have nothing to do, especially no work.

Then we must be living under a Communist reign at present.—*Dr. F. M. Johnson.*

Bremerton, Wash.—I have just read in Liberty of May 23 the article on What Communists Plan for You. I do not doubt it was written by a member of the American Burlesque Bolsheviki. It is just senseless and silly enough to come from that slum outfit. But have you such a low estimate of the intellect of your readers as to think they will swallow such a mess of rotten hash?—*C. L. Sinclair.*

Dallas, Tex.—For my own information, can you tell me just what line of business William O. Lucas was in when the Bolshevik revolution began, that he could make a net profit of two million dollars employing twenty-five hundred people? And also can you tell me what wages he was paying his employees?

It seems to me that this article was written by one who had been " caught with the goods " and quite naturally was sour on those who caught him.—*Frank B. Mitchell.*

[William O. Lucas replies: " I had an automobile plant in Russia, and export offices in New York and Chicago dealing in machine tools. All my contracts were government orders, taken on a basis of cost plus 15 per cent, with a volume of business in excess of $12,000,000. My workers were paid prevailing wages, and, besides, received a bonus of 20 per cent of the company's net profit at the end of the year. If Mr. Mitchell would confine himself to the basic issues at stake, instead of indulging in personalities, he might get a different slant on the situation."]

Brandon, Man.—Let me congratulate the editors of Liberty for the splendid assistance they are giving the Communist movement in America. I refer, of course, to the slanderous brand of slush presented by William O. Lucas in the May 23 issue of your worthy publication.

If this sort of tripe is any criterion of American literature and any indication of American intelligence, I think I see at last the secret of Liberty's magnificent circulation.—*Carl Bjornsson.*

SNATCHED TO THE ALTAR

Jacksonville, Fla.—I would like to know if the author of Dark Masquerade has been asleep since the war. In his last installment he had three eligible men proposing to an eighteen-year-old high-school girl.

Now, if he had three eighteen-year-old girls proposing to any one of the men, that would have been a bit more sensible.

Does not the author know that in these times all an eligible man like Mr. Burton, the lawyer, has to do is to hint that he likes to stay home and listen to the radio and he will have mobs of college and high-school girls trying to hog-tie him and snatch him to the altar? And what kind of twaddle is this about the fellow called Dexter having a difficult time getting up nerve to pop the question? Not true today.

Tell this author for me next time to write about a subject that is not as impossible as the Statue of Liberty doing a fan dance.—*Altar Shy.*

CAN REAL COWBOYS WRITE?

Chicago, Ill.—May 30 Vox Pop has a letter coming supposedly from the pen of a Roving Cowboy which sets a lot of us tenderfoot girls a-wondering.

Really, Mr. Editor, did you write the spiel yourself? Or are there real cowboys who can write as though they were roseate sons of Madame Literary Muse? We feel there is more than a mere cowboy in this.—*Skeptic Sylvia.*

WE ARE DEEPLY INTERESTED, LADIES!

Honolulu, Hawaii—Many thanks to Liberty for permission to reprint Mrs. Emily Newell Blair's article on Can the Women of the Pacific Prevent War? which appeared in its April 11 issue. We are delighted and will have it reprinted in our local papers as well as in the California special number of the Mid-Pacific Magazine—the official publication of the Pan-Pacific Union, from which the Pan-Pacific Women's Association is an offspring.

The president of the P. P. W. A., elected in 1930, was Dr. Georgina Sweet of Melbourne, who headed the work, and the third conference was held in August, 1934, at which time Mrs. C. Tsune Gauntlett of Japan was elected president. Invitations from both Japan and Canada were sent the Association for the holding of its fourth conference, July or August, 1937. Thirteen countries were originally included in the Association, and the fourteenth, Malaya, joined in 1934.

The theme for the fourth conference will be Practical Ways and Means of Promoting Peace, and there are to be discussions on: (1) Youth Movements for Peace; (2) Traffic in Arms; (3) Developing Public Opinion; (4) Socialized Health Program; (5) Labor Standards and Standards of Living, and Population Pressures; (6) Adjustment of Educational Programs to Changing Social Relationships.

We are much pleased that Liberty is interested in the Pan-Pacific Women's Association.—*A. Y. Satterthwaite, Honorary Secretary.*

SALES TAX ON HANDOUT

Cleveland, Ohio—As a traveling man I am frequently accosted by panhandlers. Last week in Akron, Ohio, I listened to a typical down-and-outer's story and his request for money to get a meal. I gave him twenty-five cents, and what do you think the fellow said? " Have you got another penny for sales tax? "

Incidentally, I saw the same fellow about two hours later, drunk as a lord.—*Jack W. Hussey.*

SALES TAX
Peki

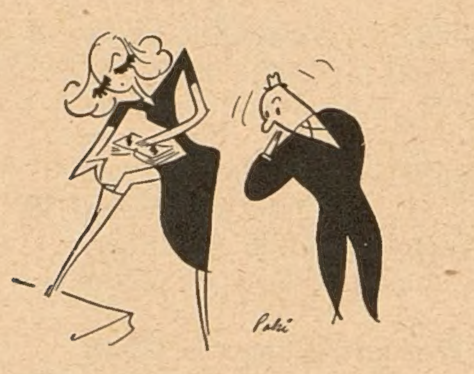
GARBO . . . FLY ON A PANCAKE

Waco, Tex.—In May 30 Liberty, Frederick L. Collins endeavors to tell Why Garbo Is Making Her Last Picture. I read this article, and reread it, and still I don't know why Garbo is making her last picture. He certainly didn't tell us why, unless it's because she has enough of America's dough in her sock, so she can go back to Sweden and retire.

The mere fact that Garbo came from Sweden caused America to go haywire over her. If one of our American stars went to Sweden, she or he would be as popular as a fly on a pancake.

Let's give our American talent our praises. There are hundreds of them that can beat Garbo acting.

If you call swooning acting, then she can act; and as for beauty—she reminds me of a calf after a sixty days' fast.—*Alys DuPriest.*



WHY BASEBALL IS DYING

SPRUCE PINE, N. C.—Of course I may be wrong. I mean about baseball. I notice that Vox Pop readers think the game is dying. As far as I can see, the game is all right. The trouble is, the system under which professional teams operate fails to stir sectional pride.

If I live in Portland, Oregon, I cannot get enthused over the Portland players if the pitcher is from Akron, the catcher from Beloit, the first baseman from Red Gap, Arkansas, and the remaining players from every other place on the map *except* Portland. Yet these men, gathered from every point of the compass, are supposed to *represent* Portland! Yeah? They represent a contract.

Football stirs enthusiasm and sectional pride because the players *attend* the school they represent. They are a part of that school. They really mean something to their supporters. Baseball could be that way, too.

If I had the say about professional-league rules, every player would be a *native* or a resident of the city which his team represented.

Of course I'm only a small-towner and I may be wrong; but, anyhow, that's the way it looks to me.—*Sam Short.*

RADIO AMATEURS WOULD SAVE US

PALESTINE, ILL.—The story Without Warning, by Major Eliot and Edward Doherty, is good, but I would like to know something: If the commercial radiophone stations were destroyed, what happened to the few hundred amateur radio stations in the Hawaiian Islands? A lot of these fellows make daily contacts with the U. S. A. (If you don't believe it, tune a short wave receiver some evening and hear them for yourself.) So what would keep them from giving the warning?

Why don't you ask the authors about this? I don't mind a little mistake now and then in a story, but this one is too big to pass over.—*Floyd M. Murphy.*

"HAVE YOU GOT YOURS YET?"

DES MOINES, IA.—Hurrah! for Mr. Bernarr Macfadden's editorial in Liberty of June 6. I'm a salesman, and that's just what I've always said. I believe if salesmen would organize so the "Raw Dealers" would fear our votes, they would pay us for the sales we didn't make!—*Mike Hogan.*

COVINGTON, IND.—We certainly are surprised that such an agile and gifted writer as Bernarr Macfadden would turn cheap politician and compose such a mess of headache as appeared under his profile in Liberty of June 6.

It is common knowledge that public officials have been experimenting with supposed remedies for this unprecedented depression, and that many mistakes have been made both in the planning and the execution of relief work.

The political revulsion at the last general election was only the rumbling of a pent-up volcano, eruption of which would have utterly destroyed us as a nation and brought about the calamities so profusely predicted by a continuance of present policies.—*Ouch.*

GEORGE M. COHAN AND ZAZA'S FLUFFY PANTIES

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In June 6 Liberty, in an article by George M. Cohan entitled Dirt for Dough's Sake, you allow to be published such a glaring error that I am astonished. To wit:

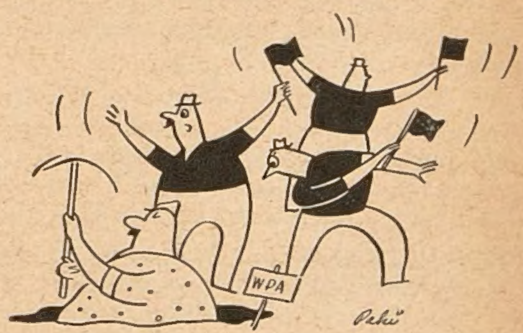
Geraldine Farrar spread her very fluffy panties in Zaza and not Thais, as Mr. Cohan announced. She sang Zaza at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City, and was not criticized; but when she acted the role in Atlanta, Zaza and she were banned from appearing in that city.—*H. B. Hoadley.*

JUST BACK-SEAT DRIVERS

PEARLBLOSSOM, CALIF.—To E. F. Patterson of Jacksonville, Ill. (May 30 Vox Pop): I too voted to have Vox Pop moved to pages 4 and 5, but certainly we didn't mean to have Mr. Macfadden's editorials put out. When nobody else knows what they're talking about, *he* does. But we felt like us Vox Poppers were just like the back-seat drivers—we say something but it don't mean anything. If we were more in front of the book it would look like we belong to Liberty.—*Desert Ann.*

WHILE ONE WORKS THREE WAVE RED FLAGS

KENMORE, N. Y.—Who is to blame for the spread of Communism and Fascism in this country? Perhaps it is our own government. On every WPA or PWA job we see three or four men standing and waving red flags for every one that is working. Also we see practically all black shirts. Maybe it gives folks ideas!—*Dr. O. C. Keener.*



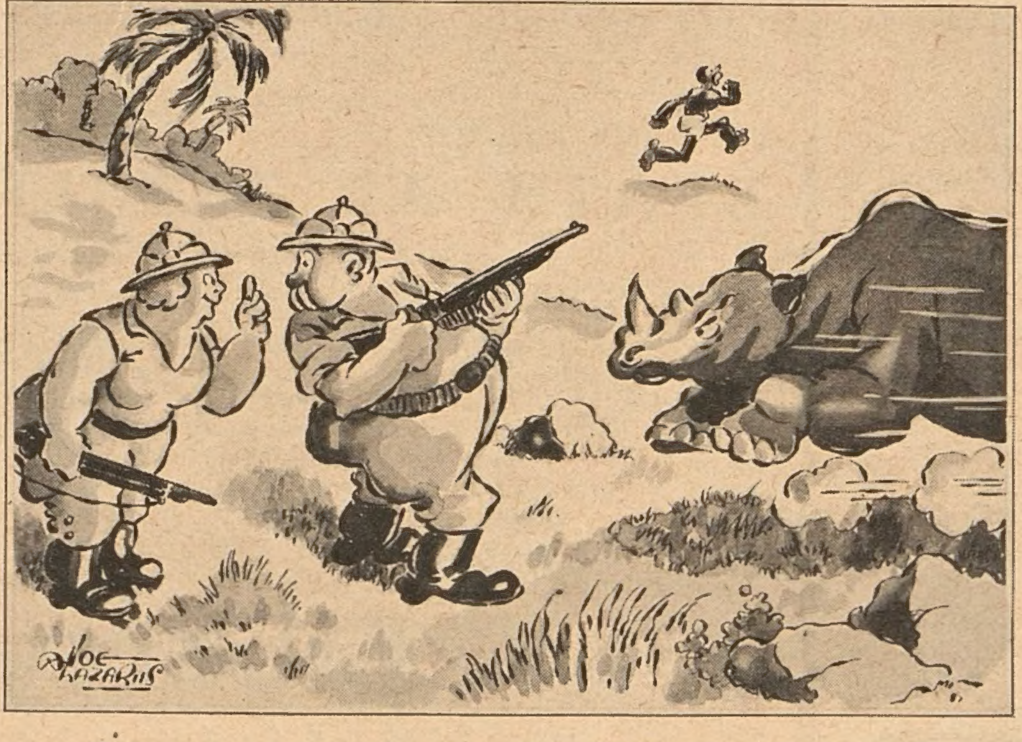
A SEETHING LADY BLOWS UP

SEATTLE, WASH.—Ever since reading This Scourge of Amateurs (May 16 Vox Pop) I have been mentally seething. Who is this bigoted, narrow-minded, egotistical James Potter Whitehead?

Would he have kept Abraham Lincoln forever splitting rails? Would he have psychologists pick the geniuses of the future in the bud and ignore the popular acclaim of the people?

All the renowned were "amateurs" once.

Evidently he believes that the woes of the world will never be righted until such time as people like Ernest Hemingway, Fannie Hurst, Lily Pons, Lawrence Tibbett, and a host of others become bricklayers, factory girls, scrubwomen, and cab drivers.—*Mrs. R. C. Swingler.*



"You missed him, Harold. Now it's my turn to shoot!"

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Annoyed because letter carriers bringing home-relief checks disturb their morning slumbers, persons on Emergency Relief Bureau rolls demanded that officials show them more consideration.

They want to lie in bed these fine mornings, they complained; since they don't have to work, being supported by the taxpayers, they intend to do it.

They asked that letter carriers deliver their checks after 10.30 A. M., instead of on the first round.

As a result of this insistence upon their right to remain in bed, serious thought is being given to the question of formally requesting the postal authorities to order letter carriers to deliver home-relief checks on their second delivery.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Professor Lee R. Dice has been teaching a caged mouse to sing since 1928. He says it makes a better pet than a canary because it can be heard only about twenty-five feet.

PORTLAND, ORE.—The Oregon Humane Society received a phone call from a worried housewife: "Please send the wagon and get some animals at once."

"What kind of animals?"

"I have mice in my basement!"

HELENA, ARK.—Joe Etoch, chain-grocery-store manager, won a sales contest staged by his company. The prize was a set of bathroom scales registering up to 250 pounds. Etoch weighs 260.

VIENNA, AUSTRIA—Alois Stephen, young Viennese charged with marrying sixty-one girls for their dowries, sighed with relief when he was jailed, and said:

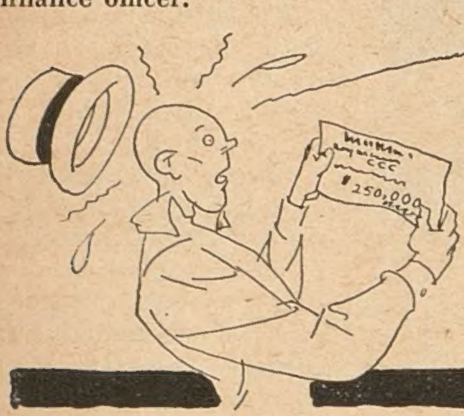
"It's the first quiet moment I've had for years."

LONDON, ONT.—The Mayor of London has ruled that any one fined for drunkenness and disorderly conduct will be sentenced to a tour of duty on the city's garbage wagons.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Mrs. Thelma Apel won a divorce from Harry Apel after she testified: "Harry would always leave a ring around the bathtub after bathing."

VISALIA, CALIF.—Ray Williams, CCC worker, looked at his pay check and gasped. It was for $250,000.

"Just a bookkeeping error," said the finance officer.



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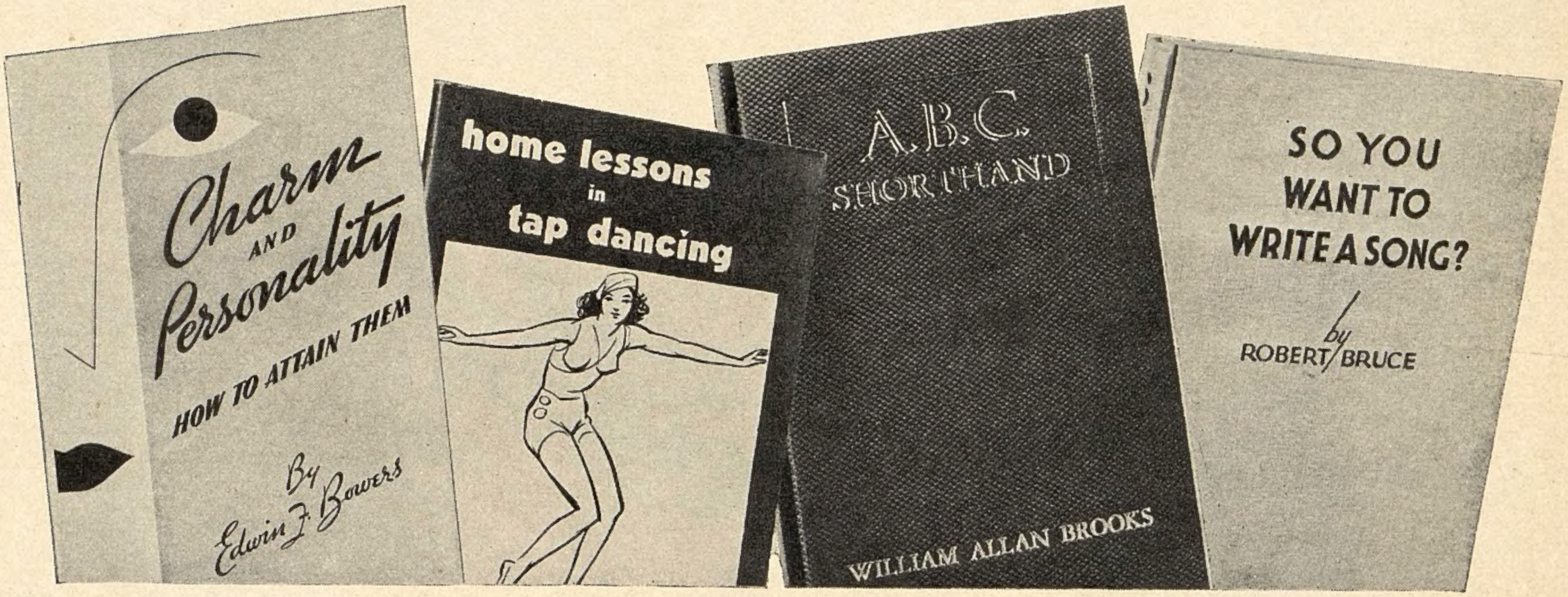

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